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THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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TORONTO



Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett

Portrait by Alonzo Chappell

J E A N N E T T E M A R K S

The
Family
of the
Barrett



A COLONIAL
ROMANCE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK

1938

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TOWARDS THE MEMORIES OF A GREAT FAMILY

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We should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls, let them be open to men hereafter, even as they are to God now. . . .

E. B. B. to R. B.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, vol. I, page 481

PREFACE

NOTHING more unfortunate could happen to an honorable family than has happened to the Barretts in the blinding publicity which has fallen upon them.

The word "blinding" is exact as far as popular opinion is concerned, for that opinion has created virtues and vices as fantastic as the palaces of Kubla Khan,—vices and virtues which never existed and which are as exaggerated as they are misapplied. Documentary evidence—not sensationalism or slander—having revealed the phenomenal abilities of one of these families, there has seemed to be no need to indulge in the folly of whitewash. The characters of my book are shown in both their weakness and their power, the bad deeds with the good, in the hope that the truth will free these men and women from something worse than their own mistakes: the sentimentalities and legends of blind group hatred or group worship.

Although both for the Barretts, and for the Tittle ancestors of Robert Browning, Jamaica was the source of all power, there are valuable books on the Brownings in which not one reference to Jamaica is indexed. This is an illustration of how little has been known about their Colonial backgrounds. In the great dramas of West Indian life both families took vigorous and successful parts, but the parts which they played were markedly different in the Jamaican experiences of discovery and conquest, piratical wealth, earthquake and hurricane, the slave trade, spectacular crops in sugar and rum, slave insurrections and the abolition and emancipation movements. The history of the Barretts is the history of Jamaica? No, far from that! Yet curiously and deeply are the lives of the Barretts

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embedded in that history. The problems of Jamaica were their problems. Its tragedies and defeats theirs, too. And in its industries and successes the Barretts shared to a phenomenal degree. These facts were especially true of the Northside Barretts, as if nature herself had made a distinction between a Samuel born in Jamaica and a Hersey, Junior, who was not Creole. It was one of the Northside Barretts, George Goodin, the great uncle of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in his will referred to "the Family of the Barrett." In a sense, the remarkable events of *The Family of the Barrett* seem to "shrink" the dimensions of their most celebrated member. But this reaction is a passing one, for the figure of Elizabeth Barrett, seen against the background of their Colonial romance, gains in significance—especially in those moments in which it has the emphasis of a figure upon a vast horizon line. Also the discoveries concerning the Tittles tend to "set" Robert Browning unfortunately, an effect soon dissipated by hitherto unknown aspects of great courage in his personal life.

Some of the West Indian drama which the Barretts experienced cannot be recovered. Some of it is reflected or revealed in public records which still exist and to which, until now, no one has turned. That despite hurricane and earthquake, English order and organization have not broken down in the keeping of public documents is due to the English Colonial genius. The records show definitely that both the Barretts and the Tittles were in the midst of English Jamaican history at its inception. Although the Barretts were not as influential in early years as they became later, they took then, as they continued to do, their place in Colonial affairs. The control, both remote and close, of the West Indian backgrounds is singularly and mysteriously evident throughout the lives of Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett and Robert Browning, in the case of the Barretts for two hundred and fifty years of their epical family life, adventurous, brilliant, romantic. In the case of the Tittles this is the study of an important area of Robert Browning's ancestry over years in which the Barretts and the Tittles knew

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one another in the West Indies and the Tittles made shoes for the Barretts.

Habitats have been reconstructed. The exact number of leaves or the precise number of blades of grass may not be correct. But the species of tree and the kind of grass are. The painting in of a habitat need not mean verisimilitude. If at times in the restoration of the Barrett and Browning backgrounds, the picture becomes somewhat "composite," that fact does not invalidate the accuracy of the picture as a whole. No doubt the mistake of placing some human beings in too close association has been made, for their temperaments or the circumstances of their "hour" may have kept them apart. But, whatever their separation, the essential fact remains: *they shared the same habitat.*

One of the values of "pioneering" through an uncharted area of research is that it leads to unknown material. Having gone back in all cases where they existed to the original records, among them marriages, births, deaths, pedigrees, monumental inscriptions, land patents, contemporary maps, indentures, tax lists, Council Minutes, mortgages, grants of arms, administrations, and wills, it has not seemed necessary to engage in the ungracious business of calling attention to errors made in other books because, in the past, of insufficient source material. Though at the moment I have no knowledge of mistakes, I am humbly aware of the inescapable errors which must have been made in my own work. Where inaccuracy has been accurately handed down over a long time, any author's lot is hard.

The shortness of life can account in part for the pleasure which is to be experienced in a biography such as this, for by means of its events, the play of fate, its characters and its generations, comes an extension of our own life in which a little more knowledge of the whole of life is gained. To me it has been thrilling to catch even a glimpse of the vast human background behind the destinies of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. The facts recorded here will show a great family his-

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tory approaching Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, then identical or parallel with their lives, then passing them and advancing into an unknown future. . . . Readers will not need to be told that the author is aware that an area for research has merely been opened—not completed or closed. Nevertheless, however incomplete the book, it cannot fail to give proof of the wealth of some of the hitherto unknown backgrounds of two poets. . . . If on the whole some trustworthy facts take the place of some untrustworthy legends the hope of the book will be realized.

II

Among my happiest memories are those of the generous courtesy and assistance of the individuals and organizations with whom I have had the privilege of consultation. Through travel, books, the use of record offices and other types of depositories, church and parish registers, the archives of libraries and art museums, correspondence with friends and strangers, my obligations to others have multiplied themselves into a debt beyond adequate acknowledgment. In files containing letters from Jamaica, Barbados, Bermuda, St. Kitts, England, Scotland, New Zealand, Africa and other countries, there are letters as important to my book as the most indispensable of the documents in *The Family of the Barrett*. . . .

Gratefully do I acknowledge my indebtedness to departments in the British Museum, the College of Arms, the National Library of Scotland, the National Portrait Gallery, the London Court of Chancery, the Public Record Office, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Alexander Turnbull Library of New Zealand; and to parish offices, resident magistrates courts, and other depositories too numerous to mention. In the United States, I am under obligation especially to the Library of the Boston Athenaeum, Boston College Library, Boston Public Library, Frick Art Reference Library, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, John Carter Brown Library, Library of Congress, Army Medical Library, Foreign Missions Library, the Widener

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Library of Harvard University, Harvard Law School Library, Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, Missionary Research Library, New York Public Library, the libraries of Columbia University and of Union Theological Seminary, the Forbes Library of Northampton, and the City Library of Springfield, and the college or university libraries of the University of Wisconsin, the University of Pennsylvania, Baylor University, the University of Texas, Mount Holyoke and Smith, Yale and Amherst, Mills, Wellesley and Wesleyan. Also I am indebted to the generosity of Sir John Murray and of E. P. Dutton for the use of passages from Leonard Huxley's *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to her Sister*. In the West Indies, among other depositories, my debt is peculiarly great to the Island Record Office of Jamaica and to St. Kitts.

The Family of the Barrett is indebted, among others, to Elinor Gregory, Marjorie Crandall, John A. Behnke, Elisabeth Cutting, Harriet Gaylord, Dr. A. J. Armstrong, Paul Brown, Esq., Dr. B. E. Washburn of the Rockefeller Foundation, Catharine Osgood, Bertha Costello Jennings, Lady Swettenham, General Sir Edward Altham, Colonel and Mrs. T. Edward Kelsall and Mrs. Hope Waddell Hogg, the late Charles E. Lauriat, Lady Longmore, Richard Pares, Esq., of Oxford University, Norman de Bruyn, Esq., of Cambridge University, S. G. Sanguinetti, Esq., of Spanish Town, Jamaica, D. H. Semper, Esq., of St. Kitts, Phyllis W. Shield of London, Lilian Whiting, John Wood, Esq., of Coxhoe Hall; to Kathleen Lynch for valuable criticism; to my secretary and research assistant, Evelyn Selby, and to my colleagues: Robert Christ, Cornelia B. Coulter, Ethel B. Dietrich, Margaret L. Ellsworth, Anna J. Mill, Harriet Newhall; to Mary E. Woolley and Mary Emily Woolley. In the searches made in scores of churches and ecclesiastical depositories, I am particularly indebted to the Rev. A. W. M. Close of Darlington, the Reverend Mother Superior and Mother G. Monteith of the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Fenham; Rev. Francis R. Hedley, Vicar of Gosforth; Rev. Harry J. Petty of Tor Church, Torquay; Rev. Guy R. TenBrooke, Sub-sacrist

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of Bristol Cathedral; Rev. Gordon Tidy; Rev. Fred G. Jolly, Canon of Spanish Town Cathedral; and to the Lord Bishop of London.

The late Sir Vere Langford Oliver directed me to several sources of West Indian information. To Arabel Moulton-Barrett, to whom her father Charles John Moulton-Barrett on his death left Barrett Deed Book E (transcriptions of recorded family and allied public documents), a collection of Hope End Juvenilia, letters, books, and other objects of value, I am under numerous obligations. The late Joseph Shore, Esq., whose topographical knowledge of Jamaica was unusual, filled in query sheets for me and annotated maps. James Henderson, Esq., of Cinnamon Hill, has made my representative, Violet Nash, and myself twice welcome on Cinnamon Hill Estate where his Agent, G. A. Archer, Esq., has given generously of his time in taking us over the Great House and the Estate. The Secretary and Librarian, the late Frank Cundall, Esq., of the Institute of Jamaica, has been for seven years a generous benefactor to my searches in the West Indies. Finally, in Violet Nash, Mr. Cundall's West India Library Assistant, I have had the help of a friend and colleague in many of the searches which could not have been carried out except for her remarkable abilities.

Jeannette Marks

August 3, 1938

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THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

INTRODUCTION

TO solve some of the mysteries of Cinnamon Hill, Jamaica, one of the ancestral Jamaican homes of the Barretts, and other matters of interest in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's past, we had set out for the West Indies. By land and by sea we had travelled some seventeen hundred miles for what was to follow, and we did not know what that was to be! We had come to Jamaica because I was convinced that behind the brief, available references to Barrett ancestry and influence in the Browning biographies lay more information. In the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* the statement by Mrs. Browning's authoritative editor, Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, was, to my mind, typical of the general sense of helplessness:

Nothing is to be gained by trying to trace back the genealogy of the Barrett family, and it need merely be noted that it had been connected for some generations with the island of Jamaica, and owned considerable estates there.

We had come for a second reason: the growing conviction of the importance of that influence.

I felt that my conviction had not as yet been shared by others to any extent when I asked an official of the Island a question about Mrs. Browning.

"Yes," he said, "I know Mrs. Browning, and I understand she is expected to arrive next week!"

Like some mirage of southern seas, the two words "Cinnamon Hill" had developed, dimmed and faded, and, as with others, so with this mirage, to disappear was to reappear on the horizon of consciousness. Unfortunately the mirage of that

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estate where, supposedly, Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's father, was born, would not appear on any map. Browning students with several Browning books to their credit knew nothing of its whereabouts.

On a December day we landed in the harbor of Kingston, one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. On the way to our hotel we drove past well-kept green lawns, tall palms, poinsettia hedges, the cool sea wind rustling hedges and trees. The paved roads of Kingston are clean, and so in appearance are its people, with bright dresses or shirts, and bandanas or large colored straw hats on their heads,—sometimes both! Atop bandana, or bandana plus straw hat, the people carry enormous loads,—wood, trays of fruit, large bundles of goods,—whatever it happens to be. The evidences of prosperity, health, gaiety, belie now that almost fantastic, tragic founding of Kingston on the 7th of June, 1692, when merchants who had been well-to-do and were become not worth the “blew Linnen on their Backs,” fled in canoe and wherry from Port Royal to this place of safety and its handful of negro huts. . . . As thoughts returned to that past of Kingston, I did not even guess then that not only as Barrett history was set in Jamaica, so was an important part of the Robert Browning past set in this very city of Kingston whose beauty and prosperity impressed us.

In Kingston we waited for a message. On our return to the hotel, two days after our arrival, we found this telegram: “Nobody in Jamaica knows anything about my family except those at Albion.”

This message included an invitation to spend New Year's Eve, 1930, at Albion, Alderton P. O., Jamaica, British West Indies. The telegram was signed “Moulton-Barrett,” and was from the nephew of Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett Browning. Later Brigadier General Moulton-Barrett was to characterize this wire as “a soldier's telegram.” In two hours we were packed and driving off with Callender as chauffeur—the most intelligent and taciturn negro on that Island of the Gods.

Nearing “Alderton P. O.,” below us lay St. Ann's Bay and

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Don Christopher's Cove. In this region, so orderly and so English today, two bloody conquests had taken place: the conquest of the Arawak Indians by the Spaniards at the close of the fifteenth century and the conquest of the Spaniards by the English the middle of the seventeenth century. And down there in Don Christopher's Cove, Columbus had been marooned for a year, there suffered from great illness, there despaired, there written home for the help which was never sent, and there been maintained in life by the food which the gentle Arawaks brought to him and his starving group.

Everywhere the negro villages through which we passed were squalid and insubstantial, the blacks themselves unprepossessing. Everywhere was too little dignity of human life. Socially and economically these descendants of slaves seemed as honeycombed as the strange limestone structures of the Island. . . . Questioning, as "Treppy" had done, the kindness but not the legality of such enfranchisement, we wound our way upwards towards Albion. We were passing between hedgerows beautiful and fertile with fruit, through landscapes as lovely as any in all the world. From Moneague we went on, covering the last few miles to Albion—up, up, up, circling around hillsides over parish roads whose ultimate summit was to be Albion, the home of Brigadier General Edward Alfred Moulton-Barrett, Custos of the Parish, C.B., C.M.G., late of the First West India Regiment and the Army Ordinance Department, nominated member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica, officer of the Legion of Honour, many times decorated, and the sole living direct representative of both branches of the family of Moulton-Barretts in Jamaica, a man seventy-one years old.

II

Long before we knew how near we were, they must have seen us winding up the mountainside of that "Asgard"—the Englishman's "Albion"—where were kept treasures which because of earthquake and hurricane would have been safer in the

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British Museum. At the gate we passed a group of prosperous-looking colored tenants and servants, the women in light dresses and pink sashes, the men decently clothed. Yet even these fortunate men and women of a well-to-do estate, descendants in many cases of former Barrett slaves, were stunted in stature and unprepossessing. As well as a soldier's telegram, we were to receive a soldier's hospitable welcome. The General and Mrs. Moulton-Barrett, and his son Major Moulton-Barrett on furlough from England, were waiting on the lawn to greet us, and with them their two dogs, one enormous, the other a tiny creature.

General Moulton-Barrett clapped his hands, calling out "Boys! Boys!"

Up raced some of the negro men we had seen, and our luggage vanished. We followed our luggage into the house and into the rooms we were to occupy. There we found the bags placed for our convenience in the midst of rooms as simply built as barracks but filled with beautiful old furniture. Among other objects was a gloriously carved four-poster.

When we returned to the living room I carried with me two blue envelopes: one containing a copy of the steel-cut engraving of the Elizabeth Barrett frontispiece in this book.

The other envelope contained copies of some hitherto unpublished letters which Mrs. Browning had written Mr. Jarves.

"What," exclaimed the General, "business so soon!"

I smiled and admitted the offence—if offence it were to bring to this far-island headquarters a copy of the portrait for their acceptance and copies of the letters for their reading. The General did not know anything about the portrait I brought them but thought it "liker the Barrett features" than anything he had seen.

In addressing General Moulton-Barrett I erred, for I said "General Barrett."

"Moulton-Barrett, if you please, not Barrett," came sternly. "I'm proud of the Moulton-Barrett—proud of it!"

Later I was to appreciate the romantic loyalty with which

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the General surrounded the name of Moulton-Barrett, the surname of a family full of charm, personal beauty and power. It had come to him from his father, Elizabeth's brother, Alfred Moulton-Barrett, who had married his cousin Lizzie Barrett.

Soon the General was showing me a bit of broken blue pottery—perhaps two inches long by one wide—he had picked up somewhere on his estates.

It was plain the fragment was dear to him. He said, "That's the kind of a fellow I am!"

It was the kind. Something of the tenderness of these Cornish Barretts there was about him; something of the magnificence and storminess of this Isle of the Gods—magnificence evident in his manner and in his person, and storminess in the quality of his reminiscences.

General Moulton-Barrett let us see a photograph of his Aunt which he had taken, when he was settling up the estate, from a stand beside Pen's bed after Pen's death. It is the photograph from which the "side-curls" portrait was done, but it is better than the portrait, with features strong, homely and clear.

The General tapped over various silver articles laid out on a table and picked up two to show us with pride: the silver match box of Robert Browning made in the shape of a chunky little fish with scaly back, and the cigarette case of Pen. We were shown Elizabeth Barrett's engagement ring which Mrs. Moulton-Barrett (General Moulton-Barrett's second wife) was wearing. It is a heart, rather small, silver or platinum, set with tiny diamonds and surmounted by a crown whose plumes are set with three diamonds. Mrs. Moulton-Barrett took it off so that I might hold it and look at it closely. It is a charming bit of jewelry.

When the question came up why Mrs. Browning's father objected to the marriage of most of his sons and daughters, General Moulton-Barrett justified him. He said his own father and mother were second cousins in the Barrett family. I listened to him thinking that, analyzed, perhaps it is no accident that Romney Leigh and Aurora Leigh are cousins. He went on

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to say that his grandfather was quite right in objecting to Henrietta's marriage, for she, too, married a second cousin.

"But," I asked, "what has that to do with your grandfather's objection to Elizabeth's marriage to Robert Browning?"

"Damned right he was," exploded the General, "to object to a daughter of his marrying Robert Browning! Robert Browning's grandfather—d'you know, d'you see—kept a public house on Hampstead Heath. One of my uncles went so far as to say that Aunt Ba's marriage to Robert Browning was the making of Robert Browning!"

This was a point of view and conclusion Robert Browning would himself have shared with the uncle. But General Moulton-Barrett did not speak of the "dash of the tar brush" which Dr. Furnivall believes to have been Browning's inheritance through his grandmother Margaret Tittle. Was General Moulton-Barrett familiar with that statement? He did speak with irritation of one relation,—an elderly gentlewoman then living in Halfway Tree in straitened circumstances. But that is another story which comes at the close of the book.

Many precious possessions, many memories, were—perhaps still are—housed in this far island home of Albion, loyally held and guarded, yet subject to all the hazard of earthquake and hurricane and to the slow disintegration which seems to overtake everything in that tropical climate. Modest and self-immolating as Elizabeth Barrett was, the poet herself would not have thought the hazard a matter of any importance. She would have loved the Albion out upon which we looked from the living room windows: its bits of enclosed English lawn on the very summit of a conical hill, its pretty border flowers, its luxuriant tropical trees, the banana plantations further down, the orange trees in effect not unlike golden apple trees on the stony hillsides; the coffee bushes; the glossy, strong-foliaged breadfruit trees, resembling the horse-chestnut tree; the akee trees with their scarlet pendent fruit used as a vegetable; the strange porous lime rock formations, the winding road, the mist and clouds, the wind and distant sea; and from everywhere, around and below,

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the sounds of that other sea of human life in the soft voices of a multitudinous negro population.

Saying that we did not know their plantation customs, I asked Mrs. Moulton-Barrett whether we should wear a light afternoon gown for dinner or a dinner gown.

She smiled that appealing smile of hers, friendly, tired, a little sad, and said, "If you have dinner gowns with you, it is New Year's Eve."

Mrs. Moulton-Barrett is a well-built woman with a well-featured face, who, in the words of the late distinguished Frank Cundall, was "before her marriage the best teacher in the Island, better than any of the men!"

It was New Year's Eve, and we were gay enough before and during dinner. Nanny Wayte, the middle-aged white servant and housekeeper, was in charge of all the negro servants. Later I was to learn how significant of the personal integrity of General Moulton-Barrett's home life Nanny Wayte was. Historically Nanny was an interesting figure. She had been with the General twenty-three years and was worn by responsibility and devoted work. She was herself one of those Waytes with whom the Barretts had intermarried, direct descendants of Thomas Wayte of Raynes Court, Hampshire, who was also Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire. For regicides it had seemed prudent to get out of England in 1660. Thomas Wayte and his brother Raynes had found asylum in Jamaica. There they acquired estates in Spanish Town, in Vere and on the hill land of old Saint James. In 1746 Thomas Wayte's grandson Henry Wayte married Mary, sister of the first Edward Barrett, daughter of the Northside Samuel Barrett, and the great granddaughter of old Hersey Barrett of the army that conquered Jamaica. One of Mary's nine children was Elizabeth Barrett who married Martyn Williams, on whose death she married her cousin Samuel Barrett, the son of Edward. This was another of those cousin marriages so characteristic of the Barrett family; and as I came to know later, Samuel Barrett and Elizabeth Barrett Williams were the General's great-grandparents.

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Served and followed by the diminutive descendant of an historic family, we went in to dinner. The dining room with its high, carved sideboard, its side serving tables, its immense mahogany dining table and high-backed chairs, was typically English in the midst of this ranch-like Jamaican structure with its use of stone or wood—as it happened—in the rambling units composing the comfortable and romantic dwelling. Close the doors, forget the tropic night, cross four thousand miles of sea and two centuries of time, and here in this dining room was England of the mid-eighteenth century. In silver candelabra sixteen tall candles glowed upon the polished board for the New Year's Eve, while about it moved old Nanny and two pink-sashed colored maids, as course followed course, ending with the typically English blazing plum-pudding.

After dinner we had our coffee in the long ranch-like living room, with its rough simple structure, its sliding windows, its dimity curtains, its priceless possessions and portraits. The night air was blowing through one of the sliding windows in the living room. The Moulton-Barretts had showed us a little New Testament which was given by Elizabeth Barrett to her sister Arabel, and in which she had written some loving English words for her sister as well as several lines of Greek in beautiful script. Inside the cover Arabel had pasted a photograph of her beloved "Ba,"—a full length, small, old-fashioned portrait which may have been done in Italy. It was the picture of a woman much worn, with features lined and made stern by pain. At the bottom of the fly-leaf of this New Testament which had belonged to Arabel were words in Robert Browning's handwriting to the effect that he had forgotten his wife's birth date.

Among other articles shown us was a picture of Lizzie Barrett, the General's mother. It was a lovely thing, haunting in its oval slenderness of feature, its Saxon beauty and its sadness—fine English features: Barrett features. Around the walls of that quaint simple living room were many family portraits which Lizzie Barrett had painted, some of which had been on exhibition in London at the Academy. Among them was a portrait of

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her son the General. Major Moulton-Barrett was sitting almost beneath it. The portrait was of a man handsome in young middle life, and striking still as an elderly man for the structure and strength of his features. The young middle-aged Major with his characteristic Barrett features repeated the portrait above him.

On the other side of the doorway hung a remarkable copy by Lizzie Barrett of Lawrence's first portrait "Pinkie." Painted in 1795 it is reasonable to assume that it remained in Mrs. Moulton's possession till her death in 1830 and that then it became the possession of her son Edward and so, finally, passed into the hands of his youngest son Octavius—the "Occy" of the E. B. B. letters, the eighth and youngest son of Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett. "Pinkie" with the floating ribbons of the pink bonnet and her pink sash, the soft dress blown back by the wind, seems poised in flight upon a hilltop, beyond her the horizon—as of a sea—, below her suspended step sun-touched field and clustered trees. Here then was a portrait which had a threefold interest for us: Pinkie was the sister of Elizabeth Barrett's father Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett; painted in 1795 and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year, it was the first of the great portraits by Lawrence; and, finally, this was the copy painted by the great-niece of Pinkie. Near the portrait of "Pinkie" was a portrait of Mrs. Browning's brother "Stormie," the portrait of a man still young, grave, gentle, and with the look of "race" in his features, and of his brother Septimus.

As the New Year's Eve closed on that high hilltop, through the windows flooded the tropical fragrances of scores of fruits and flowers and the smell of earth and sea; and through the windows came the piping and whistling of frogs and the fiddling of myriads of cicadae. We discussed our plans for the following day, and General Moulton-Barrett said he would tell us how to reach Cinnamon Hill by a parish road that ran through what "used to be their backyard"; and indeed it came out in a road which ran past Retreat Penn where his grandparents had lived, where Edward Moulton-Barrett's only brother Samuel had

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made a home over many years, where Stormie's children had been born, and where the General's mother Lizzie Barrett lived—a mere distance of some thirty to forty miles northeastward towards Montego Bay.

Then he said to me in a low voice, "Are you going to my place?"

I knew what General Moulton-Barrett meant: that lonely graveyard of Cinnamon Hill in the midst of a plantation no longer theirs.

I answered, "If you will give us your permission to go there."

Seemingly both the reply and the interest pleased him, though at the dinner table he had spoken as if no stranger was ever allowed to enter there.

On that New Year's Eve suitable—even pitifully prophetic—it was that we said our goodnights with thoughts turned to the past and faces toward the future, and went our way to bed. My night could not be long, for before dawn and the early coffee served in our rooms I must get up to make the notes a memory should not be trusted to keep. I remember feeling the height of the four-poster from the floor and the height upon that hill in Albion; I remember breathing in the sweet cool air with delight and my sense of hearing somehow in rhythm with all the strange, full, beautiful sounds beyond my windows, and then consciousness was blacked out.

The next awareness was that of reaching for my watch. I turned on the light: it was five o'clock but still dark. I got up quietly, pulled a chair to the window beyond which glow worms still glowed upon the lawn and stars still hung within the sky, and got to work writing down these memories. I saw a stone pool of water shining on the edge of the bit of English lawn; I heard all the tender waking calls of multitudes of waking birds—call followed by song—; and I saw light near and far spreading as a luminous mist of the coming day.

When it was time to go in to breakfast, we found the General in his study working on two sheets of directions for us,

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one of them for "my place," the other road directions for Callender.

"That's a good chauffeur you have," said General Moulton-Barrett. "Those Kingston chauffeurs are a terrible set, terrible! How did you get Callender?"

We had a most generous breakfast of many courses: eggs that were not eggs; immense, beautiful cups of the local coffee. But of the native fruits and vegetables, not a piece was served from the time we entered Albion till the time we left it. Even in the matter of food, this was an illustration of British loyalty which, in its wider aspects, made the General refer to England, never to Jamaica, as "home." Also it had led some member of the Barrett family to call this hilltop dwelling in the parish of St. Ann, Jamaica, "Albion."

As on that January first, 1930, we stood by the edge of the lawn ready to go, the General was looking about the horizon anxiously. The descendant of planters, sensitive, close to earth, he said the wind was not in the right quarter and that for the season none of the weather conditions were what they should be.

Mrs. Moulton-Barrett called after us the native farewell, "Drive good!"

And we were off, dropping over the edge of that high hill of Albion.

III

Mile after mile the native parish road unrolled beneath us. Mile upon mile on this Northside grow the canes which made the wealth of the Barretts, and here beside the shore road grow palm and mangrove and swampweed. This is the coast line on which at its western end the Dolphin's Head rises 3,400 feet. It is also the coast line of St. Ann, Trelawny, and St. James, edged by white rollers breaking upon the reefs which encircle and protect the coast. Back from the shore the hills mount rapidly into mountains which find their highest summits to the east in the Blue Mountains with an average altitude of over

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5,000 feet. The average width of the island is forty miles. And its length from east to west about one hundred and forty-four miles. To those familiar with the tremendous and spectacular facts of Jamaican history, it seems a contradiction even to attempt to think within a geographic area so limited in extent.

The hillsides of St. Ann, Trelawny and St. James are a strange deep green of tropical foliage, among the trees of which are the dogwood with its lilac blossoms and the logwood with its flowers of yellow, mahogany and naseberry, ironwood and white cordia, the pimento with its white blossoms, the yoke-wood with its flowers tinted rose, braziletto (brazilwood), after which a hill range near Withywood is named, and other flowering and rare woods which do their part by color and shape and fragrance to make earth for an instant seem the paradise of which men dream. Among these hills grow, too, different kinds of palms, useful as thatch, or yielding coconut and a cool refreshing drink. And here growing wild by trail and road, in dells and upon rocky slopes, ripen abundant fruits, custard apple and genip, guava, pomegranate, sweet sop, star apple, mango, orange, and more than a score of other edible fruits. This was the General's "backyard" to which he had referred humorously. Once it had been literally the backyard of the Barrett estates. Old Hersey Barrett had chosen well in this area away from the sea coast and its depredations.

From the high hill of Albion the eye looks out and down upon the region of St. Ann's Bay,—the Sevilla Nueva of the Spaniards, and upon Don Christopher's Cove, a little eastward from Seville. Sevilla Nueva, mysterious city of a mysterious people, was planned well, in part magnificently built, but left unfinished, no one knows exactly why. Dr. Hans Sloane wrote that at Seville ants are said to have eaten out the eyes of the children who were left sleeping in their cribs, and that therefore the Spaniards deserted the city which was being built by them. On his camping expedition to the Northside of Jamaica, Sloane saw the ruins of Sevilla Nueva. It had been a large city. Reaching several miles from end to end, it included a fortified castle

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with walls four feet thick made of pebbles and bricks, a tower, and other lower buildings.

The intrepid founder of the British Museum ends on the childlike note of interest in all things which is part of the genius of the great collector:

When the English took the island the ruins of this city were so overgrown with wood that they were all turned black; nay, I saw a mammee, or bastard mammee tree grow within the walls of the tower, so high that it must have been a very large gun could kill a bird on the top of it.

Now we smile at the "very large gun" and congratulate the bird on its era! But not so the little Barretts, Wisdoms, Lawrences, Waytes, Goodins, and Williamses, growing up near those and other ruins, in the midst of the grotesque and fear-filled superstitions of the slaves. They were living not far from the cockpit country of the untamed and unconquered Maroons, the escaped slaves of the Spaniards who, from the mountains up behind their plantations, came from time to time unexpectedly, and for no good end, into the midst of the negro huts.

The mysterious, unfinished glory of Sevilla Nueva on the Northside was soon over, and the center for the social and economic life of the Spaniards in Jamaica became St. Jago de la Vega, on the Southside, named after the family of Columbus, and later by the English called Spanish Town. This was in the region of Mangrove Point, later called Palmetto Point Penn, and finally Falmouth. The Barretts were to own almost the entire land on which the town of Falmouth grew up. *Mantica Bahía*, to become Montego Bay, meant butter of the hog or lard and is an unromantic evidence of the language and the civilization which preceded the English occupation in 1655.

Along the old Spanish road, now the King's Highway, past miles of plummy waving canes, past hillsides, over them, across rushing torrential rivers, past ruins, through luxuriant estates, winding always not far from the sea, we were travelling to Cinnamon Hill. Showers came, broke, and ceased in steady suc-

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cession, and the sunlight did the same! In the showers coming and going, the women, and the cows—beautiful, long-horned, creamy-colored creatures—worked steadily repairing the roads for the hauling of the Rose Hall sugar crops. They were carting and replacing gravelly soil, and they were ditching. There were four hundred at work upon that hillside with its estates of Little River, Cornwall, Cinnamon Hill and Rose Hall. Here were, undoubtedly, among those at work many score of the descendants of early Barrett slaves, both men and women.

Up there on the hillside, beyond the sugar works of Cinnamon Hill and Little River, and above these dark-skinned men and women working on the Cinnamon Hill road, was the spot where Cornwall House had been. These Cornish Barretts were appropriately set in both dwelling and county named after the county to which those first Norman Barretts had come with the Conquest. Cornwall House and Little River had been the first “great houses” of the Barretts in the Parish of St. James.

As we went on we were told that crop time was but a few weeks off, and then, rather than four hundred, some nine hundred men and women would be employed. Behind Cinnamon Hill Great House and the Cemetery the hills were darkening. The drove of creamy white cattle—curiously blanched in the deepening storm light—was plodding towards Rose Hall Sugar Works. In two months they would be hauling great wains laden with the bundled canes for the sugar mills. Coming nearer and nearer was a dilapidated mansion, its casements and doorways open to the sea winds, two of its wings gone, its verandahs, its porticoes, its flight of steps fallen away. In its cellar, using it as a dwelling, crouched an old witch of a negress. The Rose Hall walk of broken paving stones on which we stood was turning into a sluiceway as the downpour turned into a cloudburst. The shrivelled ancient negress with us, we fled to an upper level at the back of Rose Hall, opened a big-panelled double door, and upon floors none too safe we stood inside. The pitiful old woman believed in ghosts—as well she might on this spot,—but even more did she believe in small silver.

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“Bit-bit mek pound,” was the warmth of the dying spark of life within her.

The rain was diminishing; it stopped; we went on, leaving gladly that place of evil repute, where, as a later chapter tells, Elizabeth Barrett’s uncle Samuel Moulton-Barrett had buried—because no one else had the courage to do it—the Lucrezia Borgia of Jamaica.

IV

We had travelled the “Old Road” both out of the past and from General Moulton-Barrett’s high hill of Albion. At last we were there outside Cinnamon Hill Great House and before the simple carriage gate of green palings set between stone walls. About our feet bloomed the wild sage, orange-colored, aromatic. Inside the gates was an English lawn. To the left on the edge of the lawn, as we faced the house, spread out the limbs of an immense, aged cotton tree—still bringing with it a sense of climbing, flitting children, Pinkie, Edward, Sam, and the frail, leaf shadow of the little George Goodin. Beyond the cotton tree spread fields, and beyond the fields spread the sea in its iridescence of coral reef and breaking waves. To the right of the lawn is a stone ell of the Great House, to the south-east a separate stone slave kitchen. To the left, now connected with the main house but once separate, is the “Annex,” partly hidden by some alligator pear trees, recording in its history one more act of generous, if futile, honor on the part of Charles John Moulton-Barrett,—Elizabeth’s brother Stormie.

We were on soil destined to become historic as the birth-place not only of Edward Barrett-Moulton Barrett, the father of Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett, but also historic as the culminative Jamaican estate of a notable family. Many of the men and women had abilities as remarkable as those of Elizabeth. But their powers creatively had shown themselves in other ways, and they have remained unknown until the writing of *The Family of the Barrett*.

We knew that Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s father had been

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born in Cinnamon Hill Great House, for at my inquiry General Moulton-Barrett had crossed the living room at Albion, got out Mrs. Moulton's Journal, and confirmed the fact. And we know from the stone which Edward Moulton-Barrett caused to be erected in Cinnamon Hill Cemetery for his brother Samuel, two years younger than himself, that Samuel, too, was born in this hillside house. Here these little rich boys, destined to be owners of vast estates and masters of some thousands of slaves, had first seen the light of day, first spoken the words common to children, received their first impressions of the uses and rights of slaves, heard first of their labors, their sicknesses and deaths, first seen their punishments and floggings, known first their appraisal value as stock and the technique of their management upon an estate. To these boys their grandfather Edward Barrett was to leave, among other estates, those of Cinnamon Hill, Cornwall, Pleasant Valley, Palmetto Point Penn (now the town of Falmouth), Oxford and Cambridge, and Retreat Penn.

Here "Treppy" had been adopted by Edward Barrett and Treppy had lived, beginning a life-long companionship with Elizabeth Barrett Moulton which was to end only with Mrs. Moulton's death in England in 1830. This place of Cinnamon Hill Great House and its rooms within were as familiar to Treppy as Wimpole Street. Here with the vividness characteristic of her Creole nature, she had known the bliss of youth. Here she had dandled Elizabeth Moulton's babies on her knees, from this house she had gone with her to Cinnamon Hill Cemetery to lay away the little George Goodin Moulton, and here made preparation to take Pinkie and Edward and Sam to England to be educated.

Here Elizabeth's beloved uncle, Samuel, had lived from time to time, and here her brothers, Bro (Edward), Sam, Stormie, Sette and Alfred, had come and gone, in three cases making Cinnamon Hill home over many years. Here one of her brothers had died, and here another had met the great tragedy of his life.

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We crossed the lawn,—not fine, thick English turf but a thin growth of grass with much free super-soil. It was plain that even this sparse growth was maintained only by the greatest care. We paused to look at the low hospitable house,—wide-spreading like the immense cotton tree. At the door stood the negress who is caretaker, bare-footed and in a print dress. She curtsied, and we went in to what must be the living room, in its walls loopholes for mounting guns during slave insurrections, its ceiling beamed and panelled, on the other side of the room wide doors opening out onto a piazza from which we could look down onto the palm-fringed sea's edge. To the left of the piazza and its bit of enclosed lawn is the massive masonry of the hurricane cut-wind built into the low house like a ship's prow pointing seaward. Although the entrance to this cut-wind is from within, on its seaward side is a tiny dungeon-like grill letting air into the room within, where in a hurricane about ten human beings could be assembled for safety.

All the old furniture is gone. Leading us through the well-kept drawing room, living room and dining room, the caretaker, often talking to herself rather than to us, slipped along on bare ebony feet which did not leave a trace of dust on the wide-planked polished floors.

I asked her about the Barrett furniture: was any of it left?

“Gawn, Miss!” she muttered.

Did she remember it?

“Yes, Miss, him hab beautiful furnitures!”

Gliding along, she repeated her “beautiful furnitures,” weaving it in and out of her half-intelligible remarks. She showed us the bedrooms on the first floor, for it was a custom of the country to have some of the important bedrooms there. Although neither she nor Mr. Archer's assistant could identify the room in which originally Master and Mistress had slept, yet the bedroom just southeast of the living room seemed by its position and its architecture to be the most important and the Master's sleeping room. There probably Edward Barrett-Moulton was born.

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We went up a broad low stairway to some rooms above, with high-peaked ceilings and large windows,—rooms probably where the Barrett-Moulton children had slept and where little Pinkie and Edward and their brother Samuel had romped and dreamed and planned. It was here no doubt Edward first began to wonder what it would be like to become, as an English gentleman must, an English schoolboy in that other far-away island every Englishman called “home.” Upstairs as well as down none of the old furniture remains. In its place are modern iron bedsteads and stands and chairs. Yet nothing could take away—not even this efficient, clean and comfortable modern furnishing!—from the antique grace of these lofty garret rooms. . . . How did it happen that the English lad with memories of Cinnamon Hill Great House in its simple, sincere dignity and comfort and with other “homes” in Jamaica similar to it, should have cherished as a young man Hope End with its moorish turrets?

On that day it was due to the generous courtesy of the present owner of Cinnamon Hill, James Henderson, Esq., and the ironing interests of a quaint negro woman, that we wandered or paused at will in the beautiful, solitary old place, neither large nor small, a part of the hillside from which it springs and unforgettable in its simple dignity.

Two flights down and we were in a spacious concrete basement with a door and an old flagstone walk leading over to the slave kitchen. There our caretaker showed us the ancient bake-oven, above it the old high-set cooking fire, to the left the spits still swung. The fire hole was banked with ashes over which hung the kettle. Its uses were not only of yesterday; they are of today. To the north, near a big window was an ironing board which seemed magnetic to our soft-footed guide. She dropped us to pick up her iron and return to the pressing of some clothes.

We stood there thinking of that bread of long ago and of this oven in use for some one hundred and seventy years more or less. Bread, made here, broken here, and from this kitchen served to the Great House! We thought of Edward Barrett



A View of the King's House and Public Offices at St. Jago de la Vega,
(Long's *History of Jamaica*)

1663

Hersey Barrett Charles the Second by ye grace of God of England Scotland France and
 Ireland King Defender of ye Faith & Lord of Armoyea To all To
 Whome these presents shall come greeting We send you greeting & for our Consideration --
 Hersey Barrett is an Inhabitant now residing in yr Island of Armoyea & for his better
 Encouragement to continue in yr said & for diverse other good Causes & Considerations and
 therein especially moving of yr special Grace certain Streets & more more have
 been & granted & by these presents for us yr heirs & Successors doe give & grant unto
 ye said Hersey Barrett his heirs & assigns One House & yard in ye Towne of St
 Sage de la Vega in Saight East and West One Hundred & twenty One foot & Breadth
 North & South by Plot Nelson fifty six feet & bounded Eastward by the Common Street
 Northward by Plot Mildish Westward by Plot Hackett & Southward by Plot Nelson and all
 Edifices and Buildings Thereon Inclosed with Stone & wry of three Appurtenances To
 have & to hold the said piece of Land & premises & wry the three of with there
 Appurtenances unto ye said Hersey Barrett his heirs & assigns to ye only
 use & behoofe of ye said Hersey Barrett his heirs & assigns for ever to be
 holden of us yr heirs & Successors by Fealty in Free & Comon Socage for all services
 at seven Shillings therefor yearly & wry of us yr heirs & assigns for the
 yearly Rent of Ten Shillings in ye Towne of St Michell the Arch Angell & ye
 Annuntiation of ye blessed Virgin Mary by Equall portions And Hersey Barrett
 will & grant for us yr heirs & Successors unto ye said Hersey Barrett his
 heirs & assigns of ye Involment of these or other patents in yr cheefe Court of
 Admiraltie within yr said Island of Armoyea shall be as heretofore
 have been & effectually in ye Law to all Intents & purposes for ever hereafter
 whiche according to ye true intent of these presents doe give some priviledges had
 hitherto granted abroad or transferred or shew presents granted by us after any other
 manner or way yet to have any new Customs or Assize of yr said Towne to be continued
 in any wise notwithstanding & without lesse or further Will & pleasure is it
 of us Hersey Barrett his heirs & assigns shall upon any Invasion of the
 or Foreigne Invasions which may happen in yr said Island of Armoyea
 during his or their Residence there be ready to serve us & shall serve us in
 Armies under ye Command of yr Governor there Whiche be It Tho. Hardy first
 Barre Governor of yr said Island the Twinty sixth day of October in ye 27th
 Year of yr Majesty

First recorded Hersey Barrett Land Patent, 1663
Island Record Office

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and Judith Goodin, of their children and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren who had eaten the bread of Cinnamon Hill. We saw the kindly eyes of Edward Barrett; we saw his little Elizabeth and the little adopted Treppy coming and going blithely on baking day, lured, as children always have been and always will be, by the fragrance of fresh bread.

CHAPTER I

HERSEY BARRETT, PIONEER

SOMEWHERE among the young subalterns of the Expeditionary Forces under Penn and Venables was Hersey Barrett, Pioneer, the great-great-great-great grandfather of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With him Hersey Barrett had his wife and his children. And with him in 1655, or but a little later, were other members of his family, brothers, cousins, their wives and their children. It is possible to give the time of day and the day of the month when Hersey Barrett first set foot in Spanish Town, also to give the street in which he lived there with his wife and children. The kind of house Hersey Barrett and his family occupied can be pictured in much of its detail. The Church to which the Barretts were attached is known and the social life which went on around them and in which they took part. Known, too, are the plantation, Mile Gully, which the pioneer owned outside of town and the manner of life the Barretts lived in Withywood. It can also be said that this West Indian colonial romance of adventure began in the seventeenth century with an evangelical trend as definite as was the evangelical emphasis of the Barretts in the nineteenth century at 50, Wimpole Street, London.

It was on the 9th of May, 1655, that the fleet under the command of Admiral Penn and General Venables saw "Jamaica Iland, very high land afarr off,"¹ and then rounded the spit of land known as Caguay or Port Royal, where, both history and legend say, was then a Spanish city of fabulous wealth. Somewhere on this fleet of ships which came to anchor off Port Royal

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was young Hersey Barrett,² the pioneer of "the family of the Barrett" in the West Indies.³ From the freeboard of one of those ships he, his wife and children looked out upon Caguay—as the Spaniards called Port Royal—across the bay to the magnificent cloud-swept lines of the high Blue Mountains over which in less than fifteen years, travelling northward, the Barretts would again be upon adventure.

The next day on the mainland opposite Caguay, they landed before the three breastworks of the Spaniards. Of the eight pieces of ordnance the Spaniards had, only three were mounted. These the gunners played at the English, making about twenty shots; and the garrison of about three hundred men resisted the English seven thousand with small shot. For Cromwell's fleet obviously it was an easy "victory." Two days later, the 12th of May, the English were in Spanish Town, or, as Spaniards called it, St. Jago de la Vega. It was probably on that 12th of May, 1655, about two o'clock in the afternoon, that Hersey Barrett went past, or over some of the land in Spanish Town which was soon to belong to him and to other members of the Barrett family.⁴

Following that for several days, the Spaniards were in flight, plain and field covered with people on foot, seeking escape northward from the English. Fortunately on the day on which flight for all was ordered, the English were not abroad, and, unharmed by the enemy, the men, women and children stumbled on, each one carrying a little bundle of "dearest possessions."

Sick unto death, yet without loss of time, Governor Ramirez had expressed the wish to go himself to meet the English General.

A member of the Governor's family said: "The people of Jamaica think that don Juan will not go to see the English general, because he is afraid. They deceive themselves. Now they shall see."⁵

There was another important person besides the Governor whom the English troops wished to see because of her fabulous

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wealth. She was the widow doña Joana de Fuentes, a "rich fat woman, the richest of the country." ⁶ Doña Joana de Fuentes was soon seen by many of the English and talked about by all. Her estate was in Liguanea, which under English possession was to become the parish of St. Andrew with its village of Halfway Tree and, in less than half a century, its important town or city of Kingston.

The estate of this doña Joana de Fuentes no doubt included many miles of Liguanea and covered land which in time not only members of the ancestors of Elizabeth Barrett Browning owned but also land of which the great-great grandfather and grandmother of Robert Browning held some seventy acres. For a while this pleasant region of wealthy Spanish estates the English continued to call "Liganee," and the name still lingers in Liguanea Plain. There at the junction of three roads leading to St. Jago de la Vega, to St. Mary and to St. George, was a lofty, straight-stemmed cotton tree. This cotton tree did not begin to branch out until it was at least fifty feet in height. It stood at the time of the Conquest in 1655 and continued to stand until at least the close of the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. Shortly after the Conquest, the English began to call the tree and the settlement which gathered about it Halfway Tree. It was here in this area of the former estate of doña Joana de Fuentes, one of the pleasantest in Jamaica, several groups of the Barrett family, among them Nicholas and John, were to settle and to own estates. And here a few years after the great disaster in 1692, in the Halfway Tree church set diagonally across from the tree, the great-great grandparents of Robert Browning were to be married.

Doña Joana de Fuentes was captured by a troop of the English, as were also her nephew, don Inigo de Fuentes, and some slave women and others. They sent don Inigo for the money and jewels demanded of doña Joana, and upon his return they divided the spoil between a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign. They offered don Inigo a silver saltcellar and an opportunity to escape, which he accepted.⁷ As the articles of the "treaty"

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are placed side by side with this greedy assault on a Spanish gentlewoman and her silver, and the rough jest of the gift of the saltcellar to her nephew, this business of prize goods seems the act it really was. Nor does the subsequent usage of the Spanish governor soften this impression. Many were the English cruelties which "Oliver P" had to justify on the grounds of Spanish cruelty to the English and to sanctify in the name of religion,—a game of rationalizing played through all the ages, with women to "give tokens" to male warriors. . . .

Elated by what had come so easily, and ignorant of the diseases which were closing in on them, at first the Barretts shared in an outlook upon Jamaican life which seems to have been irresponsibly optimistic. In a burst of British fervor the author of one letter describes, among other Jamaican advantages, barley and pease which held promise of brewing beer and ale. He wrote, too, "Tis not soe hot as Italy by day, and cooler by night and mornings." Also that there stood along St. Jago's streets more than a thousand houses built of good brick, timber and a native tile, or of clay and reed.

Then in the abundance everywhere they began to starve. There were savannas where cattle, wild and tame, fed by the thousands. They saw hogs, horses, cows, and went out to kill them, and were themselves killed by the nimble natives. They starved, sickened, and died in the midst of food and fresh water. In a land of such beauty and abundance death was an incredible presence to them. During the next few years, all the Colonists were to receive a liberal education in the suffering and the waste that are war. By November they had lost by death several thousands. They had eaten all the cattle within twelve miles of St. Jago or Spanish Town.⁸ De Castilla, one of the "enemy," looking out wistfully on the devastation and suffering of the Conquest by the English, records with a suggestion of Franciscan tenderness:

Neither did the English spare any of the dogs, cats, colts or donkeys which their bullets reached, so exceedingly hungry were they when they landed.⁹

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For the sick now there was no remedy but death. It seems probable that the mortality among the women and children was more tragic—if that were possible—than among the soldiers who were accustomed, as children and women could not be, to many forms of physical hardship.

In their midst were little children, one of whom was a five year old boy whose name was Hersey Barrett, son of the pioneer. Who had blundered? The Barretts were there to hear some say the cause for their disasters was Admiral Penn, some say it was General Venables, and some that it was Mrs. Venables.¹⁰ In the long history of apologists, whoever was or was not responsible, Penn and Venables were soon both engaged in the popular British occupation of writing apologies in the Tower of London.

On the Northside of Jamaica there is in an old map engraved in 1670 an area marked "Spanish Quarters." And there with the English occupation the wharf of Spanish Quarters became known as Dunshole Wharf. In that area in two generations the Barretts were to own estates, among them Little River and Cinnamon Hill. And there it was, after the English had taken their Island in 1655, and while it was still known only as Spanish Quarters, the Spaniards had congregated for safety and for flight. They could look over to the Sierra Maestra of Cuba with Turquino Peak rising 8,300 feet above the sea. At the worst, leaving their slaves and their dogs behind them, they could escape to the safety of that Cuban shore.

It came to the worst. In hiding, huddled together on the Northside, hoping for escape, covered with filth, starving, they waited for ships. And on the plantations, the English were dying with their boots on, plague-stricken or starving, amidst plenty. Both the Spaniards and the English in their sufferings believed they were being punished for their sins,—not for their stupidity!

One group after another the refugee Spaniards—doña Fuentes, gentlemen, officers, children, the old, the sick, their attendants, took ship from the shore of Spanish Quarters, very often from the wharf that was to become known in a few years

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by its English name of Dunshole Wharf, and were seen no more. The last they saw of their beloved Island were the Cinnamon Hills which were in less than one hundred years to belong to the Barretts, and the hills behind Mantica Bahia (Montego Bay) upon which in due course Barretts were to dwell.

As the Spaniards took ship they freed their slaves, who fled for refuge to the hills and the mountain fastnesses. These freed slaves were called "maroons," a corruption of the Spanish "Cimarron" meaning wild. The maroons settled in the hills above the estates which sooner or later became the Barrett estates of Blue Hole, Rose Hall, Running Gutt, Crawle, Cornwall, Cinnamon Hill, and Little River. Their descendants became a legacy of trouble for the Barretts of the next generation,—trouble from which economically even today the English are not yet entirely free.¹¹ With the maroons up in the hills and Spaniards and other privateers—a euphemism for pirates!—along the coast, with heat and hurricane and earthquake, with its problems of black slavery and its problems of white bond servants, the tension of such a life was at times a frenzy.

II

Hersey Barrett, Pioneer, had several qualities which, although this young Colonist was not then the person of special importance he became, placed him high in the qualifications for success. He had the power to move outward from the center called "home" and to continue repeating that outward movement; he had the ability to see new opportunities and the shrewdness to take advantage of them; and Hersey Barrett, and his young family and the other family groups connected with him, were continuing to survive where others perished. During seven years of extraordinary, almost cataclysmic, pressure, both physical and psychic, with phenomenal vitality Hersey Barrett was adjusting their family pioneer pattern to West Indian conditions. By slow development this pattern was to raise the

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Barretts at the close of the eighteenth century in Jamaica to a climax of power.

For a while Barretts saw the British Commissioners follow one another in breathless succession, the swiftness expressive of death and of confusion. For at least seven years, it must often have seemed to ambitious and intelligent men and women who had come out as colonists to Jamaica that to come at all had been the greatest blunder. Lifting their heads from the conflict with starvation and disease, the Colonists had seen their need was for servants. Englishmen, accustomed to a plentiful supply of white service, both indentured and free, it would be difficult to say whether, at first, they quite realized how much the necessity was for black servants rather than for white.¹² In answer to their entreaties the ship *Jamaica Merchant* had been permitted to set sail for Jamaica with a load of "idle and vagabond Persons, and several sorts of Goods whereof some are perishable."¹³ Probably the humor of this conjunction was not at the time appreciated by either the vagabond Persons or the Jamaica merchants. Almost literally the silver lining of this cloud was that among these "criminals" were some imperishable Quakers. In Great Britain the ships engaged in this business were well known and lay to on some river in Ireland or Scotland or on the Thames waiting for their human cargoes. Only when their accumulating freight made too loud an outcry did London object.¹⁴

In those early days all Jamaican planters who needed to buy white servants went to the Port Royal Wharves. Among them were the Barretts, whose plantation areas were increasing steadily and whose need for service was increasing with their land. If the white servants, many of them skilled tradesmen, had lived well during the voyage to Jamaica, on arrival in Port Royal they appeared in good health and were clean and fresh. Like so many horses were they paraded up and down in front of the crowd who had come to the quays to buy or to look on, and like so many horses were they examined. One was a skilled carpenter, another a cooper, a third a mason, each and all with a trade to

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the good; few of them with any chance to survive the first year. A group like this went off easily, a good tradesman bringing about £40 and others about £20 per head. But with another group coming in soon after on another vessel it was quite different. Perhaps the majority of them had been kidnapped. Hunger, handcuffs and the cat-o'-nine-tails had been their lot. Starved and terrified they sold for the song they had forgotten how to sing.¹⁵

At the climax of colonial despair had followed years when Government became both steadier and more prosperous. Thomas, Lord Windsor, succeeded the useful General Edward Doyley in 1662, arriving in Port Royal on August 11th. In the young Lord Windsor was one who loved the shows of this earth. If panoply was of no importance to the Protector it was of great importance to Charles the Second and his colonial servants. His Majesty had favored the Island with a mace which Lord Windsor brought over, and which was carried before the Governor "on solemn occasions."¹⁶ There were also a broad seal and two Masters in Chancery.

This year of the mace was the year of Lord Windsor's issuance of the proclamation which was to make the assembling of great estates possible for the Barretts and for others. It read to the effect that "thirtie acres of improveable land shall be granted and allotted" to every person, male or female, being twelve years old, who then resided upon the Island or within two years did reside upon it. As conditions in Jamaica altered, these small holdings found eager buyers who consolidated them into larger and larger estates.¹⁷ Pepys might jibe at Lord Windsor, and did; before and after his governorship, but here were two matters of prime importance to men: land to satisfy their instincts to acquire and possess, and display to satisfy their sense of pride.

Until the final disbandment of the troops in 1662 the Barretts occupied and, it may be, owned some Spanish house in St. Jago de la Vega (Spanish Town). In construction the first Spanish house occupied by the Barretts was one story high. As late as 1774 some of the original Spanish houses, almost in-

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variably one story high, were still standing, still habitable. The new Spanish capital in Jamaica had been founded about the year 1523, by Diego the son of Columbus.¹⁸ At the time of the English occupation it was over a century old. In an account first published in 1660 is this quaint record of its past splendors:

St. Jago de la Vega Which was as well built, and as large as any Town in *England*; but now has lost much of its *Pristine* Lustre, since the Landlords became *English*; for it did contain Two Thousand Houses, and upwards, with Sixteen Churches and Chappels, when it was first *Seized* upon by the Army conducted by General Venables; now there remains only *Skeletons* of Two Churches and an *Abbey*, with about Five or Six Hundred Houses; some of which are yet very pleasant and habitable.¹⁹

This was the town, somewhat altered by both English depredations and the English genius for organization and cleanliness, which many of the Barretts were to call "home."

The first recorded Spanish Town Barrett patent is under date of 1663. Probably the house and yard were on the street which came to be known as Barrett Street. This footland patent was signed by no less a person than Sir Thomas Modyford on October 26th, 1663, and was "Given and Granted" by Charles the Second to Hercie Barrett and his heirs, "for his better encouragement" to continue in the Island. It was "One House & yard in ye Towne of St. Jago de la Vega." The 1663 patent was followed two years later by another grant when "Herse Barrett" is granted "part of one house and yard" which south east is bounded by his own property.²⁰

Hersey Barrett, Jr.,—a five year old boy when his father landed in Jamaica in 1655,—was, in 1662 when Lord Windsor issued a land grant proclamation, twelve years old. There can be little doubt that Hersey's father, the pioneer, immediately took out thirty acres in his son's name, as well as taking out thirty acres each in the names of his wife and other members of his family. In Withywood, a district as well as a settlement, and in Spanish Town in the adjoining Parish of St. Catherine, the Barretts, including Richard Barrett, and in Port Royal the

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Thomas Barretts were among the earliest landholders. It was always characteristic of them, as events will show, to take out land at a time when it was advantageous to do so. . . . To Hersey Barrett in 1662 not only did land come but another son was born, Samuel, who was to become the progenitor of the great Northside branch of the Barrett family.

Who was the first wife of Hersey Barrett, Pioneer, the mother of Samuel, who had stood with her husband by the free board of that ship on the 9th of May, 1655, watching great mountains and then a sandy spit of land as they came into sight? The records do not reveal her name. Yet for reasons not wholly explicable she stands out as the second wife, whose name is known, does not. Perhaps her personality and character come out by reflection from the shared difficulties, tragedies and hard work of those first fifteen years.

Between the ages of two of her sons, Hersey and Samuel, there were twelve years, Hersey born in 1650 on English soil or on one of the Leeward Islands, and Samuel born in Jamaica, either in Spanish Town or in Withywood.²¹ Who her other children were, coming between these sons and possibly before and after, is not known. The Barretts as a family had a singular inability or unwillingness to give their children any names except those already in use by Barretts. That "Hersey" (probably a colloquialism for the Norman name Erisey) was the great name in the West Indian Colonial family is a fact evident in several ways. One of these ways is the frequency and pride with which the name was given to sons in the family. Unquestionably his was the leading pioneer spirit in the family group. There was another great name, not so striking but as persistent in the family of the Barrett, and that was Samuel or Scammuel, the Cornish variant of the name which appears in the West Indian records. Six generations of Samuel Barretts are traceable.

Although the Barretts continued to use what in Jamaica is called "a town house," on the disbandment of the troops they had taken up land also in Withywood, Vere, in the parish of Clarendon. Withywood occupied then an area on the Southside

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between Carlisle Bay and Milk River. Here were the first Barrett plantation estates, including Mile Gully and Paradise. There is a list of "some of the principal persons who held official situations" in the expedition of Penn and Venables. On this list is this all-important line:

"H. Barrett Settled in Mili-Gully." ²²

"Mili-Gully" should have been printed as Mile Gully. One hundred and fifty years later, as the Jamaica Almanack reveals, this plantation, "Mile Gully Pen," was still Barrett property, belonging to Thomas Hearcey Barritt, a great-great-grandson of Hersey Barrett, pioneer. Thomas Hearcey Barritt owned also the estate called Paradise in Vere.²³

When the English arrived, indigo and not sugar was the major industry among the Spaniards.²⁴ There were few sugar mills in operation and those only on the biggest estates. Withywood—and in particular Dry or Salt River (River Minho)—was a district especially rich in the cultivation and production of indigo. Naturally the English made use of the equipment and vats the Spaniards left behind them, and in the canefields of today those old vats can still be found. It seems probable that, settling as they did in Withywood, the Hersey Barretts were engaged for a while in the making of indigo.

The name "Withywood" was due to the dense growth of withe and wood over this area. In Ogilby's map in *America* in 1671 and in the "Wood Mapp" of 1677 the place name is spelled WITHIE WOOD. Another cartographer, perhaps under the influence of an unfavorable season, set it down as WITHER WOOD.²⁵ In 1683 in *The Present State of Jamaica* is this description of "Withy Wood":

At *Withy Wood*, Twenty Miles to the West, is about forty or fifty Houses for the Accomodation of Vessels, that Road being more frequented than any other on the South side, there being good Land, many Settlements, and a Pleasant Countrey all about it.²⁶

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Nine years later in a letter of tragic interest the Rector of Vere wrote that the residents of Withywood having contented themselves "with mean and low-built Houses, for the most part built with Timber," the houses had been generally left standing by the earthquake.²⁷ This then was the Withywood of the Southside Barretts, where they gained the experience and achieved the skill in plantation management which were to give the family of a grandson of Hersey Barrett quiet dominance and phenomenal success in their Northside plantation life.

In the year following that in which the Hersey Barretts received their first recorded patent, on the 20th of January, 1664, the first House of Assembly met in Spanish Town (St. Jago de la Vega) under the governorship of Sir Charles Lyttleton.²⁸ To and fro in coach and on horseback did these pioneer Barretts weave between the Withywood plantations and their simplicities and Spanish Town with its cathedral, its playhouse, its shops, its King's House where the Governor lived, and its atmosphere of gay liveries, dashing coaches and lively taverns. It is not difficult to see again, even if only in imagination, the première in the Assembly of Jamaica, held in the massive Spanish building in the midst of the romantic old town. Everything then was at its height of beauty on the Island, all the foliage soft and luxuriant and green, the air cool, the sunlight spilled amber of the gods, and abundance everywhere. The streets were full of dust and of the curious, of excited voices, vivid gowns, military uniforms, and innumerable black nurses, babies, small boys, and gaily dressed half-Spanish women of color, plying their Circean trade. Within, the legal and official fraternities, wearing their brilliant gowns and special wigs, carried forward the business of that historic day. Black pages ran to and fro. The mace and the broad seal Lord Windsor had brought over were carried in state, and for the first time there was something of the color and ceremony which came to be part of these Assemblies.

Twenty-five governors or presidents—as the office happened to be designated at the time—were to come and go before a

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Barrett sat as Member of the Assembly in the House. Yet in the development of the Colony that honor to a Barrett, coming as it did in 1721, came early. Other Barretts were to sit in the Assembly. About the middle of the eighteenth century father was followed by son; toward the closing decades of that century, two brothers were Members of the Assembly,—great uncles of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—one of whom won the seat of Bryan Edwards, the historian. In the early nineteenth century the son of one of those brothers was to be elected several times as Member of the Assembly and twice as Speaker of the House,—a man marked by his intellectual brilliance, the Apollo-like distinction of his face and form, and the tragedy which overtook him.

CHAPTER II

OLD ROAD

MANY, or all, of the Spanish roads which encircled the Island and in two places crossed Jamaica, were made in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Edward Long wrote that these Spanish roads "were no better than bridle paths."¹ What remains of the roads is certainly not like a Roman way. Yet some of these sections are, in part, still useful.² Stories about the adventures in pioneering of the early Spaniards, their conquest of the Indians found upon Jamaica—*island of many waters*—, stories about their ancient roads, must often have been told and retold to big and little Barretts.

The foundations of one of the old Spanish roads through the Northside is still to be seen in a canefield of Cinnamon Hill estate. . . . Towards the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth century one of these roads was more important than any other factor in helping the Wisdoms, the Lawrences, the Barretts, the Waytes, and the Goodins to take up land on the Northside and to develop their plantations. Something magnetic—even in the tropics—must there be about the north. In Jamaica the first recorded move of the Barretts northwestward over Spanish roads towards the so-called Northside of the Island was made by none less than Hersey Barrett, Senior! It was not only that the north end of the island was nearest Cuba, or that the Northside came to be known as the healthiest end of the island, or that for sometime after the south end of Jamaica was settled, the north remained unsettled

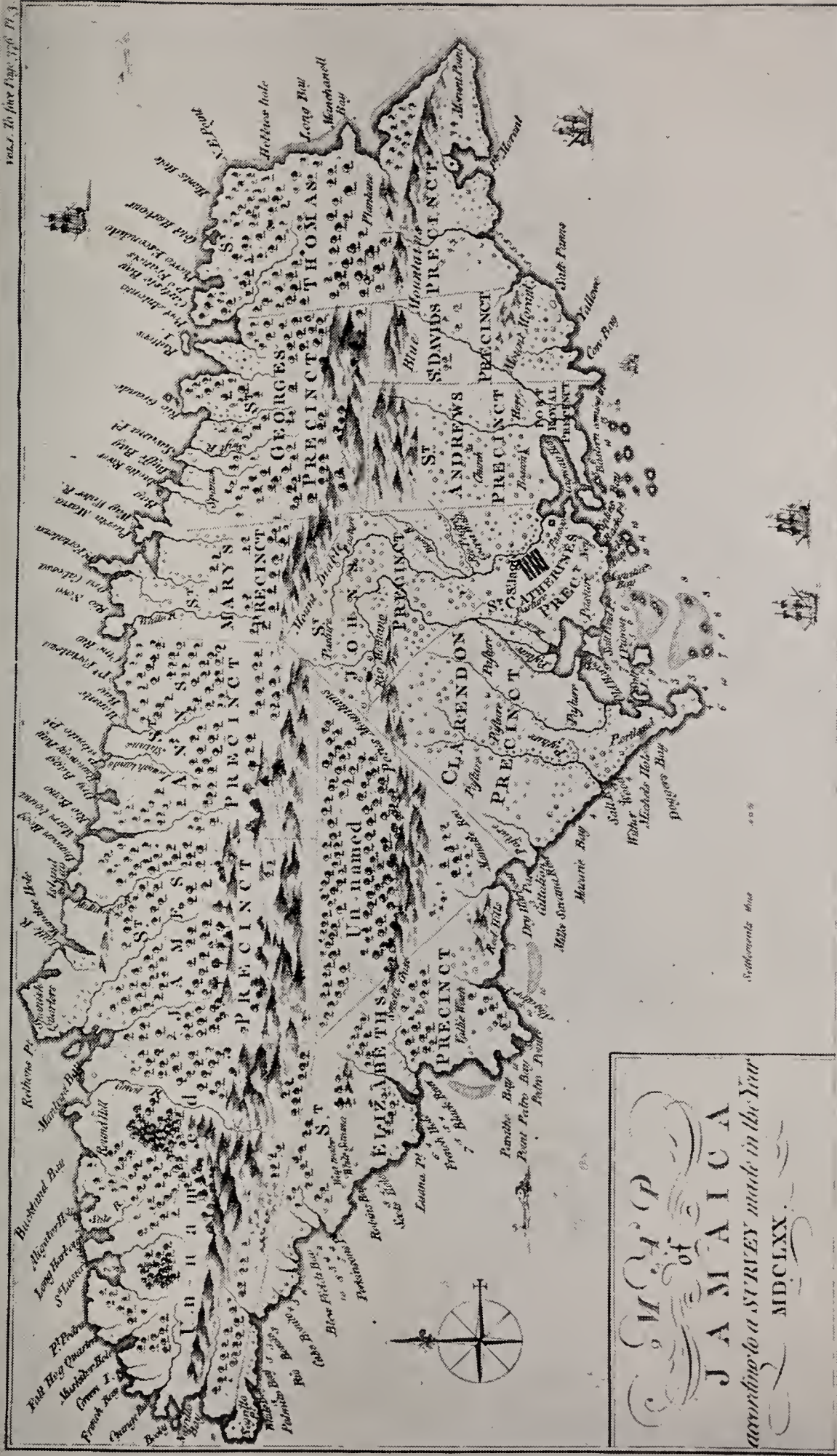
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and the place of adventure. For the Barretts and for others it was all of these facts and something less tangible but as compelling: the lure of "further north" even in Jamaica.

The Barretts were moving northward into an area filled with dangerous runaway slaves. About this time in the minutes of the Council is a record that the colonists were having difficulties on the Northside, "not being well settled," because it was becoming "a retreat for runaway servants and slaves." These were the indentured white servants—in many cases, it is probable, "poor gentlemen", such as Lord Vaughan was so successfully to impress from Wales between the years 1675 and 1678 of his governorship in Jamaica; the blacks from the region of the Southside; and the maroons left behind by the Spaniards. It was feared—and the fear was not exaggerated—that these runaways would "fall into parties," and that it would then be impossible to retrieve them.³

When in the 1660's Hersey Barrett took up the first of the Northside lands in St. Ann's, it is not as a solitary pioneer with, possibly, his "mate" he is to be envisaged.⁴ No doubt the Barrett wagon train was a long procession out of St. Catherine or Vere, moving northward over the mountains along a rough wood road or trail, past Moneague, past Rio Hoja (now owned by the Barretts), and northward towards Drax, then westward. In that procession probably were carts and oxen, tools, some domestic animals and many supplies, negro masons and carpenters, a single line pack train of horses carrying this, that, and the other necessity, several indentured white servants in charge of the negroes, men, women, and children, and an overseer. Experience gained in some fifteen years of planting, in the neighborhood of Spanish Town and Withywood, and tools gradually accumulated with that experience, were to be put to use.

The excitement and laughter of the indentured white servants and of the slaves; the sounds of the domestic animals being driven forward with them and the rattle and pad of their hooves; the shouts of command, now muted by the surrounding forest, now ringing sharply against the stone of some cliff or cone of



Map of Jamaica
(Long's History of Jamaica)



S^r HEN: MORGAN
Part. 2. Page. 60.

Sir Henry Morgan
(*Esquemeling*)

rock; the occasional crash of heavy cartwheels on some uneven rock surface; the crack of the whip, the bark of dogs, and the crying of the children being bundled along with the moving caravan. Then a pause for food, the browsing of the animals, children at the breast, the smell of wood smoke, and with it the welcome relief from the persecuting insects, the smell of food cooking over the open fires, and the grave low voices of a few white men discussing the condition of the caravan and making plans for the road ahead.

Among these voices was unquestionably the voice of Hersey Barrett, Senior, and then, or later, young Hersey riding beside his father. Men who made a success of colonial adventure in Jamaica did not do it by deputy. When Hersey Barrett wished something done, and done as it should be, no doubt he was there to do it himself or to superintend having it done. In this sense of personal responsibility his grandson Sam and his son Samuel were probably more like old Hersey than was Hersey Barrett, Junior. He was a man who got things done with very little talk about it. In his powers for planning and organization, and in his inexhaustible energy in carrying out those plans, he was shaping the pattern for executive success in planting and in political life which covered some two hundred years in Jamaica. He was, it may be, a man of average height, slender, sinewy, with the quiet oval features characteristic of his great grandson Edward Barrett and characteristic of that Edward's great granddaughter Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett. . . .

At the end of several days their destination was reached. Then huts thatched for the negroes were quickly thrown up, and on wood which no axe could ever cut, such as iron wood and other hard woods, the sound of the saw was heard, while the blow of the axe fell on the softer woods. Soon the trowels of the masons rang out in the silence of the clearing where a more substantial house was being erected of wood and stone for the use of master and, it may be, mistress, or for overseer.

Probably the first Mrs. Barrett lived till 1670, when her son Hersey was twenty years old and her son Samuel eight. Coloniz-

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ing conditions being primitive in Jamaica, if she had died any time after 1662 and before 1670, her husband would have married immediately, if for no other reason than that he needed a wife to take care of his younger children. With the customs of slavery what they were then, few children were safe from disease or corruption among the negroes. It was no accident that Vere, Lady Lynch was to act as her own nurse as well as "paintress" in Jamaica. Hersey Barrett may have had a daughter nearly his son Hersey's age. But it would have been a most extraordinary girl who could have met and solved the social and physical problems of that early Jamaican life. . . . It is not surprising, therefore, to find under "Matrimony solemnized and confirmed between" in the list of marriages in the parish of St. Catherine in Jamaica previous to 1680 a record for the 11th of May, 1671, of the marriage of Hersey Barrett Senior and Eleanor Miten.⁵ The Barretts were neither the first English to enter the Northside, nor were they the first to leave it—a trait characteristic of them wherever they happened to be.⁶ . . . The Barretts had moved northward into an area where little did or could survive. But few of these original settler names carried over into the second generation, for the problems of the small holding in Jamaica brought either death or defeat. These first settlers who fought, and in the majority of cases lost, were accumulating experience for the history which later patentees were to make and, for that matter, to illumine. Hard physical labor and the closest economy were included among their problems. They had neither the money to buy labor nor the physical inheritance which made it possible for them to work in the fields under the direct rays of a tropical sun. During the struggles of those first planters, slaves were costly and difficult to get. Many of the patentees were unmarried, some of them married but childless. Some of the women of these original families married planters in the neighborhood and their surnames were lost. The disappearance of names, the blurring foundation lines, the graves,—one of these graves, perhaps, the grave of Hersey Barrett's first wife—tell most of the story which needs to be retold.

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But among the families who did survive generation after generation upon the Northside and who developed their estates to a climax of almost unmatched power in the parishes of St. Ann, Trelawny and St. James was the family of the Barrett.

It is evident that the set northward did not come through any division of property or opinion, for it came too early for that. It did not come through any want of property or success on the Southside. The Barretts had success and property in Port Royal, in Spanish Town and in Withywood. It was a definite tendency to move outward from whatever center the Barretts had established. This tendency expressed itself in action and kept them moving or developing or both. It is possible to describe this as restlessness and so relate it to peculiar nervous conditions. Or it can be described as a tendency to build or to create,—in this instance by means of land, tools, and slaves. In any event, not in establishment on the Southside but in pioneering on the Northside did the Barretts move toward what was to be the climax of their powers and so of the expression of themselves. And it can be considered an historic moment in the creative life of the Barrett family when in the 1660's to 1670's with the assistance of Hersey, Junior, and perhaps other members of his family group, Hersey Barrett, Senior, carved out of the wilderness of the Northside parish of St. Ann the first of those Northside estates.

II

It would be interesting to slip back into the last decades of the seventeenth century with the young Barretts, young Hersey and his brothers and sisters, and the children of Richard Barrett, Mary Macey, Mary Barrett, Elizabeth and Paul, to experience the conflicts of those tremendous years: their loves and fears and hopes and even the comet-like swiftness of their death. . . . If, socially, Jamaica was sensual in its lust for wealth and in its vices of liquor and food and women, in the cheapness with which it held human life and the nonchalance with which it tortured and killed black human beings, it is certain that other

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extremes and even some means expressed themselves. These young people knew of the strength of the Jamaica drinks, as well as the Jamaican lust for gold, and saw with their own eyes old army officers turned "from strict saints" to the "most debauched devils." ⁷ They knew, and some of them experienced, "murder by drinking" which was as common a device then as it is now for blotting out consciousness of the "ill" to which flesh is heir. And they saw, with Governor Codrington, many of their fellow West Indians with "bodies like Egyptian mummys." ⁸

Among the Creole Spaniards concubinage with slaves had been custom of the country. Although hesitation about this "custom of the country" may have been present for a while among the strict Cromwellians, it did not continue long. . . . In the records and laws there exist much of the conflict and all of the debate between good and evil. But it is not to be thought that the Quakers alone saw the conflicts and maintained the debate. The earliest records of the Barretts and of some of the families with whom they were connected show them not only sensitive to good and evil but also sensitive to the rights of others. Nevertheless in the will of Hearcey Barritt, Junior, the clause about "the three mulatto children of the said Jane named Katey, Neddy and Nanny" brings its own significance with it, only deepened when some of these mulatto children reappear in the will of Hearcey's son James. Such relationships soon became with the English, too, custom of the country and the fashion among young men, among whom some of the young Barretts are to be counted. All in all, they found life sweet and they found life horrible, and yet were, as is the way of youth, full of faith that life for them would be better than the haggard mummy-like thing they so often saw about them.

In Jamaica, as elsewhere, life had its climactic moments of marriage, of birth, and of death,—decidedly too many climaxes in death because they came too early. It had, too, its departures, its arrivals, its honors and functions of state, its debasements,

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and its moments of great excitement. One of the greatest of these popular moments of excitement was framed in between the marriage of Hersey Barrett, Senior, and the marriage of his son. It was the kidnapping of one governor by another. In a letter from Old Harbour, Jamaica, April 8, 1671, the writer said:

This island is very fertile, and questionless in a short time will be a flourishing settlement, but till Sir Thos. Modyford showed them the way, the very name of a planter was strange amongst them.⁹

Three months later Sir Thomas Lynch was planning to ship Modyford "home";—one of the synonyms for "home" with the important Colonists was all too often the Tower of London. Apparently Modyford had done too well by himself as well as by others. Not only was there the collusion of Governor Modyford, but that impresario among pirates, Henry Morgan, was taking his enticing cargoes of treasure, torn from the Spaniards, and was landing them at Port Royal.¹⁰ This he had been forbidden to do. Or he was hanging in the offing politically until he was made Governor in 1674. Uncertainties interfered with planting, and privateering made the shipping of products home and elsewhere and the receipt of supplies uncertainties.

To the young people of that day Sir Henry Morgan was not a legend or a myth: he was an accredited visible power, with eyes a little yellowish and belly a little "jetting" out or prominent.¹¹ If they had not seen him cheapening himself and his authority at Port Royal by drinking, they had heard about it. And some of them detested middle age such as this. The son of a respectable Welsh farmer, Henry Morgan, according to one story had refused to follow that way of life; according to another, he was kidnapped. In either event his back was turned once and for all upon father and farm, as he took the hardships which went with indentured white service. And in the end Morgan was to become the greatest of all pirates in the seventeenth century. To see Shelley plain, yes! But what must it *not*

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have meant to see Sir Harry plain! This was that Sir Harry whose brutalities upon women and children and clerics, as well as upon the males of a so-called enemy, have made him a classic among pirates. This was that Sir Harry the Barretts knew and saw going familiarly in and out of places in Port Royal and Spanish Town and whose homes in Lawrencefield, St. Catherine, and Morgan Valley, Clarendon, represented regal luxury. This was that Sir Harry whose brother, Charles, Robert Browning's ancestors had as a neighbor in that most pleasant precinct of Liguanea or St. Andrew.

The Barretts saw plain enough and no doubt frequently, Sir Henry Morgan, upon whose orders the limbs of his victims were stretched with cords, whose victims had burning matches placed between their fingers and their skulls twisted with cords till their eyes started out of their heads—this the pirates called “woolding”—, and who mutilated and crushed and burned alive and hung those who were captured. Sir Harry, even in this day of assaults and kidnapping, fills the reader with horror. Yet that he was a man of shrewd judgment, some dignity, and political power, admits of no doubt. This is not an effort to reconcile facts but merely a statement of them.¹²

With adaptation to tropical life, good English comforts were rapidly increasing. Letters “home” assumed a gayer note, and reports a more substantial tone of progress. Besides letters, there were strange, delightful gifts to send and West Indiamen to carry them. On 2nd of March, 1672, Sir Thomas Lynch, who managed with tact many problems besides Quakers and the kidnapping of Governors, wrote another letter to Secretary Lord Arlington, telling him that he has sent his Lordship a “paque” of excellent cocoa silvestre, containing 125 pounds, fifty for the King, as much for his Lordship, and the rest for Lady Herbert; also two bunches of vanillas and eight or ten “rolittos” of tobacco. Sir Thomas Lynch's wife, Vere, Lady Lynch, sent Lord Arlington's wife four hundred pounds of the best white sugar, a tortoise shell box and some combs, and a message to say that not only was she herself acting as nurse and housekeeper but

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also as "paintress" and that she had all the affairs of the new world upon her. For a Governor's Lady this was probably surprisingly true. During too many of those early years, although Spanish Town was the "residence" of the Governor and his family, there was no residence! For a while the Lynches stayed with their friend Hender Molesworth, who was a factor for the Royal African Company. But from this letter it would seem Vere, Lady Lynch had at the time secured some Spanish mansion and was herself engaged in making it fresh with good English paint. This energetic Englishwoman concluded her message by saying that their son Daniel was well but the "most lying and thieving boy in nature."¹³ Apparently what was not sent to England remained a temptation in Jamaica to Daniel! . . .

Besides Barrett letters telling about their experiences in the new world, no doubt those early Jamaican Barretts shipped many good things "home." What those gifts were can only be guessed at. It will be one hundred and fifty years before there is actual record of the special delicacies, as for example a particular kind of chocolate and tamarinds, which delighted Miss Mitford and R. H. Horne, and which came from the Barrett plantations in the Caribbean to their nineteenth century London.

About a month later in the same year when Vere, Lady Lynch accepted her Colonial conditions so gaily, another Barrett marriage took place,—a marriage between young people. It was the union of Hersey Barrett, Junior, to Mary Sleight on the 8th of April, 1672.¹⁴ Who was Mary Sleight? A much more satisfactory answer could be given to "Who is Silvia? What is she?" even if all the swains who "commended" her were omitted! Where were they married? Perhaps in the little Spanish Town Cathedral by the Reverend Henry Howser who was then Rector. And who, pray, was the Reverend Henry Howser of so long ago? Exactly the Divine for the place in which he was! It is Sir Thomas Lynch writing to the Bishop of London who gives this satisfactory picture of the right man in the right place:

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At *St. Jago de la Vega* the minister is also a Swiss, Mr. Howsyer (?Housier) he had 140 *l* a year by law, and since I came, 150 *l*. He is a reasonable preacher, a good liver, well esteemed and very rich. The church is a Spanish church, and the parsonage good. The parish is called *St. Catherine's*.¹⁵

Very rich! A worldly wedding much to the Rector's tastes! More ribbons, more slashes, shortened doublets had followed the passing of Cromwell. Little mustaches and equally little lip beards made their appearance, and hair if abundant was elaborately curled. On "occasions" in Jamaica men were brave in beautiful shades of satin and fine muslin shirts, in large soft beaver hats turned up at the side and decorated with a long plume, in short cloaks flung over the shoulder, in lace and ribbon garters made fast with buckles of diamonds and other precious stones. Hair that was beautiful was shown by women, too, the ringlets clinging to the neck and knotted into a bunch with pearls which permitted the ringlets to fall gracefully upon a bare shoulder. Waving above this coiffure were ostrich plumes topped with an aigrette,—“top-knots” these coiffures were called then. A Quaker writing of those he saw in Port Royal said they almost touched the sky. A long polonaise of richest silk opened over petticoats trimmed with lace, and the wide muslin sleeves of a chemisette of finest quality fell below the short sleeves of the gown.

These young people were gentry, and even on that spring day of 1672 when the Barretts had not more than just begun the generations of their West Indian Colonial romance, this wedding could not have been negligible. It is not difficult in imagination to see them again: the assembling of the wedding guests, some of them older men and women touched still by the sombreness of Cromwellian dress but most of them gay lads and lasses, young rakes and officers, imitating in this new world the fashions of “home” and eager to make history for Charles II. . . . It is pleasant to believe that young Hersey, when their matrimony had been solemnized and confirmed even to the last line of the matchless service in that quiet church, brought

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his bride home to the Spanish Town house which his father had secured in 1663, and which had now been "home" for almost ten years. And there that day and night were feasting and dancing and much merry-making, and no thought that any day, or ever, he might lie beneath the stones of the very nave down which he may have gone to make Mary Sleigh his wife.

III

Under the leadership of Hersey Barrett, Senior, the family had accumulated a good property not only in Vere but also in Spanish Town not far from the little Cathedral on the street named Barrett Street. If land grants and transferences can speak, the family favored the son Samuel, the father of the Northside Samuel and of two other children. It is worth noting that in the family differences—whatever they were—Hersey, Junior, decided to change not only his coat of arms but also the spelling of his name. It ceased to be Hersey Barrett: it became H-e-a-r-c-e-y B-a-r-r-i-t-t. It is worth noting that in this fashion did the Thomas Hearcey Barritts, whose estate center remained Vere, spell their name, and continue to spell their name, down to 1817. Hersey, Junior, and his brother Samuel were divided by some family trouble, imaginary or real, in the 1670's and 1680's, even as one hundred years later the Edward Barretts and the Goodin Barretts were to be divided; and, as the legend runs, about the middle of the nineteenth century two of E. B. B.'s brothers in Jamaica, Charles John Moulton-Barrett and Septimus, are said not to have been on speaking terms.

There are records of Hersey's namesake grandson, as well as son, yet no memorial record for the pioneer himself. But by their marriage Hersey, Junior, and Mary Sleigh had provided the Pioneer with more than adequate memorials in some twenty-two grandchildren. This memorial representation in children and grandchildren is but part of the record. In the name "Samuel the Elder" lies the unexplained comment on the fact that Hersey Senior's second son Samuel (1662-1694), too, had not been idle

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and was, as he might seem to have every right to do, naming his sons by the accepted family Christian names.¹⁶ About the year 1685 Samuel Barrett married Margery, the daughter of Edward Green of Vere. Their first son Richard Barrett was born on the 8th of January, 1687, their second son Samuel on the 24th of September, 1689, their third child Anne on the 18th of October, 1690. Many of the third generation of these Barrett children must have been baptized by John Venn, whom Bryan Edwards described in an epitaph as "Neither the best, nor the worst of men."

As these young people were attempting to solve the problem of the second generation, and just before the first cycle of Jamaican experience came to a close in 1692, the first generation of the Spanish Town and Withywood Hersey Barretts came to an end with the death of Hersey Barrett in Spanish Town on the 24th of September, 1685.¹⁷ Taking the known ages of his sons by his first wife, the usual lifetime for a representatively normal Barrett, together with the date of his second marriage, it seems probable that Hersey Barrett, Pioneer, was about seventy years old when he died. In any event, within fifteen years of the close of the seventeenth century, Hersey Barrett, Senior, was done with pioneering and was laid to rest. Where? The Cathedral or Mile-Gully? Perhaps in one of those strange, cement, barrel-like tombs, so irreverently suggestive in death of a living cooperation between cooper and mason, and similar to those to be used by his grandson for members of his family some fifty years later in Cinnamon Hill Burying Place.

CHAPTER III

MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

LIKE an arm curving around great treasure, is the low sandy spit of Port Royal land known as the Palisadoes which Thomas Barrett could see from his windows. This arm springs from a shoulder on the mainland a few miles east of Kingston, in those days of prize goods called "Liguane," and enclosed a large and perfect harbor. Following a course northeast by southwest for some ten miles, the Palisadoes terminated in what was then the fabulously wealthy city of Cagua or Port Royal. Outside this low sandy length are clusters of little islands, some of whose names suggest an adventurous or riotous past. And, according to history, the names suggest nothing which Port Royal did not have! Port Royal's was a good harbor, protected on one side by the land, on the other by a reef extending far out beyond the *Cayos*. The water in the seventeenth century was so deep that the largest ship, it was said, could lie up against the quays.

In a letter from Jamaica, written on November 5, 1655, is this line: "poore men I pittie them at the heart, all their imaginary mountaines of gold are turned into dross."¹ Yet those imaginary mountains were not wholly dross. Gold dust from Guinea, black bodies, and elephants' teeth—these were wealth and these were piled mountain high on that sandy promontory of Port Royal land. For Port Royal might have been called, wrote Francis Hanson, the friend of Mrs. Barrett's son-in-law, the Store House or Treasury of the West Indies. It was like a continual mart or fair. Merchandise was brought in daily and

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was supplied not only to the natives but for transportation to the Spaniards, Indians, and others who exchanged for it gold, in bars and cakes, wedges and pigs of silver, also silver and gold coins, pistoles, wrought plate, jewels, including pearl necklaces and unsorted pearls by the bushel. Pure and fine dust gold was brought in from Guinea and elsewhere by negro ships which remained, usually, some three or four months to reload. Guinea! Guinea! Guinea! until the clink of the name of that section of West African coast comes to have the sound of money, and until out of its Guinea gold dust in 1663 was struck the coin known as a guinea! There and elsewhere on the African coast the English and other nations traded for the blacks they packed into their ships at a purchase price of less than £4 per head² and sold for an average of £18 per head.

No gold rush ever brought out the brutal powers of men, it would seem, as did this slave rush which, so far as Jamaica and the English were concerned, resolved itself ultimately within one hundred and fifty years into the public outcry to the highest bidder of some 30,000 to 40,000 slaves annually. The Colonists began early to make those plans and pass those laws which would help to create and maintain a supply of the black bodies which were needed for English success. They did not stop with the attempt to catch the "black rogues" who, loyal to their Spanish masters, had fled to the hills and the mountains. The numbers alone in an Island so limited in extent would suggest what the death rate of negroes was to become in Jamaica. And somehow in the economic, and in the tragic alchemy of things, these black bodies were turned almost literally into those mountains of gold which the colonists had first thought to find in other forms. The excitement to which this speculation mounted found its financial dramatizing, its climax and its market crash in a South Sea Bubble.

The ships of the slave trade came not only packed almost literally to the decks with their freight of blacks, but also with their strong boxes filled with gold dust. Peter Blake, commander of the Royal African Company's ship *James*, made a few entries

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in his journal for 1675 to 1676 which reveal the place of gold in a slave ship, for in each case he sold "goods" and received in return gold and slaves.³ As these first English Colonists pleaded for more of the negroes with whom to solve their plantation problems, it would seem that the social tragedies embedded in slavery were not yet evident to their eyes. How much of the "housekeeper" system in Jamaica which, "custom of the country," with its entailing of property to "free people of colour," was to become a major social as well as economic problem in the eighteenth century and the first decades of the nineteenth century, did they foresee? Could those early Barretts, Hersey, Richard, Thomas, have foreseen the sons and daughters of men of the family by black female slaves being sent "home" to England or to France for their schooling? Whatever they practised in their private lives, according to the custom of the country, for some of these Barretts of the seventeenth century, male and female chastity remained conveniently separate. The major problem of slavery in their thoughts was economic.

Year after year the Port Royal Harbor was always full of merchant and other ships, sometimes half a hundred of them riding at anchor there and representing many parts of the world. The naval armaments centered about Port Royal were a guarantee of safety from the Spaniards and a source of trade demand. The commerce of the ships and the harbor these armaments protected was set to the rhythm of gold dust and slaves! Although the companies' gold might in part be sent home, the merchants, masters, and mariners sold or exchanged it in great quantities from their personal stores. Almost every house in Port Royal, and among them well-to-do Barrett houses in Port Royal and Spanish Town, had a cupboard of plate, which was so plentiful that it was carelessly exposed and the doors scarce shut at night against thieves. . . . And then Hanson concluded that

whereas most other plantations ever did and now do keep their accounts in sugar, or the proper commodities of the place, for want of money, it is otherwise in Jamaica, for in Port Royal there is

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more plenty of running cash (proportionably to the number of its inhabitants) than is in London.⁴

Both in flow of population and flow of wealth to Port Royal, the movement had the character of a "gold rush."

On the street called Wharf-side were not only many of the finest dwellings but also some of the largest warehouses. Watchmen, armed, were posted at the warehouse doors. On Wharf-side Street there were also two forts with mounted guns. Running towards Liguanea on the sandy neck some three miles long, was a dense growth of prickly pears planted to impede an enemy. Along the wharves ships of seven hundred ton capacity belonging to the Royal African Company, and, later, the ships of the Assiento could unload their blacks, then take on a cargo of sugar and rum for England. The greatest want in the town was fresh water, for the wells were brackish. It was necessary, therefore, that the servants, chiefly the blacks, go out in canoes to the river to get fresh water. In their canoes they set off with the sea breeze in the morning and returned at night with the land breeze.⁵

Privateering was during those early years much more profitable as a business than planting. The ships of the privateers had to be loaded and unloaded. When unloaded their sales brought large opportunities for the Colonists. And when they were setting out, their ships needed to be provisioned, so that many communities sprang up whose sole business—a livelihood—it was to equip these ships with food and supplies for their long and thrilling piratical raids. In order to supply these demands the settlements on shore increased. Privateers, too, had to be outfitted. Planters and settlers were busy, also, supplying meat, fruit and vegetables. With the steady demand there was for provisions, a lot of even thirty acres would support a man comfortably. Groups of settlements grew up around Port Royal and St. Jago de la Vega and Withywood. And in the towns themselves where the merchants congregated, the rentals of houses

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and shops continued to mount to dizzy heights until the power of piracy, or, more politely, of privateering was broken.

For more than three decades, however, the Spanish Town and the Withywood of the Barretts were second in importance to Port Royal. There, even before Queen Elizabeth had worked up the spirit of Colonial expansion which made the "conquest" of Jamaica a natural part of such a policy, the Spaniards had established a city and a market known throughout the world. Blome says of Port Royal that there were then some eight hundred houses "as dear rented as if they stood on well-traded streets in London." ⁶ By 1692 those houses numbered some two thousand. The older houses of the town were built of wood, the later ones for the most part of brick—about fifteen hundred in all. In the midst of these buildings, a great structure of stone on that sandy promontory, stood Christchurch, in which in turn during the years 1676 to 1692 the Reverend Jacob Hane, Dr. John Longworth, and Dr. Heath were rectors. In its tower hung a bell of sixteenth century Spanish origin which must have been removed from some Spanish Jamaican cathedral destroyed by the British. Around the circumference of the six foot base were these words:

*Ihesu Maria et Verbum Caro Factum Est et Abita.*⁷

By the harbor's edge of Port Royal in the 1670's, on the street called Wharf-side, all the chief merchants lived in brick dwellings as fine as any in Cheapside, London. Among those merchants were Thomas Barrett, and Henry Ward who was to marry Thomas Barrett's daughter Ann. On the first of May, 1674, Henry Ward and John Waight, Churchwardens of the town of Port Royal, were granted by Sir Thomas Lynch in the name of the King, the right of holding a public market every Saturday for the use of the town, and were permitted to select their own places and make their own regulations and choose a clerk.⁸

Henry Ward and John Waight were at the very center of

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control of the "continual Mart or Fair," which Port Royal had become under the English. John Waight was a cordwainer, or shoemaker,—a worker in Spanish leather out of which shoes and boots were made. All sorts of clothing were needed in Jamaica, not only by the Colonists but also by those who traded with the Island.⁹ And the greatest need was for boots and shoes. In Port Royal and across the harbor in Liguanea and its old Parish settlement of Halfway Tree, John Waight was looked upon as a busy and important man, not only because he was a Churchwarden but also because he was a cordwainer. A religious man, earnest and of considerable property, he had four children, a married daughter Margaret Croft, two young unmarried daughters Katherine and Frances, and a son William. His wife, Mary, was, it would seem, accustomed to helping him in the shoemaker's shop with the management of his large business. It is not difficult to see again in imagination that thriving cordwainer's establishment several streets behind Wharf-side. Its young apprentices, bound for seven years, were all under twenty-one.¹⁰

Among them about 1690 may have been a youth by the name of Edward Tittle, the great-great grandfather of Robert Browning. It is for that reason, as well as for others, that this cordwainer's shop is of especial interest. Edward Tittle followed John Waight as cordwainer of Port Royal, and it seems not unlikely that he had been an apprentice in the business in which he was to become master. In imagination are seen again the stacks of undressed leather, some of the leather from Spain. And smelled again is the harsh, rank odor brought out by the damp heat. Again comes the fragrance of the balls of beeswax, and again are seen the reels of thread, the glittering knives and needles and nails; again is heard the sound of the hammers of the young apprentices at work for John Waight and his wife Mary; and the click of the doorlatch as John Waight's door opened and closed on one of the busiest streets in Port Royal.

Upon that small sandy promontory of land Henry Ward and others struggled to put down the growing power of a

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Ghetto which had established itself on Jews Street, four streets back from Wharf-side. The limited area of Port Royal must have added to the sense of pressure in the events of those glittering days. By 1672 a substantial protest against the Jews by the leading merchants of Port Royal had shaped itself into a two page document carrying thirty-one signatures. Among these were two of more than common interest: Richard Haughton with whose descendants the Barretts intermarried; and Henry Ward who, some four years after the signing of this document, was to become the husband of Anne Barrett, the daughter of Thomas Barrett and his wife Anne Delaune Barrett. With regard to what Henry Ward, merchant, thought of the Jews, merchants, the document which he with others signed under date of the 11th of June, 1672, leaves little to the imagination.¹¹

Three years later, on his arrival in March, Governor Lord Vaughan caused to be read his proclamation for religious liberty. At both Port Royal and St. Jago on that day was heard the beat of drums, rolling out over the sea or echoing against the Blue Mountains. All people were to have religious liberty, said the proclamation, provided always that they be content with a quiet and peaceable exercise of their own religion, and presume not by reviling language or other indecent actions to disturb those of different persuasions.

II

Did Thomas Barrett on the 7th of October, 1672, as from his Port Royal house he sat at his escritoire writing his letter "home" to Littleton, or on some other day when he was busy with another letter, look northeastward over the sandy arm to the peaks of the Blue Mountains? Did Thomas Barrett think that not only northeastward over those peaks lay England but also that eastward lay the west coast of Africa and Guinea, the home of those slaves of whom he was writing, and of those other slaves for sale down there beyond his windows? Blacks landed safely

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in Jamaica or sugar and rum safely in London, brought prices which amounted to small fortunes. Both forward and aft when the sun shone at the right angle of the ships' sides, did Thomas Barrett see the gleaming well-retracted metal barrels glittering in the port holes of the ships swinging at anchor beyond his windows? Apparently small fortunes were, if necessary, to be defended.

The human flesh of negroes, elephant's teeth and gold, they were all cargo, their exchange rate was excellent, and they were wealth. By 1663 a contract had been made with the Royal African Company which was fairly satisfactory. Slaves were to be sold to Jamaica at £19 per head.¹² By 1673 the Colonists were beginning to write persuasively. Their letters home said, without stating it, that they were proving the wealth of their colony where but a few years before all had been conjecture or merely hope. They had reached the stage where their appeals for help from the home government were in part philosophy, saying that young colonies were like tender plants, to be cherished and dealt with easily and the fruit not plucked too early.¹³

By 1675 the importation and sale of slaves were developing rapidly.¹⁴ Then in 1676 comes the definite and optimistic statement that the children born in Jamaica lived and were prosperous, and that the "Croyolians" and natives would in a few years make a great people.¹⁵ Finally with the assistance of the home government Jamaica believed it had successfully placed the Royal African Company in a position in which the Company would have to deliver to them annually 3,000 "merchantable negroes" at £18 per head.¹⁶ But their troubles with the negro, acute for almost two centuries, had only just begun. This is a fact which can prove one of three things: that the negro is a nuisance, that the English planters mismanaged their slaves, or that the negro has great vitality.

Along the Wharf-side did Thomas Barrett, Merchant, live and work. At the very center of this growing slave interest, where the slave ships, whether of the Royal African Company or of the Assiento, landed their slave cargoes, where the slave

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markets were, was Port Royal, and there did he and his wife Anne Delaune Barrett bring up their three children: Elizabeth, Anne, and Thomas.¹⁷ Up behind their Wharf-side home towered Christchurch, the new church, a mighty pile of cut stone based on the sands. Governor Lynch wrote the Bishop of London that the Port Royal Church had been designed when he was first there, that it was not yet quite finished, though it would soon be, and would then be the "best English church in America."¹⁸

Considering what in those days happened to men and women who made voyages to and fro between England and Jamaica, and what his own letter, written a year and four months after his will, describes, it is not surprising that Thomas Barrett wished to secure his family by a will before setting forth on his journey from Jamaica. This will was made on the 20th of June, 1671. Almost a month and he was not yet gone, for he added a codicil on July 10.¹⁹ There is no further record of Thomas Barrett until his own letter written from Port Royal a year and four months later.

It was on the 7th of October, 1672, that Thomas Barrett wrote from his house in Wharf-side to his friend James Littleton this letter about a shipment of negroes and sugar for Littleton:

Mr James Littleton Port Riall In Jamaica, 7th October 1672

Sr

Mr T. Barret
his Letter
to Mr James
Littleton

I have Acquanted you at Large of All yr Afayres in this Country by Capt James Tallers in the Charles and by Capt Robart Swanby sence which here is A vessell arrived with som people from the Barbathose whome was comming to settell here, and they Brought out of the Barbathose About as I Am informed About som 80 negrose be side som whits in A Cach, and two Slopes met with them belonging to Coraysawe A Iland where the Dich hath, where they have these Shippes com from Ginny theather and from whom they dooe supply the Spannard with negrose the Sayd Kach was surprised with

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the Sloopes, and took out of her All the Negrose and whit servants and carred them away with ther vessell, and gave them a small Vessell that they had taken from the french, to bring them here I here it is A verey great Loss to one Gentleman hee had 30 ode negrose besides whit hands traydsmen, and hee brought his wife with him—S^r the Barrer her of I have ben Longe Aquanted with him. I mene Capt Robart Swanby if S^r you have Any occasion to use him hee is very Abell and honest, hee hath a Shippe fitte for Any Trayd, I pray S^r please to inquire in to Capt James Tallers bying yo^r Negrose in Ginnee I here that hee Bought most of yo^r Negrose from of Another Shippe called the Charles, whooe hee found in geny and as I here shee had had them 3 monthes Abord her be fore hee bought them, that they were Allmost starved and surfeycatted, and hee fed them with Littell else but Musty Corne, there Must bee some thing Extreordenarey that soo Many of them dide and soo Misarabell bode and sick and soo great Mortalleyty among them, I Ame Afrayd hee is none of the best husbands, nor doth not Look After his bisnes noe better then hee should, I fell out with him when I see hee lef out yo^r goods that M^r Bach wold a sent, and took in a quackers goods, and hee promised M^r Bache to tak them in for you, I had sent som Shewger by him but hee wold not tak it in and had not I Ashipt yo^r Logwood the first hee Tould mee hee wold not have taken in soo Mutch by 5 or 6 Tonne for hee tould mee you had more then yo^r peporshon in, I thought good to Aquant you of thes things you May please to Mak what use of it you see Cause, but pray Lett him not knowe you have it from mee, Not Else but My Services to you and Remyne

S^r

Y^r humbell servant to Command

Tho: Barrett

I tould him you were
Abell to pay the frayght
as Another if you had
More than yo^r peporshon ²⁰

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Against West Indian backgrounds every line of Thomas Barrett's letter is packed with meaning. Thomas Barrett wrote that he "fell out" with Captain James Tallers "when I see hee lef out yo^r goods that M^r Bach wold a sent and took in a quackers goods, and hee promised M^r Bache to tak them in for you." That must have been a hardy member of the Society of Friends, for Samuel Bach was an important man in Port Royal.²¹ What way that successful, office-holding Quaker took to see that his goods were shipped, and that James Littleton's, despite Samuel Bach's oversight, were not, will never be known. Many a *Miserere* was wailed over those ships which lay to three or four months in the harbor over-hauling and re-loading while the "first" merchants competed for place for their goods in the ships' holds.

III

The mortality on board the slave ships was usually of abnormal proportions, especially in the English ships. Into this fact played the housing conditions, the food and epidemics of disease. But homesickness and fear were more disastrous among their numbers than, perhaps, even the food could be. Some of the blacks had come from cannibal tribes or were familiar with the rites of cannibalism, and were from the instant they were taken to the canoes convinced that they were being taken from their homes to be eaten by the white man. It was one thing for the doctor to treat a fever, it was another thing to treat fear. And so many of them leapt overboard and were drowned; or if the circumstances made it possible for them, the slaves organized in a group and mutinied, slashing and battering such members of the crew as they could reach until they were put down by organized firing from the quarterdeck, which stopped the mutiny by killing many of the slaves and wounding more.

In their so-called "kennels," or quarters, below decks, the men and women were kept separate. To each woman and girl less space was allotted, but to the men the shelf or tray space

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given was six feet in length, a foot and four inches in breadth and eighteen inches in height. There they lay on bare boards, sick or well, in shackles, not infrequently a living black shackled to a dead black, tray after tray, row after row, vermin infested, without air in the heat and the stench of hundreds of misery-stricken bodies.

The corn to which Thomas Barrett referred in his letter was Indian corn ground as small as oatmeal in an iron mill. This was called "dabbadabb" and was the slaves' chief food. It was mixed with water, boiled in a copper vessel until it was as thick as a pudding, and served with a little salt, mallaguetta or Paradise grains—something like a pepper—, and palm oil as a relish. Also they were given great quantities of boiled horse beans of which the blacks were extremely fond. With yams and a few kinds of fruit, such as limes, oranges, bananas, lemons and coconuts, their diet was complete. Their mainstay, and frequently all that they had, was the Indian corn, or "dabbadabb." Thomas Barrett was well within the truth when he said that James Tallers was a poor "husband" to feed his slaves "Littell else but Musty Corne."

As these ships followed their courses towards the West Indies, day after day the black bodies went overboard, alive or dead. In one journal, that of the *Arthur* for 1677, there is this heading "Acctt of what Negroes dyd every day." From March 3 through March 31, 21 negroes, 2 of their boys, 12 women and 1 girl died, also 2 seamen and the doctor, in all 39 human beings.²² And day after day the sharks swirled in the sea beside the ship and followed after, even as gulls seeking their refuse. It was believed these sharks knew their "own" ship and travelled the entire distance from Africa to the West Indies.

When the ships were nearing their port of sale, orders were given to prepare the slaves for the market on the following day. During the past week the blacks had been supplied with fresh fruit, the meat of albacores and sharks, caught over the ship's

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side. They had had tobacco and pipes. Their kennels had been scoured and made fresh with vinegar and hot irons.

That night the mountains of Jamaica loomed dim on the horizon. Perhaps the excited slaves were allowed to stay on deck later than usual, chattering and singing, as with the heavy rhythm of their song and the motion of the ship the stars seemed to swing. What did those mountains hold for them? Questions came from voices still young, and answers soft as that tropic night were given in the mysterious words of their Africa. On the morrow before the sun rose upon Jamaica, off whose shore the ship was running, the preparation for the sale had begun. The men were shaved, then given fresh water for washing and palm oil and tobacco and pipes. Unless the slaves were at their best, there were others besides such a factor as Hender Molesworth who would not hesitate to call them a sickly parcel. Fort Morgan, on the southwestern edge of Port Royal, came in sight. Men could be seen running to and fro and flags waving. Then the scarlet of the soldiers' uniforms became visible. The ship tacked past Fort Morgan, making her way towards the harbor. The slaves and the sharks had come to the end of one journey.

Among the houses on that water front were not only those of the Barretts and the Wards, but also the houses of the factors. Upon the wharves were groups of planters who came to buy some much-needed new slave blood, and groups of idlers who had come to look on while the slaves were being cried out to bidders. Rising above the warehouses and the low-roofed houses of the water front and other sections of the town was the steeple of the "great church," as they of Port Royal proudly called their largest church, where on Sundays the Rector preached in vestments.

A few young bloods, some from Spanish Town and some from Port Royal, were on Wharf-side to see the fun and to look over the wenches who would be cried out for sale. Their rapiers swung from broad embroidered belts hung over the shoulder, they sported ruffles which fell to the knees of their

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hose, and wore high heels upon their shoes and feathers upon their hats. They were conscious that London could not have improved upon them. But often upon those wharves were other young men like Captain Ward and the young Barretts. They were dressed more soberly and with a touch not only of the Puritan but also of elegance about their costume.

Present there were a few Spanish gentlemen waiting in another group, not quite at their ease. Physically at least they should have been more comfortable than the English Creoles upon the wharf, for the Spaniards, and the Spaniards only, were clad suitably for the heat. They wore breeches of Bretagne linen and coats of thin material; and they carried fans of palmetto leaves and were without wigs. Invariable participants in the slave sales were a few Jews, elderly men of Spanish and Portuguese accents. They had come over from Spanish Town or they had come down from Jews Street, the fourth street back from the water front called Wharf-side, where were the dwellings and warehouses of the "best" people. The Jews were standing there patiently, not far from the white overseers and liveried negro attendants.

As the ship was warped into the wharf, on her decks the negroes were being sorted out and arranged in gangs. Observing this, the groups on the wharf had begun to discuss the probable method of sale. Would the negroes be sold by inch of candle? No, from what the ship's officers were doing, it would be by lot. What the Company cleared on this ship load would depend not only on how many slaves death had taken but also on how many refuse slaves had to be auctioned off for a few hundred weight of sugar each. Likely creatures became sick and lean for no reason at all. Then the gangplank was run out and a young officer ran down the plank, saluted the three factors standing near the wharf's edge, and handed the oldest of them a paper. The three of them, followed by overseers, went on board and were greeted by the commander at the head of the gangplank, while the young ship's officer kept guard below, admitting no one else. The answer to this activity

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was plain to the groups on the wharf below; the factors were to have first choice again!

Their eyes and teeth shining, the negroes were being herded down the plank to touch the first earth they had known since they left Guinea. But what was the Commander keeping back below decks? There they came! Several groups of lean, broken-looking males, and a parcel of some thirty wenches, many too young to bring a good price. There came an older negress leaning on a girl who was probably her daughter. The color of the mother's face was a strange ash hue, and she shook as she clung to the girl. The daughter, naked except for a strip of canvas, was what her mother had been a few months before in some detention booth: a regal, unbroken captive of war. Fire flashing from her eyes, she held her head proudly. The ship's master let them go off together, unshackled, and they were marshalled with the others towards a platform standing in the shade of one of the warehouses. Slowly these refuse negroes had made their way down the plank. The Jews drew nearer and the young bloods closed in around the block. The fun had begun. . . . On any day for any ship as the bidding of these refuse slaves opened, all this and much more may have been seen from the windows of the houses of the Barretts, the Wards, and others, on the water front curving around the harbor of Port Royal.

Did Thomas Barrett reflect that the ship beside the quay was a ship which had brought him "goods" from England and from Africa? It would soon be gone upon another voyage to the ends of the earth in quest of three things men esteemed wealth: gold, elephants' teeth and slaves. Did he, as he felt the point of his quill pen, dipping it into the ink which, after two hundred and sixty-four years, is still fresh and clear on the October, 1672 page, wish that he need not think of "man's inhumanity to man"? Did he hear the wash of the sea beyond those chaffering voices, and sigh and sand the page? And then on that day in October, did he fold the sanded sheet, believing there were injustices not to be altered, and seal it?

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About one hundred and fifty years from the date of the letter Thomas Barrett wrote James Littleton, on December 28, 1831, and for many succeeding weeks, Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett, the only paternal uncle of Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett, was to reveal the same qualities of compassion and judgment in bolder relief against the torch-lit, flaming background of slave insurrections; and because of his known integrity, his good judgment and his unfailing kindness and that of his wife—"the excellent lady of Cinnamon Hill"—to the negroes, the Barretts were to preserve much of their property where others lost all.

CHAPTER IV

DUST ON THE CARVING

HERE was dust on the carving. Some of the least used portions of Christchurch, Port Royal, were not yet finished. Through still unfinished windows and the clerestory on this hot July morning the sea air moved, cooling the great stone building.

Even as the air moved freely in the unfinished church, so did sound. In the belfry hung the Christchurch bell, already ancient before the English occupied Jamaica. That morning had its deep tone seemed to sing the words inscribed upon it: *Jesu Maria—Jesu Maria—Verbum Caro—Verbum Caro!*

The church had been under construction many years, when Anne Barrett and Henry Ward were married. The following entry under "Matrimony solemnized and confirmed between" in the List of Marriages on record in Jamaica previous to 1680 was for the 17th of July 1676:

"Henry Ward and Anne Barret (at Porte Royall)." ¹

On that day did Mrs. Barrett, spare of body and nervous, turn the wedding ring upon her own finger around and around? Did she reflect that she had always meant to give her daughter Anne her wedding ring? And wonder why it might not have been used for this service which took her child from home? And the pearl necklace, too? At that moment perhaps Mrs. Barrett glanced sideways, to catch a glimpse of the face of her son Thomas who stood at her right. Why did a wedding—her

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daughter's wedding at that—make one think of death? Thomas should have the most, though he was the youngest, the furniture from her own room and the silver tankard. Almost two hundred years ago in 1489 her son Thomas's ancestor Thomas Barrett of Saltash in Cornwall had bequeathed to his brother Phillip his "silver cup, *le pomised*," with its cover.² But thanks to the fact that these were modern days and to the wealth of Port Royal she had more to give! . . .

Port Royal had been greatly enlarged by driving piles. Henry Ward had increased the extent of his Wharf-side docks in this fashion and in this way Wharf-side as a street was carrying the weight of more and more houses. There lived not only the Wards and the Barretts, but also Captain Ruding and his family, Sir Henry Morgan, Attorney General Musgrove, the Provost Marshal Reeves, my Lord Secretary Reeves and many another well known and influential in the life of Port Royal. Among these, most influential and most familiar to the residents of Port Royal was Sir Henry Morgan. Sir Harry was a politician of no mean power, and was no doubt quick, whenever possible, to make use of the social equation. Lord Vaughan had written "home" the year before that Sir Harry had made himself and his authority so cheap at Port Royal, drinking and gaming in the taverns, that he, Lord Vaughan, intended to remove thither speedily himself for the reputation of the island and the security of that place, though Lord Vaughan was pretending that it is only to change the air because he had lately had a fever.³ Sir Harry's companions in these drunken orgies were his brother Charles and his brother-in-law Colonel Byndloss.

Dr. Trapham and his wife dwelt probably in a two story house in that curving row of houses on the water front of the harbor. As a physician he had not only his noble patron for whom to care but also many others to observe. Among them may have been Sir Henry Morgan and Mrs. Barrett. . . . In the midst of so much that was sensational, as death in Jamaica frequently was, and as pirates, earthquakes and hurricanes could

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not escape becoming, it is interesting to note the conclusions to which trained minds came as they surveyed conditions in general and the life of Port Royal in particular. It is possible to catch glimpses of Dr. Trapham's mind behind his book, *A Discourse of the State of Health of the Island of Jamaica*, published in 1679, in which are discussed West Indian customs and manners of living. He stated it as his conviction that some West Indian customs and manners should be substituted for English ways, which were suitable only for a cold climate. He wrote that nature was not so "yare" with the intemperate in a hot climate, such as Jamaica's, as she was with those at home. He advised eating less at one time and eating oftener. Though he was tactful enough not to say so to his English readers, this was the Spanish custom.⁴

To those attempting to make the ills to which they are accustomed seem more tolerable by comparison with those they have escaped, some of Dr. Trapham's "medicines" still have value! Upon the "flux" which attacked new comers, he looked as a friendly agent of nature's to rid the system of poisons. If this friendliness continued too long, he advised manna in a pint of posset (hot milk curdled with ale or wine) to be followed at night by fifteen grains of torrefied rhubarb in a poached egg, an equal dose of rhubarb the next morning and as much at night in a Bolus of Diascordium. Then if things were not going well—and for the average patient that medicated poached egg might well have settled all chances for improvement—broth and Diascordium were to be mixed and taken. Of the remarkable Dr. Trapham there is a picture of a more objective kind, for there is extant an actual if crude sketch of him and his family and house in the tragedy which overtook Port Royal.

Five years following the marriage of Anne Barrett to Henry Ward had passed. On this April day of 1681, and in the Barrett house on Wharf-side, Mrs. Barrett probably pursued her usual orderly ways. She may have become lonely through the death of her husband and the giving up of her two daughters to

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homes of their own. Her son Thomas was still with her. Was he conferring with her as she, spare and erect, quill pen in hand, sat making notes, at the escritoire at which her husband some nine years before may have written to his friend James Littleton?

Did she place the notes with which she had been busy in a bag to take them to Spanish Town? Did they hear Moria with the chiming voice of the negro calling after them as they went toward the wherry? The canoes and wherries were waiting for the Blue Mountain breeze, called the "Doctor," which began about ten o'clock and was now rising. It was coming from the Blue Mountains, wafting with it strange odors and fluttering the fronds of the few palms straggling along the Palisadoes. Some windmills out towards the Great Sea Side, as the inhabitants of Port Royal termed the south coast of the Port Royal arm, began to revolve slowly, then to whirl rapidly. Along the wall of the Palisadoes a funeral procession was moving heavily over sand to the Burying-place. . . .

When they reached Passage Fort did Thomas ride beside his mother the six miles to Spanish Town? On entering St. Jago, a town old even then, probably they passed along the street by the Spanish Town Cathedral which, it may be, was already named Barrett Street where old Hersey Barrett dwelt. Was her son-in-law's friend, Francis Hanson, the one who drew her will or was it some member of her own kin? Unknown hands placed it on file in Spanish Town, where it has remained unharmed these two hundred and fifty-two years.

Reluctant to face the fact of death, thinking of her children and children's children, her son beside her, Mrs. Barrett then covered again her notes for the following will:

Ann Barrett of Port Royal Widdow. After my debts and funerall charges paid I give to my Son Thomas Barrett five hundred pounds. I give him also ye furniture of his chamber with my bed to be changed for that he hath and I give him my Silver Tankerd with two paire of my best sheets and pillow beeres two diaper Table cloaths and two duran of diaper napkins but if my said Son should

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not be living I will all my said Legacie to be equally divided betweene my three grand children. I give to my daughter Mrs. Elizabeth ffloyer all my household goods linen and plate not herein otherwise disposed alsoe I give unto my son Charles Ffloyer One hundred pounds and to her daughter Ann ye sum of Fifty pounds and my negro girl Moria. I give my daughter Mrs. Ann Ward a neck Lace of Pearle of aboute thirty pounds value I give her my wedding ring and to her daughter Ann I give three hundred pounds to be improved by her father for her use or in case of her mortalitie to ye use of such other child or children she may have and for lacke thereof to my daughter Wards owne use I give all my rings and wearing cloaths equally between my two daughters I give to my nephew Lambe and Mr. William Delaune Twenty pounds a piece to buy them mourning and I make my three sonns Henry Ward John Ffloyer and Thomas Barrett Executors of this my will to whome I give equally among them all ye residue of my estate not hereby disposed.⁵

Dated 9th April 1681.

II

Sir Henry Morgan acted three times as Governor under the title of Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica, and held many other offices of trust in the Island. . . . Sir Harry was not exactly the successor Lord Vaughan would have selected when he departed from Jamaica on the 14th of March, 1678, but he was the successor he had while the Earl of Carlisle's arrival was awaited.

It was the year 1681 in which Henry Ward came into conflict with Sir Harry on a matter of Interlopers,—a euphemism for pirates. At the meeting of the Council Sir Harry, as Governor in the chair, especially with his known background, was in a position of executive advantage. It was a large and important group accused of “forging” a proclamation against Interlopers. Among those examined were Francis Hanson, lawyer, Henry Ward, merchant of Port Royal, John Montfort, writing master, Edward Yeamans, Provost Marshal, Thomas Martin, Receiver General, Captain Richard Herne, Doctor of Physic, Captain Charles Penhallow, merchant, Captain Edward Gardi-

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ner, brazier, and Rowland Powell, Secretary of the Island. The accusation was that Hanson wrote out the proclamation, Rowland Powell amended it, John Montfort, writing master, copied it, Henry Ward "sent" it to London, and that all said they could not tell how it came to be printed in London! . . . As they discussed this and other events and what Sir Harry would and would not do, life could not have seemed dull to any well-informed West Indians including the Barretts and the Wards.⁶ It is improbable that Henry Ward feared even Sir Henry Morgan, and Morgan knew that. Retaliation followed.

The following is a good example of the heavy losses which Henry Ward himself suffered from Interlopers. In 1682 the ship *Trompeuse*, belonging to the King of France, was in the Port Royal harbor. She had come laden with clayed sugar and was in care of a man by the name of Paine. Paine represented that he was a Protestant, that he had come to settle in Jamaica, that the King had security in France for the ship, and that the cargo was his own. So plausible was Paine that Henry Ward and others believed his story, and he was permitted to sell his cargo of clayed sugar. Then Ward and another merchant hired the *Trompeuse*, sending her to the Bay of Honduras to load logwood, thence to sail with her cargo for Hamburg. Finally she was to be delivered to the French agent. A French pirate hearing of this,—an "arrangement" no doubt!—followed her in a sloop. He must have been a hospitable and pleasant pirate who had not a little social charm of a sort, or this was an understanding between friends, for his invitation to the Master and the Mate of the *Trompeuse* to come aboard the sloop was accepted. The French pirate then seized the ship, sailing her into some creek or bay where she was outfitted for a man-of-war.⁷ It is a neat little story of good acting, competent piracy, and of heavy losses for a shrewd merchant. There is no sequel to reveal in just which fastnesses of the Blue Mountains one Paine cowered. But it is the sort of unfinished story which must have kept Port Royal breakfast tables—or "chocolata," as breakfast in Jamaica was then called—from becoming dull.

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On August 5, 1683, the Justices, Churchwardens, vestrymen and other inhabitants of Port Royal presented an important petition to the Governor, Sir Thomas Lynch. No doubt this petition had been presented before and pigeon-holed by Sir Harry. Henry Ward and John Waight as Churchwardens of Port Royal had had to bide their time until the very man who had made the grant in the first place was again appointed as Governor. . . . To be, as Port Royal was from about 1670 to 1692, one of the richest ports in the western world, had its drawbacks. They set down in their petition that though Port Royal was but sand and salt water, yet the convenience of the port made it very great and populous. Most of the poor of the islands were brought thither in sloops; the inhabitants were charged with guards, with building of a church, of fortifications which cost £3,000 a year; they had suffered heavy losses from pirates, amounting in one year to £16,000 and had spent £1,000 in fitting out vessels to put down these pirates.

His Excellency, Sir Thomas Lynch, the petition continued, had, in order to support this heavy expense, appointed a market to the parish, and given the clerk's place of the market to the churchwardens for the use of the parish. This system had worked well for six years. But in Lord Carlisle's time came a patent giving to John Byndloss, then and afterwards living in London, the clerkship of all markets and fairs, and many other offices in the Island, contrary to the express orders of the Lords of the Council.⁸

From 1680 to 1682 Sir Henry Morgan became Lieutenant Governor,—always the title awarded him as the appointee who had the Governor's post but not the full title. His brother-in-law and companion in brawls was Colonel Robert Byndloss, Chief Justice of Jamaica in 1681. The conjunction of these two occupations of brawling and administering justice is expressive. . . . For a while the battle against Sir Henry Morgan seemed to have been won. In 1683 there was a riot at Port Royal in which both Henry Ward and Charles Penhallow were wounded "for only endeavouring to keep the Peace."⁹ Certainly law and order

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do not seem to have been part of Sir Henry Morgan's leadership! On the 12th of October, 1683, Morgan was suspended from all his employments. Yet, as the next five years were to show, his career was not over.¹⁰

Several glimpses into the personal lives of the Thomas Barretts of Port Royal have been caught. Another of importance is that of Mrs. Barrett as a patient of Dr. Hans Sloane. Before going with the Duke of Albemarle to Jamaica as physician, Dr. Hans Sloane had consulted with Sydenham, who had advised him to drown himself in Rosamond's Pond, St. James's Park, London, rather than depart for Jamaica! Once arrived in Jamaica in 1687, Dr. Sloane, untroubled by Sydenham's advice, and by the spectacular and brief career in which the Duke engaged, observed carefully the relation of both food and exercise to the Island climate. He set down this note:

Exercises here are not many, because of the heat of the Air; riding in the mornings is the most ordinary, which by its easie moving the *Abdomen*, and so consequently its contents, and by that means forwarding the depuration of the Blood in the several *Emunctories* there plac'd, has a very great power in keeping a Man in sound Health, as well as recovering a Man when sickly and ill.¹¹

It was in 1687, when Dr. Sloane came to Jamaica as physician to the Duke of Albemarle, that he began caring for the health of Mrs. Barrett as well as for that of Sir Henry Morgan. After treating many patients in Port Royal and in Spanish Town, and becoming aware of the strife everywhere present in Jamaican life, he wrote:

The Passions of the Mind have a very great power on Mankind here, especially Hysterical Women, and Hypochondriacal Men. These cannot but have a great share in the cause of several Diseases, some of the People living here being in such Circumstances, as not to be able, to live easily elsewhere: add to this that there are not wanting some, as everywhere else, who have been of bad Lives, whereby their minds are disturb'd, and their Diseases, if not render'd Mortal, yet much worse to cure than those who have sedate Minds and clear Consciences.¹²

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The passions of the mind in which the lust for gold had only one contestant for first place! Out of the observation, the philosophy, the recommendations, develops—as print under sunlight—a picture of the young physician who not only took care of Mrs. Barrett but also who understood, and himself withstood, the strife everywhere present in Jamaican life.

Sir Harry continued to sit up late and to drink. Although he had been restored to the Council on the 18th of July, 1688, his enjoyment of living must have been somewhat abated. Under the treatment of Dr. Sloane, he recovered his stomach as well as his position on the Council. No sooner had he done that than he took to company and heavy drinking again, and his legs began to swell. Whereupon Dr. Sloane called in Dr. Fulke Rose for consultation. They were readily agreed and must have been friends from the first. Again Sir Harry recovered, and again returning to his usual courses and a relapse, another physician was called in, perhaps Dr. Trapham. Then did the three physicians wrangle about “Timpanies” until Dr. Sloane out of his firm youth desired that they should put off the discussion of theory and come to the practice. This they did, and to almost all they had prescribed before was added oil of scorpion and opiates! Once more Sir Harry improved, and once more—his only regularity—he fell into intemperance. This time he refused to take advice and summoned a black practitioner who poulticed him with urine and plastered him all over with clay and water. Languishing and his cough increasing, on the 17th of June he made his will, leaving “for the use of the Parish £100”¹³—an interesting farewell gesture, for he paid the debt to nature and to piracy on the 25th of August, 1688.

Off Wharf-side lay the ship *Assistance* which had many years before taken home Sir Thomas Modyford. According to the Log of the Captain of the *Assistance*, whose vessel was lying to off Port Royal ready to convey the body of Albemarle home to England, Sir Harry’s body was brought from Passage Fort

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to the King's House at Port Royall, from thence to the Church, and after a sermon was carried to the Pallesadoes and there buried. All the forts fired an equal number of guns. Wee fired two and twenty, and after wee and the Drake had fired, all the merchantmen fired.¹⁴

In the fine, red brick house on Wharf-side Street, Mrs. Barrett, too, was ill and all despaired of her recovery. She had fallen into a "*Tertian*" or fever. Her tongue was black and she was delirious. Dr. Sloane wrote:

She had by her several Cordials, as Bolus's of Diascord, &c. which I suppos'd had in part brought her to this.¹⁵

About her were gathered the members of her family,—perhaps even some of her grandchildren. Her children were prospering and her grandchildren were increasing, and her son-in-law, Henry Ward, was one of the few most important merchants in an already wealthy island. . . . Dr. Sloane told them that he hoped for the best. He then prepared some *Cortex Peru* for her, and some cooling, diluting drinks. That Dr. Sloane disapproved the Boluses of Diascord is evident by what he does not say as well as by what he does say. He implied that the medicine had made the *Tertian* as violent as it was and her condition desperate.

Whether the Boluses of Diascordium, with their content of 1/10 of a grain of opium, and with or without poached eggs, probably prescribed by Dr. Trapham, had brought Mrs. Barrett to the state she was in, medical records do not reveal. What the situation does reveal is what had happened before and will happen many times again: that one physician took away what the other had given. It may have been Dr. Trapham or Dr. Herne or Dr. Rose who had been prescribing Boluses of Diascordium. In any event Dr. Sloane took them away from Mrs. Barrett. The probability is that Mrs. Barrett had taken many of these boluses and other concoctions and confections of a similar sort. Although 1/10 of a grain of opium extract

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is small, when multiplied several times it ceases to be small. Browning's PARACELsus was not the only "Doctor Opiatus" of the Middle Ages whose use of opium dominated his practice and whose influence was still powerful at the close of the seventeenth century. . . . This record of his treatment of Mrs. Barrett Dr. Sloane closed with the cheerful entry that "she entirely recover'd."

III

For those who survived its fevers and its pace, the years were passing swiftly in Port Royal. Whether for good or for ill these pioneer Englishmen in Jamaica, including the Barretts, were men of strong natures. It is evident early that with that strength of nature went fixed opinions. With some exceptions, two passions—at points to be called one—dominated them: sex and property. Both are revealed in their wills. Fortunate the pioneers whose passions fulfilled themselves in large families of sons and daughters, in the accumulation of many possessions, and in wills as long as their families!

Among such fortunate men, it would seem, was Henry Ward's fellow churchwarden "John Waight of Po:^t Royall . . . Cordwayner," who made his will in 1691.¹⁶ His duty done by his children, including a son William, and by his wife, he went on to attend to the Church and the poor. Captain Waight had no intention of permitting either the Church members or the members of his family to backslide through carelessness! He bequeathed to the Church at Port Royal the sum of fifteen pounds

towards procureing Fair Tables of the Tenn Commandments In a large & plain Inscription to be sett up In the said Church provided the same be soe done or performed within two years after my decease.

He bequeathed, too, the sum of twelve pounds to be used for the Churchwardens in procuring "suitable gownes or other upper Garments for Twelve poor men or women living of(f)

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the Alms of the said Parrish." It is not difficult to see again—if solely in religious matters—to what conflicts the loyal attempts of old Cromwellians to maintain Puritan traditions must have led in the midst of such a community as Port Royal, with its dominant Sir Harry, its pirates and cut-throats, its rum-punch women and kidnappers, its young rakes and slave markets. "Sodom of the Universe" Ned Ward called it.¹⁷

For Henry Ward, if troubles accumulated so did honors and responsibilities. In 1688 he was elected Member of the Assembly for St. George,¹⁸ and again in 1691 he was returned for St. George.¹⁹ How extensive the estates of Henry Ward were can be seen by a glance over the leases and conveyances of shops, wharf, footland, plantations, houses and slaves which over some sixteen years he leased or sold.²⁰ Out of any past, vague shadows project themselves; and here, for what reasons it would be difficult to say, the shadows are substantial in suggestion that these cousins of the Hersey Barretts, Ann Barrett Ward and her husband, were equal to most occasions, and that whether the governor were a smooth politician, a pirate, or a fool, they went their practical, efficient ways undismayed by the governors of Jamaica. That Henry Ward held a commission to supply the King's ships in Jamaica can be inferred from a brief record made about nine weeks before the tragedy which overtook the Wards: that he be compensated for his losses in furnishing supplies to the King's ships.²¹

Certainly Henry Ward was a man of many business affairs of importance. With John Waight he was making a success of the public market two years before he married Anne Barrett in 1676. He opposed the Jews for some twenty years of their maximum power in Port Royal. He was against Interlopers and unafraid to let Sir Harry know that. One of his responsibilities was to provide the King's ships with supplies. And, finally, honors came to him. These records suggest that he was active, persistent, practical, of good judgment, conservative,—the type of man valued in any community and missed when he is gone.

CHAPTER V

THE GREAT DISASTER

DETERMINED men of tested ability, such as John White and John Bourden, Sam Bernard and Nicholas Lawes, Peter Heywood and Henry Ward, and scores of other English Creoles, of greater or less importance, had been little by little overcoming the peculiar and numerous problems of Jamaica. Not to be overlooked among the men of the time was young Dr. Hans Sloane, who, having accompanied the body of the Duke of Albemarle homewards on the good ship *Assistance*, had returned to Jamaica.

Year after year the life of Port Royal was mounting in power. Its stores of riches from the Indies, from Peru, from Mexico, its deposits of coin and bullion, grew with the numbers of its houses, which had become some two thousand, chiefly heavy brick and stone, crowded on a narrow spit of land. Some of the "land," a mere deposit of sand, had accumulated along the quays of the harbor front of Port Royal. The front had been still further extended by the driving of piles. This had happened since Penn and Venables had taken Jamaica. To the street called Wharf-side which lay along these quays were brought across the harbor for convenience the Colonists' cargoes of sugar and cotton for shipment. Thither, too, were brought cargoes of indigo, smaller in bulk but of great value. In those days sugar, cotton and indigo were the staple and most important exports.

Changes had been taking place in Port Royal: defeated greed had killed Lord Inchiquin; in the political interregnum John

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White, a most excellent man, had been appointed President; Sir Harry was gone, making a generous gesture to the Parish as he went; as Rector of the Port Royal Church Jacob Hane had been succeeded by John Longworth, and Longworth had been succeeded by Dr. Heath, and Christchurch was no longer unfinished; a General Letter Office had been established in Port Royal and running posts settled; the "drive" against the Jews was not relaxed, as they on Jews Street in Port Royal, four streets back from Wharf-side, knew to their cost; and the Island as a whole was better off in the number of slaves available in the Port Royal slave market. Henry Ward had again been returned as Member of the Assembly, and in this year of 1692 was to be compensated for his losses sustained in furnishing supplies to the King's ships.¹ With other children his little daughter Anne was growing up, for she had become a girl fourteen years old.

Leaving behind him his wife, also a "Mrs. B." and daughter, possibly patients receiving treatment, possibly members of his family, very early on the morning of the 7th of June, 1692, Dr. Hans Sloane had left Port Royal and with his son crossed the harbor to Liguanea. Probably the visit was medical and to see some chief planter, Colonel Beeston or Colonel Harrison, a Barrett or a Ward at Halfway Tree. In the belfry of Christchurch the Verger was pulling the bellrope, reminding the faithful and the unfaithful alike of morning prayers. Out over the roofs of Port Royal rolled the mellow sound of the ancient bell, made softer still by the surrounding sea: *Verbum—Caro! Verbum—Caro!*

Also on the morning of this 7th of June, 1692, the President of the Council, John White, was presiding in Port Royal at a meeting of the merchants in the Council Chamber. In the Chamber was not only President John White but also the silver-gilt mace Lord Windsor had brought over thirty years before. For the Governor or Lieutenant Governor or the President of the Council it had become the symbol of authority. Indeed the mace was more than that: a personality which

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brought with it the permanence and security their own lives could not bring. Several Councillors could remember when Lord Windsor had brought it over in 1662 as a gift to Jamaica from Charles II. They recalled that first meeting of the Assembly when the mace had been carried in state before the Governor and the Members of Assembly.

When some of the vexatious business had been attended to, they were to adjourn for dinner with President White. Dr. Heath, the Rector of the Church of which Port Royal was proud, had been invited to meet with them in order that they might have his advice in certain matters. Dr. Heath had already accepted an invitation for that morning to dine with Captain Ruden and his family and some guests, but aware of the obligation in the President's request he had sent the Rudens a message declining. On his way to the meeting, Dr. Heath had stopped to hold prayers in the Church, which he had done every day since he had been made Rector of Port Royal, if for no other reason than "to keep up some shew of religion amongst a most ungodly and debauched people." ²

In the heat an occasional redcoat from Fort Charles or Fort Morgan, pike in hand, shouldered his way through the swarming streets with their overhanging balconies, to some tavern. On sea legs sailors rolled about seeking the Port Royal pattern of vice most to their liking, with no restrictions except that it must be purchased for a few shillings. South of Jews Street, several streets back from the harbor, some Jenny de Klink sold beer and rum, and some Salt Beef Nan ogled the men, as she did so leaning fat, filthy, and half naked from her balcony. For whatever happened in Port Royal, and that was much, there was a good audience both by night and by day. It might be the town wheelwright seated in a chair by his doorway, his legs swollen to the dimensions of posts and propped on a stool before him; or the tavern keeper's wife who had broached her husband's supply of brandy and turned the calendar back from the suffocating heat of that June day to April and spring.

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As Henry Ward, merchant, started off for this early morning meeting of the chief merchants of Port Royal, did he pause at the door of his house,—a spacious red brick mansion—to say goodbye to his wife? On that day where was their daughter Anne? Was she in that pleasant Precinct of St. Andrew with her aunt and her grandmother or was she with her mother in the substantial brick house on Wharf-side? As Captain Waight left his cordwainer shop did he pledge the apprentices to finish a certain amount of work before his return? Did he speak of some boots ordered for Colonel Beeston and Major Harrison and the Barretts of Halfway Tree? Was there an excellent young apprentice in the shop, Edward Tittle, who had recently come over? Well, this was merely the first of the seven years Edward Tittle had to serve, that someday he might be equally excellent in a position of greater responsibility, maybe a rich man someday, and, it may be, sit in the Council as John Waight had been elected to do. Did John Waight say that some hunting boots for the Northside and a case of shoes for the ladies in Spanish Town must be dispatched on that day? Or, like a good executive, did he leave some similar demand behind him before he went his way through the narrow sandy streets, past the church, and down towards the harbor front where the Council Chamber was?

Leaving the mace in the Council Chamber, the members of the Council adjourned to the President's dining room, where with vague disquiet they had felt and watched from the windows the extraordinary calm. There were no waves, and the ships and other craft at their moorings seemed, even on the harbor swell, scarcely to rise and fall. A French prize ship rode in the harbor manned by English officers and sailors. And there, too, were the *Siam-Merchant* and the merchantman *Richard and Sarah* swaying dreamily at their cables. Did any of the merchants dining with the President comment on the fact that Captain Cuning of the *Richard and Sarah*—Captain Martin, too—were ashore? George Phillips's wife had come over in the *Richard and Sarah*. She and her husband lived in the timber

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house on the same street on which John Pike, the Quaker, lived. Foolish and dangerous doctrines those of the Quakers, tending to weaken the defenses of the Island! Yet a prosperous people! ³

The canoes which had departed at ten, carrying their water kegs, were paddling over to the River, for on that morning of the seventh there was not enough wind to fill even a small sail. Plants that human beings are, did they comment on the dry hot year it had been between January and May, and on the excessive rain and wind of May? During the first week in June through which they had just passed, heat and calm had so brooded over the Island that the air had been breathless. On this Tuesday noon of the seventh there was not a cloud in the sky and not a breath of air stirring. The day glittered in clear, burning sunshine on oily-surfaced water and on mountains faded and flattened in the universal glare.

It was about quarter before twelve and those who were with John White had just finished dining at the President's of the Council when they felt the earth begin to heave and roll under them.

"Lord Sir!" exclaimed the Rector, "what's this?"

John White replied composedly, "It is an earthquake, be not afraid, it will soon be over." ⁴

The shake which brought them to their feet standing was but a small trembling. Yet from the street could be heard the cry, "Earthquake!"

Almost immediately the small trembling was followed by a stronger and accompanied by a low rumbling noise like thunder and the crash of the churchtower falling. Snapping off from the tower, downright had sunk the great bell,—*Jesu Maria! Jesu Maria!* And downright had sunk Christchurch through the boiling sands into the sea! Tearing their copper chains from the granite stones, downright had sunk the heavy guns of the Fort! And downright had sunk Fort James! In the Council Chamber the mace had rolled from its place. About it and upon it crashed the timber and the stone of the house!

Gone was the place in which were to be set the "Fair Tables

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of the Tenn Commandments!" Gone was the sacred edifice in which John Waight had planned through a legacy in his will to have those "Tables" "in a large & plain Inscription" so needed in Port Royal erected in the Church! Gone, too, the Cordwayner's Shop with its stacks of undressed leather—some of the finest from Cordova, Spain—, its balls of beeswax, its needles and thread, its hammers, knives, nails, and fresh young apprentices from England!

John Waight, with other guests of the President of the Council, ran out into the midst of the terror-stricken men and women who with hands uplifted called upon God. The sky had become dull and reddish. Under their feet the sands of the street rose like waves, then sank, dropping multitudes of human beings into pits into which at the same instant water boiled, rolling them over and over.

Did Henry Ward try to reach his family on Wharf-side? If he did, all was at an end there in less than one minute. The small trembling had brought the dwellers, startled and questioning, to their doors. The substantial brick houses of the chief merchants, among them that of Henry Ward and Anne Barrett, had buckled and were gone. The quays and warehouses with their great cargoes of sugar and rum, cotton and indigo, hard woods and spices, had tilted, collapsed and were sunk in all their enormous weight fathoms deep into the harbor.

The *Swan* frigate, lying at the careening wharf, heeled to on one side while the other was being trimmed and caulked, had risen high on the boiling water, her cables snapping as the street of Wharf-side along its entire length sank below the sea. As her hawsers broke she plunged backwards, shuddered, and then shot light as an arrow inland over the tops of the sinking houses. Riding past one large mansion, part of the house fell in upon her, crushing the roundhouse but not capsizing her.

Of what were those poor souls aware as ships surged towards them and their houses, fine as any in Cheapside, tilting for a second's time on the edge of a wide crack, sank with them downright, fathoms deep beneath the surface of the boiling

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water? It will never be known what Anne Barrett Ward thought, or that she thought at all in those last seconds, of husband and children, of her sister Elizabeth Floyer and her family, or of her brother Thomas and his family in St. Andrew. Nor will it ever be known what Mrs. Sloane thought of her husband and son as she and "Mrs. B. and her daughter," two men servants, the white maids (one only escaping as she ran to warn her mistress) were engulfed with the Sloane mansion.

A stronger quake had followed immediately. At the Rudens' family, guests and servants had been thrown violently backwards, grasping at one another or at whatever was nearest. Then although they were standing on hardwood floors, the ground seemed to soften and give beneath them. Crackling, rushing, hissing noises about them, they saw the walls of the house bulge inwards, and with them they were pressed on one another in a whirling mass of bricks, beams, and boiling water, as the house sank downright, fathoms deep into the sea.

Further along on the same street, Dr. Trapham had called to his wife and children to flee with him. He had seized the youngest child, running with her for the door, the others following. As they did so, the house settling, the water had swept them off the verandah into the sea. On the street where John Pike, the Quaker, lived, but one house remained standing: the timber house of George Phillips. John Pike's house had sunk, taking with it his wife, his son, an apprentice, a white maid, six slaves, and land on which John Pike was about to build five houses. Fort Charles, behind Wharf-side, its blocks of cement, its embrasures, its gun, had rocked, cracked, and sunk into the sea.

One after another the three streets of the harbor-front, back to Jews Street, had broken off and sunk into the sea. Jews Street, thriftily contenting itself with low and mean-built houses, stood throughout part of its length.

The Rector had run toward Morgan's Fort, which was a "wide open place," in the direction away from Fort Charles. But as he was making towards it, he saw "the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people," and the sea mounting in

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upon them over the fortifications. He then resolved to seek out his own lodgings and die in as good posture as he could.

As he ran homewards he passed men and women buried up to their necks; some with arms stretched up, fingers rigid with struggle and with death; some buried upside down with only their legs visible. A black man with a shovel was digging out a white man, his master, Mr. Beckford, who had been caught up to his knees in the sand.⁵ Black and white, men, women and children lay dead in the streets which remained and which had become but piles of rubbish. Some of them lay stretched out as they had fallen, struck on the head by a flying stone, some of them were under the ruins, as was Captain Cunning of the ship *Richard and Sarah*,⁶ some of them were in part covered by the corner of a piece of balcony or a section of demolished wall. One man, Lewis Galdy, important factor of the Assiento (pronounced *Achiento*), was sucked down and spewed out again. One young woman, Mrs. Akers, saw the earth open. She had time only to put up a short ejaculation to Almighty God, and was swallowed down with many others. As she was drawn in she felt her cheek grate against something, then was plunged into a "Watery Hiatus," from which in the tenth part of a minute she was vomited up. And in three minutes from that time she had been rescued and placed on a ship!⁷

In the harbor Dr. Trapham, having been swept off the verandah by the rush of water, had fought his way back to the still floating home, his little girl clinging about his neck. Beyond him, and beyond his power to help, he saw his wife and two older children struggling in the water and drowning. A boat from one of the ships in the harbor was making towards him. Out of the surrounding water was thrust here a chimney, there part of a roof. Upon the water everywhere floated dead bodies in the midst of torn planks and sections of walls. Through these the ship's boat made its way, reaching Dr. Trapham and the little girl in time to rescue them and take them aboard.

A short distance off in the section which had been Wharf-side a man could be seen trying to go upon the floating wrecks

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of several houses towards a house drifting far out beyond them. With every perilous leap he took out into the harbor in the direction of the opposite shore, he shouted to the wrecked house beyond. But no one was visible upon it and there was no answer.

At Port Royal as Dr. Heath fled along, houses and walls fell in, bricks rolled over his shoes, but nothing hurt him. At his lodging he found all as it had been and went out onto the balcony to view the street in which his house stood. The people seeing him cried out for the Rector to come and pray with them, they laid hold on his clothes, they embraced him and besought him. At last he persuaded them to kneel down, and, making a large ring he prayed with them for an hour until he was "spent with the heat of the sun, and the exercise." Then they brought him a chair, the earth still working with motions and tremblings, like the rolling of the sea.

The scene in which Dr. Heath lost no chance to tell the people of Port Royal of their sins and to exhort them to repentance was vividly reflected, exclamation mark and all, in a brief paragraph by an unknown participant and cool observer in this great disaster:

As soon as the violent Shake was over the Minister desired all People to join with him in Prayer; and amongst them were several *Jews* that kneeled, and answered as they did; nay, I heard one say, they were heard to call upon *Jesus Christ*: A Thing worth Observation! ⁸

Henry Ward was not there to see or to comment on this type of participation by the Jews, for he and all his family and his fellow churchwarden, Captain Waight, and his family had been swallowed up within the earth or lay beneath the sea. But John Pike had found his daughter Mary and eight slaves. A good sloop, he wrote, could have sailed over the place where his house and land had been. And he had not saved a rag or any money.

When Dr. Hans Sloane and his son had re-embarked from

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the shore of Liguanea and were midway on their return to Port Royal the earthquake had begun. From the Liguanean shore the water had receded several hundred feet—some said a mile—, and then began to roll in great waves. They had been forced back to Liguanea, where they found all the houses even with the ground and no place left to which to go except the negro huts. When, finally, Dr. Sloane set out once more for Port Royal, he must have seen not only the floating dead but also the trunks of big trees, as squeezed as a cane that “has passed the mill.” Coming always nearer were also strange appearances, such as chimneys and masts showing just above the water where fine streets had been or brave ships had lain to for cargo beside the great quays. When Hans Sloane and his son landed it was, it may be, on the edge of Jews Street they stepped out from their wherry. But one of the servants, a white maid, was left alive to tell her master of the sinking of his house with Mrs. Sloane and all who were in it. His people, except the son beside him, and all his possessions lay thirty feet under water.

On that 7th of June the great cotton tree had rocked with the earthquake, the new-built and unfinished Parish church of Halfway Tree had been buried in ruins with the toppling houses; and the lofty Blue Mountains so torn and rent that they were “fearful to behold.”⁹ On that tragic noon those who dwelt in that “principal place for Planting,” among them the families of Thomas Barrett and John Barrett, had heard a great noise like thunder, and experienced not only the toppling of all their houses, but also had seen the mountains rent asunder. All who dwelt in Spanish Town knew the terror of falling buildings. Among them were Hersey Barrett and his wife Mary Sleigh and their children. St. Jago, except for the Spanish houses built on hardwood piles, was down to the ground. At Yallows the mountain split, one half falling on the level land on which were the settlements, covering and killing all who were there. At Point Morant one mountain sank downright into the earth and in its place appeared a lake. At Withywood in Vere the earth opened and water came out. Gullies which had



Hans Sloane
Engraving by J. Faber

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been dry, perhaps among them the Mile Gully of the Barretts, suddenly flowed torrents. The Reverend John Hardwicke, the Rector seated for many years at Withywood in the Parish of Vere, wrote that they had escaped the danger better than the neighbor parishes, for they had contented themselves with mean and low-built houses, for the most part built with timber, and that in general such houses were standing. They had, therefore, ways to assist one another. Among the outstanding people of this parish were the Richard Barretts and the Samuel Barretts,—the families of the brother and son of old Hersey.

Almost due north from Port Royal, where the Rio Cobre, some six miles below Spanish Town and close to Passage Fort, debouches into the harbor, the naked slaves had landed their water kegs about the time the earthquake had begun. Over there the trembling had come with such violence that they were thrown upon their knees. Above the rumble of the earth the crashing of the falling houses in Passage Fort could be heard. The water of the harbor's edge, having receded, returned in a wave high upon the land, running in a bore far up into the mouth of the Rio Cobre.

Further up the River at Spanish Town only a few houses and two or three of the state buildings erected by the Spaniards were left. The cathedral had cracked and gone down in volley after volley of flying stone. The mountains on either side of the Rio Cobre, between Spanish Town and Sixteen Mile Walk, had fallen upon each other face to face, blocking the River so that it went dry. It was some time before the River found another passage and flowed again into the harbor by Passage Fort.

Did any canoes return southward to Port Royal that afternoon of June 7th? There is no record to answer that question. . . . All the afternoon in the waves which had become tumultuously swift and about six feet high, canoes and wherries, filled with terrified people making their way northeastward towards Liguanea and the scarred and broken mountains, were seen trying to find a path through the thousands of tons of trees which had been swept down from the mountains. Word had

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gone forth to flee to a place across the harbor known as the Rock or Rack, where a new town should be founded.

At Port Royal some merchants had come and persuaded Dr. Heath to go on board the ship *Siam-Merchant*, where he had found the President of the Council, John White, safe but badly injured. The Rector went from ship to ship visiting the dying, among whom later John White himself was to be. Shakings of the earth, thunder and lightning continued as Dr. Heath went on with his pastoral work.

The nights Dr. Heath spent on board ship, where sleep was impossible in the continued lighter shocks of the earthquake which "made all the guns in the ship to jar and rattle." He dared not stay on land by night because of the lewd rogues "whom they call privateers," who were breaking open the warehouses and rifling their neighbors. And, he added, "those audacious whores who remain still upon the place, are as impudent and drunken as ever."¹⁰ By day on shore he buried the dead. It was not at the burying place by the Palisadoes, for that had been broken open by the earthquake and had sunk into the sea. The dead and the long dead had been shelled out of their resting places to drift or sink. The tombs and memorial inscriptions of the richest city in the West Indies had disappeared forever under the sea. . . . This news of great disaster Captain Elliot was bearing as swiftly as wind and wave made possible, "home" to England.

As night came on the pillagers, water men, sailors, whores, gathered like buzzards for their work on land among the demolished houses and dead bodies, and hungry dogs were tearing off the heads, arms, and legs thrust out of the sand. In the harbor canoes and wherries prowled among the floating dead and the drifting wreckage. Gold and silver and jewels, plate and all manner of goods were seized; the few merchants who had gone back to their wrecked stores, knocked insensate, the wounded who resisted, killed. On the sea the pillagers plundered not only the drifting "Chests, Boxes, Screwtores" (escritaires?) but also the floating bodies, from which they cut off fingers

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with rings on them, took gold buttons out of shirts and even stripped rich garments. Proud men and fine ladies, commented John Pike, had some of these dead been, who would have nought to do with the humble of Port Royal. Ladies whose top-knots had reached to the clouds and gentlemen who would not admit humble men to speak with them were become prey for common pillagers and food for fish and fowl.

As the President of the Council and others looked off from the ships *Richard and Sarah* and the *Siam-Merchant* towards Port Royal, all was changed. Not one house in ten was left standing. Eight or ten houses remained in Jews Street "from the Balcony upwards above Water."¹¹ All of the wharf which Henry Ward had owned and Wharf-side Street and the two streets behind it, up to Jews Street, lay in "4, 6, or 8 *Fathom Water*."¹² Nothing there was to be seen above the water, except "*Chimneys and Tops of some Houses, and the Masts of Ships and Sloops*."¹³ What lay beneath? In the midst of that welter which must suffer a "sea change" in the centuries to come, were the "silver Tankerd" and the "neck Lace of Pearle" and the wedding ring to be counted?

Out in the harbor some birds were flying like kites, black and great of wing, tossing in the wind with the gulls. On the edge of the broken shore pelicans were fishing, from time to time diving beneath the surface of the water for their prey.

II

It was on the afternoon of that day of the 7th of June, 1692, not only that one era of Jamaican history came to its close but also that Kingston (Killkown or Kingstown) had its tragic founding by those of the chief merchants and officers of Port Royal who remained alive. Men who had been well-to-do were not worth more than "the blew Linnen on their backs."¹⁴ Of the few houses in that Liguanea area not one had been left standing. In the torrential rain and hurricane wind which had set in, hundreds of refugees sought the shelter of the

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wattled and daubed huts of the negro or of hastily built huts of boughs in which, rain-wet, day after day they lived, "wanting Medicines and all Conveniences." And there, as the heat and the mosquitoes increased, they sickened and died by the hundreds. In their new settlement within a short time they had dug five hundred graves. Off the shore, masses of dead bodies, one hundred to two hundred in number, drifted in towards Kingston, and then drifted away, horrible symbol in stench and sight of the agony through which they had passed, only less terrible than the slow agony of survival or of death postponed.

Then, as now, in the midst of tragedy, were comedy and the professional nuisance. In this hour when the Jews were subservient at Port Royal, if a contemporary letter can be accepted as fairly accurate evidence, one Quaker made an active nuisance of himself at Halfway Tree. Joseph Norris, writing to his brother Isaac Norris in Philadelphia, recorded that after the agony he experienced at feeling the earthquake, he went forth into the fields to find the Lord but found Him not.¹⁵ Joseph then fasted for three days, which, under the circumstances, was probably not difficult. On the "fourth day" Joseph was seated under his brother's "tamarine tree," in St. Andrew, a Bible in hand, reading about the fast of the Jews, when he felt another call, to go to the public worship which the Reverend James Zellers was holding near the demolished Church of Halfway Tree and to declare to the people that a fast from "sinn and iniquity" was required. On this "call" he encountered Major Harrison.

According to Norris, the Major "frothly said" to him, "How now, Jos, has not our sermon been long enough allredy, that thou must come and make it longer?"

Port Royal was but a fragment of what it had been. No longer joined to the land by the Palisadoes, there remained only some twenty-five or thirty acres of land situated on a cay entirely surrounded by the sea. From the broken edges of their city of one time fabulous wealth, looking down into the sea as the depths cleared, could be seen the shapes of many houses

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as perfect as in the days when human beings had dwelt within them. Now caught behind a closed door, or within a cupboard or a closet, which of all the human beings and the objects they had known and loved were suffering “a sea change”?¹⁶ Showing itself above the water was the steeple of their large and beautiful church.¹⁷

The silver-gilt mace brought over by Lord Windsor in 1662, and in that Council Chamber of Port Royal on the morning of the 7th of June, 1692, had been recovered. It had been damaged in the earthquake, and was later repaired, only to disappear. John White, the symbol of whose power lay in this mace, had been damaged beyond repair. On the 22nd of August, 1692, about two months and two weeks after the earthquake, the President of Jamaica was laid to rest by the Reverend James Zellers in the Old Burial Ground at Halfway Tree, St. Andrew. . . . Even in a parish more fortunate than Port Royal, those who lived through that awful day had not necessarily escaped. By disease, shock, injury, whole groups who had survived the earthquake were in a few weeks or a few months, or within two or three years, wiped out.

As in those days after the seventh they were beaten by torrential rains and hurricane winds, these white men and women, cowering in negro huts or in hastily erected shanties, were living and dying in fear of the slaves. The clergyman from Withywood, probably the Reverend Thomas Hardwicke,¹⁸ wrote:

Our first Fears were concerning our Slaves, those Irreconcilable and yet Intestine Enemies of ours, who are no otherwise our Subjects than as the Whip makes them; who seeing our strongest Houses demolisht, our Arms broken, and hearing of the destruction of our greatest Dependency, the Town of *Port Royal*, might in hopes of Liberty be stirred up to rise in Rebellion against us.¹⁹

And their fears were not without reason, for two years later began that warfare with the Maroons under Cudjoe which was to last some thirty-seven years.

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On board the merchant ship the *Richard and Sarah*, President John White, mortally injured, with those of the members of the Council who had survived, wrote a letter on June 20th to the Lords of Trade and Plantations reporting what had happened and what the Council was trying to do in deciding disputes and preventing quarrels arising from the uncertain right of things in sinking floating carcasses. Before John White, giving slowly away to his mortal injuries, appeared committees of the responsible men who were left living. They were doing what they could to help the dying President of the Council to discharge his duties and to bring some order into the tragic chaos. On the 11th of July, 1692, Nicholas Lawes and Thomas Clarke were charged under John White's signature to administer an oath to James Rowe, William Shettlewood and Edward Dendy that the last will and testament of John Waight, cordwainer and churchwarden, to which they had been among the five witnesses, was valid.²⁰ All the knots John Waight believed he had tied in any possible misuse of his property by his wife and his daughters had been torn asunder when wife and daughters had been lost with him. All the planned influence upon the poor of Port Royal of the Fair Tables of the Tenn Commandments had been shattered when Christchurch had sunk downright into the sea. Nothing of what the death of John Waight, cordwainer and churchwarden, may have meant to one young apprentice, Edward Tittle, can be recovered. . . . John Waight had ceased to be. Into the place made vacant by his death had stepped Edward Tittle, cordwainer's apprentice, the great-great-grandfather of Robert Browning. Something of the love, the romance, of two great poets had some of its shaping impulses in that Great Disaster of 1692.

CHAPTER VI

“THE WIDDOW BARRETT”

TWO years after the earthquake, Jamaica sprang suddenly to attention, rushed to arms and attempted an eleventh hour strengthening of her defenses. Captain Elliot, responsible in 1692 for carrying to England the first news of the Port Royal disaster, had, later, been made a prisoner by the French at Petit-Guaves. There he overheard the French discussing the information two Irishmen had given them of the defenselessness of Port Royal and the plan the French had formed for an armed invasion of Jamaica. Captain Elliot with a “crew” of two men made his escape in a small canoe to warn the Island. He was five days at sea in this canoe, reaching Jamaica on the 31st of May, about nine o’clock in the morning. That night the Council was called together and martial law proclaimed throughout the Island.

From Withywood across the River Minho were the Parish Church of Vere and the Race Course. About a mile away was Paradise. This and Mile Gully were the key estates of the Southside Barretts in Vere. On these estates Samuel Barrett and Margery Green Barrett were bringing up their three children, Richard, Samuel and Anne. And there, too, in that neighborhood lived Richard Barrett after whom Samuel had named his first son. In Vere on the River Minho adjoining the estates of Richard Green, Margery Barrett’s father, John and his brother Major Thomas Fisher held plantation lands. In the town of Carlisle Bay the Fishers owned, too, at least one town house.¹

At a Council held at St. Jago de la Vega on the seventh of

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June, seven days after the landing of Captain Elliot and his crew of two men, it was ordered:

. . . That Capt. Tho: Fisher March wth. his Company from Passage fort (not exceeding forty men) To Withywood to Reinforce them there and that the sd. Capt. take care to Provide horses for his men to be Ready to Returne back on any occasion.²

Going to Withywood on Carlisle Bay was going home for Captain Fisher. The enemy was expected to make its attack off Port Royal; but all Jamaica was on the defensive, and the richest colony in the Island must be protected. In Vere lived opulent owners of indigo and sugar works and of multitudes of slaves. There were Spanish mines of reputed fabulous value and grains of gold in the Rio Minho. There were great herds of cattle and horses, crops of cotton and Guinea corn, excellent mutton and turkeys,—abundance everywhere for plunder. Except for Spanish Town, Withywood on Carlisle Bay was in the year 1694 the richest settlement in the Island.

On Sunday, the 17th of June, the French fleet came to anchor, not as expected off Port Royal but in two divisions, one off Port Morant which, spiking their guns, the English had left, and the other in Cow Bay. For a month the plundering, and barbarous torturing and killing under the command of Du Casse and of De Grasse, the famous pirate who was second in command, was continued, not only in that eastern end of the Island but also on the Northside. At Carlisle Bay there was a time of waiting in which both men and horses became impatient. Not only the Fishers' house but also the Barrett plantation of Paradise looked out on the Bay.

To draw off attention the enemy made a feint of attack upon Port Royal, while the greater part of the fleet ran around to Carlisle Bay where it anchored off Withywood. As the commander of a Guinea slave ship saw the enemy fleet sail into the Bay for the attack on Withywood, he set his ship on fire to keep the French from capturing it and took his men with him to help in the defense of the Carlisle breastworks. On the 19th

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of July, fifteen hundred of the French troops landed. Two hundred men of the English militia, among them Thomas Fisher, Captain Dawkins and Samuel Barrett, opposed the invading French army of fifteen hundred. The encounters with the French were desperate and bloody, and occurred near the Barrett estate of Paradise. Whether in fear of the approaching enemy Margery Green Barrett and her three children had fled from Paradise, or whether they saw the wounded brought in for shelter and for care cannot be stated. But it is certain that the English residents in Withywood, battling to protect or keep their homes, were losing ground to the French invaders. The English were obliged to retreat across the River Minho, and in the crossing many were drowned.

It was at the crisis of the crossing of the Minho that five more companies of the English arrived from Spanish Town, having marched thirty miles without food or rest. The English soldiers fell furiously upon the French who, after three days of skirmishing beat a retreat, but carrying with them rich plunder in slaves and valuables. In the encounters of those three days the English lost one hundred in killed and wounded. Captain Dawkins and Captain Fisher were made prisoners by the French, and carried aboard their ships; and many officers as well as soldiers were killed.³ Among the dead was young Samuel Barrett. . . . As the retreating French were leaving the north coast of Jamaica, they released Captain Fisher and Captain Dawkins at a point distant from Carlisle Bay.

According to one Rector of Withywood, Thomas Hardwicke, that Parish had suffered less than some others did in the earthquake disaster of 1692.⁴ But in the French invasion Vere had suffered more than any other parish. Eight months after the retreat of the French, Jamaica was still trying to bring help to this richest and most stricken parish, as the Council Minutes show. Three hundred pounds were to be distributed among the “poore distressed Inhabitants of Withywood who suffered by the late Invasion.” Of the two hundred pounds expended for “poore Widdows that lost their Husbands and others that had

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their house burnt by the French," there was appropriated to the "Widdow Barrett and 3 Children £ 13." ⁵

A young widow with young children was, in those days, safer with a husband than without one. Thirty-two years old, Samuel Barrett had left behind him not only his young wife but also three little children, Richard, Samuel and Anne. It was early in his training as a pioneer for the Northside that little Sam Barrett became acquainted with disaster in earthquake, with war, with death in the loss of his young father, and with change through the second marriage of his mother. For Margery Green Barrett married again, and again a colonist in Vere: John Fisher. ⁶

Brief flashes, like lightning, strike across this past of the life of the Barretts in Withywood, Vere, revealing now a battle, then some signature by an early Barrett, or an episode on a race course near their house. In Vere not only did a large and important group of pioneer Barretts live and work, but there, too, they made their wills. It is not without significance that the place where lay their first tenure of plantation land was also the first place from which a Barrett will becomes available. When Richard Barrett, "of the Parish of Vere Planter," five years after the death of Samuel Barrett, made his will, on the 10th of October, 1699, he left all to his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, and to his son Paul. ⁷ There is a final public-spirited provision in this first available Barrett will from Vere which is of special interest. For any possible want of living issue Richard Barrett wrote:

I devise my Estate unto the minister Church wardens and vestry of the Parish of Vere for the time then being for good and charitable uses and particularly for the use of the poor of the parish of Vere.

Particularly for the use of the poor of the parish of Vere! The sense of kindly interest in those less fortunate than themselves continued to be characteristic of many of the Barretts for more than two centuries. From other wills come suggestions of the

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lives and names of Barrett neighbors in Spanish Town and in Vere. Thomas Wayte, the Regicide Judge, had fled to Jamaica. His sons and grandsons, and the family of his brother Raynes Wayte, had joined him there. Raynes Wayte on the 17th of June, 1694, had left the remainder of his estate to poor children.⁸ It was his grandson Henry whom a daughter of the family of the Barrett was to marry. In one of the wills drawn in Vere, Thomas Wayte, the son, leaves to his wife a coach and six horses with a “negro boy” as postillion.⁹ Somehow, the coach, six horses and negro postillion of these seventeenth century Waytes make patient, diminutive Nanny Wayte in charge of the service in General Moulton-Barrett’s hilltop Albion in the twentieth century seem an even more worn record than she is of the history of a great family!

II

In the second pastor, William May, of Robert Browning’s great-great-grandfather, John Tittle, the Island had a caustic observer and an able biographer. In a letter to the Bishop of London William May made a plain beginning with this sentence:

There is not six families who are well descended as gentlemen on the whole Island.¹⁰

He takes the first social step with the Governor, Sir Nicholas Lawes, who had been an

Apprentice to one Rabey in Spanish Town, who sold locks & nails, pots, frying-pans, bills, axes, hinges, hammers, &c., and, there are people alive now, who remember that he went barefooted, & bare leg’d, with shoos on, as was the custom for most young shopkeepers & planters in those dayes.

The reader of this letter, which Fulham Palace has housed all these years, goes on and comes up against the House of Beckford:

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The famous Peter Beckford his Father came with 2 or 3 Negroes on the Island, a small time after it was taken, & being a hunter, he & his Negroes catch'd horses and sold them again, for some years, by which he made a beginning of his fortune here.

Apparently this commencement was remote from the elegancies and preciosities of Beckfordism and Fonthill Abbey! From the Reverend William May, Colonel Gale then receives his share of attention:

The great Colonel Gale his father was a horse-catcher, for all his prodigious Estate, and he is nevertheless as illiterate as his Father was.

The reader gets away from horse-catchers only to discover the world of Jamaica, whether Kingston or Spanish Town, as badly off as ever in the background of the family of Rose:

He called Colonel Rose is a cooper by trade, and wrought with his apron for dayly hire since he came here.

The Barretts had a direct, if not fundamentally important, connection with the Honorable Colonel Jonathan Gale, for he was one of the executors named with Samuel Brookes and James Colwell in Paul Barrett's will in favor of his children, Elizabeth, Dutton, and Thomas.¹¹ Paul, the son of Richard Barrett of Vere, might well be considered the son of an "old stander," as the first settlers were sometimes called. And one does or does not regret that the Reverend William May failed to note that both Richard and John Barrett were unable to write their names and that they made their signatures by an "X his mark." . . . But not a Barrett directly cited! No one of them disgraced by locks or nails, by horse-catching or bare feet, by wearing an apron, by comment on illiteracy, or by the equal odium of being a schoolmaster! . . . Young William May, educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was no democrat! But if the Island of Jamaica was from time to time a "protested" democracy, this is but to state the obvious fact that snobbishness is not a new social invention.

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Another incident illuminated the life the Barretts lived in Spanish Town. It is the signature in 1706 of Samuel Barritt, probably Samuel Barritt the Elder, the oldest son of Hearcey Junior. Their friend Alan Broderick was dying. He had much on his mind his “young horse called Strawberry” whom he wished to give to his “loving Kinsman” William Broderick, who was none other than the Broderick exiled from Montserrat for his vicious practices in confiscating the real estate of others and securing it to himself. Alan Broderick had much on his mind the predicament of his son Thomas, now at sea on the way to his father. Samuel Barritt, with three other witnesses, signed his will.¹²

A year later comes the deposition of a bricklayer who had been talking on the 31st of December, 1707, “under a tree before Mr. Henry (Hersey) Barritt’s house,” in Spanish Town. In Spanish Town the residential areas of even “old standers” were not restricted, and the Barretts had about them the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker!¹³ From under the tree in front of Hersey Barritt’s house Parker and his friends saw Mr. Francis March¹⁴ and Captain Whitgift Aylmer in the beef market. March, from the beef market, had called out to the group under the tree that there was to be an election on Saturday to choose an Assembly-man and he wished to know for whom Parker was voting. That was the challenging beginning of the electioneering which followed, and which, whatever the intermediate steps, was in the end to place Francis March and James Barritt, the son of Hearcey, side by side in the House of Assembly. There is reference not only to Barritt’s house but also to “Mr. Spencer’s” house which was not far off. From the record, they were all at the moment engaged in a warm time politically, which involved some of the Reverend William May’s despised nails, sold this time at “Mr. Murray’s” shop, and soldiers who married in Jamaica to qualify themselves for the double duty of voting and raising taxes.¹⁵ . . . Of the Rector, Richard Tabor, of Spanish Town and St. Catherine, in whose care were the souls of these lively politicians, there are

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after-dinner glimpses on St. Stephen's Day at the Coffee House in Spanish Town.¹⁶

Among the Barretts of Spanish Town, even as in Withywood, Vere, life could have had but few moments of dullness. When they were free to turn from the demands of making a fortune in an Island which had been their home so short a time, or had recovered from earthquake or invasion, they were not starved in amusement, for they had "Billiards, Balls and Assemblies for the Ladies, with Dancing and Concerts of Musick."¹⁷ The men had

Horse-racing, Shooting, Fishing with Angles, Nets, and Pots, and making them drunk in the Rivers by throwing in a Bark, beaten small.

Horse racing was a common sport, both in exercise and in the risks taken on betting. In those days the race course was at Salt Savannah, near the Parish Church of Vere and the Paradise Estate of the Barretts. It was a pleasant ride on horseback for the men. For the ladies it was not impossible in a coach, reliable black postillions cracking the whip and small black footmen hanging by the straps to the rear of the coach.

III

That the lives of those early Colonists had more anxieties than pleasures is evident in more ways than one. From a brief record in the *Journals of Assembly of Jamaica* for the 25th of October, 1712, a petition from Thomas Barritt, "churchwarden of the parish of St. Dorothy, now in custody of the messenger," reveals the fact that Thomas Barritt has been arrested! This responsible Thomas Barritt the Elder, the older brother of James, had not paid his taxes for the maintenance of prisoners of war for the year 1712. He said he had not received the statement for the whole amount; others have said the same. He was discharged after paying the taxes and all fines.¹⁸

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The years go by, and the ripe fruit of the political planting of the Hearcey Barritts begins to hang upon the trees. Hearcey Junior had accumulated not a little political experience and apparently an education as a barrister.¹⁹ On the 21st of June, 1721, James Barritt and William Ivy were returned as Members of the Assembly for St. James. Although his son Thomas the Elder was his mainstay, none the less must it have been a satisfaction to him to see his younger son James achieve this honor. At once “Mr. Barritt” was put on a committee of privileges and elections,—an historic moment in Barrett backgrounds, for so far as the records go this was the first committee on which a Barrett had served in the House of Assembly. On the 14th of July Mr. Barritt and Mr. Wheeler were ordered to deliver a message to the Council; on the 18th Mr. March and Mr. Barritt waited on his Excellency, Sir Nicholas Lawes,—who, as the Reverend William May, the Bishop’s Commissary, wrote, had at one time gone bare legged with “shoos” on and who had been an apprentice to “one Rabey!”²⁰

For Hearcey Barritt, Jr., the day when he married Mary Sleigh in that little Cathedral in Spanish Town must have begun to seem far away. As he came to the end of life, what did he remember of the fleeing Spaniards, what of the hardships and dangers through which his family had passed in those early years in Jamaica? He was a man seventy-two years old. It was time to draw his will.²¹ Three years later he entered a codicil to his will. A year from that time Hearcey Barritt Jr. was finished with the business of living. In the seventy-sixth year of his age on the 5th day of March, 1726, he departed this life and his body was laid to rest in the little Cathedral in Spanish Town where he was married, where his children had been baptized and where other members of his family had been buried. And with this life came to a close one pioneer era of the Barrett backgrounds in Jamaica.²²

From the entrance of the quaintly beautiful Cathedral in Spanish Town, once Roman Catholic, now Church of Eng-

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land, turn to the left, and look down on two memorial slabs set in the floor of the nave. The first reads:

Here Lyeth the Body of
Hearcey Barritt
who departed this Life the 5th
day of March 1726/7 in the
76 year of his Age

This then established the age of Hearcey Barritt, Jr., as five years old in 1655 when the conquering English landed at Port Royal and the day following marched on St. Jago de la Vega, as well as "pointing up" the family capacity for differences in opinion and spelling. Somewhere beneath this slab, or near it in this place more crowded by death than life had ever crowded these men and women of Jamaica, lay the dust of Hearcey Barritt, the second, or Junior,—the spelling of his name altered, his coat of arms changed. Where the body of the first Hersey lies I do not know. Not quite so easily deciphered is the inscription on the second slab:

Here lieth the (body?) of Susanna
the Wife of Thomas Barritt Esq'
who Departed this Life the 14th day
of January 172 $\frac{7}{8}$
in the 36th Year of her Age
Also four of their Children
Thomas and Thomas Susanna
and Hearcey.
Also Elizabeth Second Wife of
the Said Thomas Barritt. Died
January 10th 1740 Aged 47 (?) years

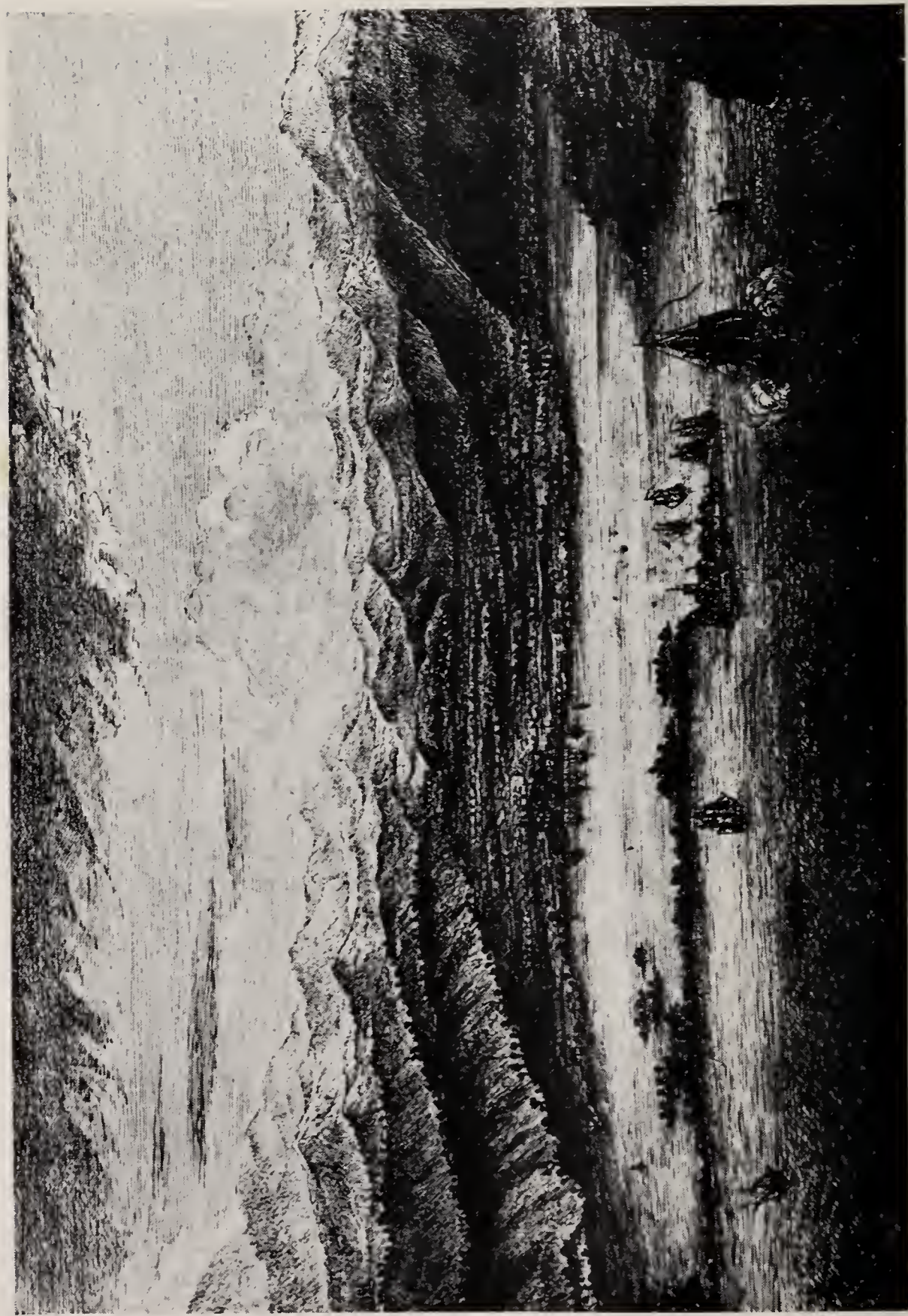
For the will of his father, drawn on the 24th of July, 1722, Thomas Barritt the Elder was the sole executor. His father had had much to leave and much to say about leaving it. It did not matter whether the property was houses or land, silver plate or mules, slaves or cattle, it had shared his interest equally.²³ To James he left the three women slaves belonging



Here Lyeth the Body of
HEARCEY BARRITT
who departed this Life the 4TH
day of MARCH 1726 in the
76 year of his Age.

Tomb of Hearcey Barritt, Spanish Town Cathedral

By permission of Canon Jolly



Port Royal and Kingston Harbours
(Long's *History of Jamaica*)

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to the house in which he dwelt: Old Rose, Judith, and Jane (or Ione?), and the three mulatto children of Jane, namely Katey, Neddy, and Nanny. Three years later he had opened his will for two purposes. At an expense of sixty-seven pounds and ten shillings current money, he had made Katey free, making provision that this amount be paid to his son James “in lieu of said mulatto girl.” Also by this Codicil he wished to provide an education for his twelve-year-old grandson Hearcey Barritt, son of James.

Item it is my Will that my Grandson Hearcey Barritt Son of my said son James till he shall be fit to be receiv'd and further educated in one of the two Universities in England, and no longer, shall out of my Estate Real and Personal have such maintenance Schooling Cloathing and Education in England and in such handsome and suitable manner as my Executor in my said Will named or his Exet^{rs} or Adm^{rs} shall think fit.

There was no thought that even the elementary education of young Hearcey could be taken in Jamaica. So to Thomas it was left to do for his brother James's son what he must have wished with all his heart he could have done for a son of his own named Hearcey!

The problem of even an adequate elementary schooling in Jamaica was not solved for many generations. In 1744 Thomas Barritt, the trusted elder son of Hearcey Barritt, Jr., charged his property with £40 a year towards endowing a free school, or hospital, in St. Catherine. This institution was incorporated in that year. In Port Royal a similar attempt was made when the Minister, Calvin Galpin, who had been educated in New England, began a Latin School. But people were afraid to send their children to a place of such evil reputation socially, and in the matter of accidents, when in an earthquake so much of the town had sunk downright into the sea. For that and other reasons the school failed.²⁴ Earlier the gentlemen of the Parish of St. Andrew had after the death of James Zellers endowed a school at Halfway Tree, making Moodie, the Minister of Liguanea, Headmaster and giving him two ushers. The Bishop

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of London, one of the Governors, had the nomination and appointment of the Masters. But

the Parishioners not paying in their quota, M^r. Moodie desisted, and, in fine, that pious and Charitable endowment Sunk.²⁵

When Samuel the Elder made his will on the 16th of February, 1738, he appointed Thomas as one of three trustees in establishing the first recorded trust among the Barrett wills. Samuel had many to whom to leave property, two sons, a daughter-in-law, three granddaughters and five nephews, and considerable property to leave. . . . Within a few years Thomas Barritt had met the loss of father, wife and four children. He married again. His second wife was named Elizabeth and was the fifth of that name in the Barrett family.

The codicil of Hearcey Barritt's will in which slaves and his grandson's education had been mingled in all probability represented nothing whatever of the Abolitionist sentiment current even then. Katey may have been a Barrett slave in more senses than one! At the close of the seventeenth century such giving of freedom to those who had been negro or mulatto concubines in the family was not uncommon among the upper classes in Jamaica. What some of the slave problems were which the Barretts encountered will become plain, not only from the Barretts themselves but also as their slaves are seen upon the Barrett plantations, or moving northward on roads with their masters over mountain trails, or going about their ways in the negro villages, or moving forward over a cane piece with the "firing" of the whip behind them in the furrows, or crying out as a Barrett master flogged them, or busy with their practice of obeah, their revels of food and drink and dance.

Not far from the Record Office in Spanish Town is the street named after the Barretts,—the area in which Hearcey Barritt had lived and his heirs continued to live. Down two streets from the Record Office is the corner of Barrett Street which bounds the Cathedral on the north side, with Bishop Lane meeting Barrett Street at right angles to form an eastern boun-

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dary of the Cathedral enclosure. To the east, making a curve of several degrees, Barrett Street leads into the road to Passage Fort,—the Cayo de Carena of the Spaniards.²⁶ There the first shot of the “conquest” had been fired. There the “great” ships of the English were warped into a landing of some depth. And there a furlong and a half from the landing was a “way” on which eight men could march abreast. Opposite Passage Fort across the harbor on the wharf owned by Henry Ward, Port Royal had piled high its wealth until noon of that day of the 7th of June when three fourths of Port Royal had sunk into the sea. From Passage Fort to Port Royal across the few miles of water, not only had Mrs. Thomas Barrett gone that she might leave her wealth securely, as well as the “silver Tankerd” and “neck Lace of Pearles” and wedding ring, to her children; but also other Barretts from 1655 on down to 1692 had crossed in wherries between Port Royal and Passage Fort and covered in hackney coaches and on horseback the six miles of road between the harbor port and Spanish Town, or had gone on to Vere or to other Parishes in the Island. Generation after generation the Barretts and their slaves passed along these roads of Jamaica. That the street which leads into Spanish Town from the southeast, the great harbor and the mart, was named after the Barretts has its own significance.

CHAPTER VII

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IN the area on which Kingston was developed after the Great Disaster had been several well-built houses. Some of them may have been there for a quarter of a century. This handful of buildings was not a village. The land belonged to Colonel Beeston and to Dame Anne Hopegood, his wife. On the 24th of June, 1692, the Council ordered a survey of two hundred acres of the Beeston land. Within a month the Council followed this action by regulations for building the new town of Kingston. In the minutes of the Council for the 9th of August, 1692, many regulations for the development of the new town were set down, among them the regulation that each "Pretender" to a "Lott" was to build thereon a house to the value of £50. If this was not done within the time appointed, the fine imposed was to be £50 given to the building of a new hospital. Most terribly had they discovered by sickness and by death what could happen in that pleasant precinct of Liguanea where disease—no doubt in part an epidemic of yellow fever—had been cutting them down as by the blade of a scythe.

Sir William Beeston and Dame Anne Hopegood his wife on the 20th of July, 1693, had turned over to William Reeves not the two hundred but five hundred and thirty acres of land. In 1693 Colonel Christian Lilly, England's third engineer, laid out the town of Kingston on this land. Although Colonel Lilly had done his work well in the plan for the town of Kingston, for a while there seemed to be some indecision in the minds of all

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whether it would not be better to return to Port Royal rather than develop Kingston. Another church had been erected in Port Royal on the east side of the town. Then came the Port Royal fire of 1702, fanned by winds which whirled from every quarter of the compass, burning down the new church and leaving nothing in Port Royal

unconsumed but the Jayle, the Whipping Post and the Ducking Stool.¹

This fire which destroyed Port Royal on the 9th of January, 1702, brought indecision to an end, and, thereafter, the development of Kingston and its neighborhood went steadily forward.

Beginning with the shore line which Colonel Beeston owned, was the parish in which Kingston is situated and which at first was called by the English the Precinct of Liguanea, later the Parish of St. Andrew. When Sir Thomas Lynch was writing to the Bishop of London about the clergy and churches in Jamaica, he wrote of the Halfway Tree church:

On the north side of Port Royal harbour lies *St Andrews* where *Mr Cellier*, a Swiss, is minister. It is the pleasantest part of the island, with an ordinary church and a pretty parsonage house. The minister had 100*l* a year, he is an honest man and well beloved. Colonel Beeston can tell you about him.²

James Zellers had been appointed Rector of this Parish Church on the 9th of June, 1664. In what is now known as the Old Burial Ground, James Zellers had buried men who had been officers under General Venables and several of the little children of these chief men, among them two of the little sons of William and Anne Beeston. To the Church of Halfway Tree came the sons of the regicide judges, President Bradshaw and Colonel Harrison and his son Major Harrison, to take the Sacrament.

In the recorded thirty-six years of his pastorate, James Zellers married, baptized and buried several Barretts, among them Nicholas, Thomas and Edmund.³ At Halfway Tree on

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the 21st of November, 1675, James Zellers baptized little Jane Barrett, the daughter of John Barrett. The honest Rector, who was much beloved, lived to baptize two generations of more than one branch of the Barrett family. At Halfway Tree, too, James Zellers baptized the grandchildren, Charles and Anne, of Mrs. Barrett of Port Royal. . . . The probable influence of one of the Barrett neighbors, William Beeston, is seen in the name which John Barrett and his wife Sarah gave their first child, a son, who was baptized Beeston Barrett the day after Christmas in 1695.

The "ordinary church" of Halfway Tree had been replaced in 1686 by the building of a new church. On the "dreadfull Judgement" day of 1692 this new church had toppled and gone down. By July of that year the Reverend James Zellers had, as these Vestry Minutes attest, a new church under way:

Ordered that a new church be forthwith built on the church land at Halfway Tree of the figure of the late new church, and a house for the Minister 50 feet from out to out, 16 feet wide from in to in, 9 feet high a brick and a half thick.⁴

But whatever happened to Parish churches diagonally across from it, the cotton tree of Halfway Tree, lofty and straight-stemmed, was still standing, its great knees and thighs of roots thrusting up further and further out of the earth as rains washed the surface dirt from these roots down to the harbor of Kingston. Negroes, both men and women, who had travelled long distances carrying boxes, carrying bales, carrying baskets, carrying trunks, could be seen almost any day resting upon its immense platform of roots before they resumed their journey to Spanish Town or to St. Mary or to St. George. In the spring of the year 1699, not a little tumult was flowing past the roots of the cotton tree, for the negroes had rebelled against their masters. Henry Wisdom, whose daughter Elizabeth Sam Barrett (the son of young Captain Sam who was killed in 1694) was to marry, had been sent out as Commander with a party to "Suppress the Rebellious Negroes."⁵

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Upon such groups and those more peaceful the Reverend James Zellers had looked out for many years and down towards Kingston but three miles distant. It was in this Parish of Half-way Tree there was born a daughter, Mary, to Lucy Molison (or Lucia Mollison) and Edward Tittle, and baptized in the Church by the Reverend James Zellers, on the 30th of May, 1699.⁶ There Edward Tittle and Lucia Molison, the great-great-grandparents of Robert Browning, were married thirteen days after the birth of their daughter Mary. Among the records of the Parish is the following:

Edward Tittle and Lucia Molison June 12 1699⁷

This church in which the Tittles worshipped and where they were married is the church of today except for an addition of moderate size. And there until the 25th of May, 1700, James Zellers worked among his people and conducted services.

At the time he married Edward Tittle and Lucia Molison he had been Rector for some thirty-five years.⁸ . . . The assumption might well be that Mary, born out of wedlock, was the first child of Edward Tittle, Cordwainer, and Lucia Molison. But subsequent indentures lead to another conclusion on this point and to an added conclusion of probable importance in Robert Browning's history. In a deed made out by Lucia Tittle shortly after the death of Edward Tittle in 1742 she gives the sequence of the children of Edward Tittle as John, Edward, Ann and Mary, and the son to whom she refers as her son is Edward. It is a modest assumption—proved by many indentures and a will—that Lucia Molison Tittle knew the order of these children as well as what she was talking about! It is evident that she had three children and not four by the Cordwainer: Edward Jr., Ann and Mary. John, against whom she steadily discriminated from the beginning to the end of her life with Edward Tittle and then for two years more, may have been a strange fledgling—possibly of miscegenation—tossed by fate into her nest where he was not wanted. Many documents tend to confirm such an inference.

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Records, like voices, have a way of conveying more than is actually set down. The Tittle records make it plain that Lucy Tittle was a personality with whom to reckon, not only in relation to her children but also in relation to business. In whatever business connection Lucy Tittle is found she was able, whether in the business of a home, in the purchase of land or on shopping bent. In the Council Minutes for 1702 to 1703 there is entry of a sale of more than common interest. The Provost Marshal on behalf of the "Queene" (Anne) was selling the goods of some pirates whose ship had been captured. And here in the Council Minutes is Lucy Tittle at the sale buying muslin. The entries run:

The Queene is.....Dr.		
To the Provost Marshall on the Accot.		
of Pirates and the Sale of their goods.		
	s	d
By Mrs. Tittle 1 ps. of Musline att....	11	3 11.3
By Mrs. Tittle 1 ps Musline.....		13.1½ ⁹

Even if there is no traceable and important early connection between the Barretts and the Tittles, unquestionably at the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century they knew one another as the handful of white men and women living in any given area did know one another for convenience and for reasons of group safety. The women of one of these groups had the privilege of wearing as high top-knots as they pleased and the women of the other wore aprons and helped in the shop at the work of producing boots and shoes, belts and harnesses for the Islanders. Undoubtedly the Tittles made boots and shoes for some of the members of the Family of the Barrett. In a world in which privilege is interpreted as aggrandizement of self and accumulation of riches rather than as service to others, what it means to make boots for your "top-knotted" neighbors needs no explanation. Those Colonials of the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth were curiously "American," not only

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in their courage for adventure and their possession of energy, but also in the value they set on material wealth.

II

The Reverend James Zellers of Halfway Tree, who had baptized Mary Tittle in 1699 and shortly afterwards married Edward Tittle and Lucia Molison, had been dead many years. Although on every 7th of June a service memorial of the Great Disaster was held, still a generation had passed and the awfulness of that day and the subsequent months had begun to seem far away. In development what had happened might be expressed as the difference between the unsettled Liguanea lands of the Beestons and the prosperous town of Kingston which, following Colonel Lilly's plan, had risen upon those lands. All those early preparations for the first clerk and the first bellman of Kingston were of the past, for within a few years of the tragic close of the seventeenth century in Jamaica, the rapidly erected town of Kingston was already in the full swing of its business and social interests. By his planning Colonel Lilly had enhanced the value of one of the fairest situations in an Island which is as beautiful as any which men know. Though the "Croyolians" bent the knee annually on the 7th of June on one fast day in memory of the Great Disaster, they were forgetting that holocaust of death and destruction. What had happened so terribly could never happen again. That which lay behind them in earthquake was past. It was the old story of the *Anabasis*: And then they went on! It is the legend of human experience in which men and women, having no other choice, go on or go down.

Most of the ships which came to the Island sailed into the harbor of Kingston, bringing with them the greater part of the trade transacted there. By 1716 with its wharves, stores, and houses, Kingston had become the largest town in Jamaica. A few years later many of the buildings were called "handsome

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Buildings." In a book written in 1727 by an English merchant is this statement:

Their Houses, especially in *Kingston, Port Royal, or Spanish Town*, like those about *London*, with Sash Windows, if lately built, and the Furniture most such as yours.

Nor is the keeping of a Coach and six any more Credit than keeping a horse in *England*, it is so common in the low Lands where the Roads will admit.¹⁰

Two stories high, with their windows sashed and glazed, these houses boasted piazzas, so that "a man may walk from one end to the other without going in the sun."¹¹

There, too, in the southeast part of the Parade was a Parish Church which, even as the Halfway Tree Church had been, was to be important in the lives of the Tittles. This Church was about this time carefully described in an anonymous book. The Church was both "handsome" and "neat" and had four "Isles" (sic). Of red velvet was the pulpit cloth and it had gold fringes. A report on the Churches in Jamaica which is among the files of Fulham Palace says that the Kingston Parish Church was

pew'd with Cedar, and a fine Altar piece with ornaments & several pieces of Plate.¹²

Under this Altar Admiral Benbow was buried the 4th of November or early in September, 1702. The seats were "uniform," large and with a good circulation of air about them. And in that Church was an excellent organ. At the time of this description there was no steeple. No doubt that was shaken down in the storm of 1722, which killed among many other inhabitants the first wife of William May, Smart Mary Pennant. The author of this anonymous description saw a large bell, but it was not mounted. A small bell on a frame was used temporarily as the Church bell. Around the churchyard was a wall and without that wall were "small tombs."¹³ It was to the Parish Church of Kingston, where William May was rector for 32 years, that Robert Browning's great-great-grandfather Edward Tittle,

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“Cordwainer,” and his wife Lucy (or Lucia) Tittle, went with their children, John, Edward, Ann, and Mary, for worship on Sundays and Holy Days and for such special occasions.

On the 24th of May, 1719, William May, a former pensioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, had been ordained deacon by the Bishop of London, John Robinson. Four months later, the 20th of September, this young man had been ordained a priest.¹⁴ Finally, on the 22nd of October, 1719, William May having received the Bishop's Bounty, on the 2nd of December, left the Downs, England, and arrived in Jamaica on the 21st of January.¹⁵ Well-born and well-educated, the life of Jamaica must have afforded him not only several shocks but also many opportunities for all his abilities, social as well as religious. It should not be amusing, but for some reason the first of his letters among the Missionary Papers at Fulham Palace, in the Box labelled Jamaica, amuses because it reveals so clearly the Reverend William May's despair over the able legal control with which Jamaican legislators had surrounded what they considered any undue administration of religion. He protested:

Nothing, My Lord, Grieves me more than to See Men, who call themselves Christians, live in the Open Violation of the Laws of God, without any Reproof or Restraint from the Civil Power. And they have made an Act here, that no Ecclesiastical Law, or Jurisdiction shall have power to inforce or Establish any Penal Mulcts or Punishments in any case whatsoever. By which means, not only the Laity, but some of the Clergy also allow themselves in the Commission of such Practices as are a Shame and Scandal to their Profession.¹⁶

A few years later the Reverend William May set down his replies about the Parish of Kingston on a query sheet sent him by the Bishop of London. The Parish was one mile wide and six in length and contained 282 Christian families and 50 Jewish. Of these there were 850 white men, women and children who were Christians, 106 free negroes and mulattoes “most which” were baptized, and 106 Jews.¹⁷ Jews were numerous and, in some instances, powerful in Jamaica. The Jewish admixture in

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Robert Browning's blood may not have come through marriage with the Wiedermanns at the opening of the nineteenth century but at the close of the seventeenth century in Jamaica. For the members of his Parish, numbering about 1000, William May held services on Sundays, Wednesdays, Fridays and on all Holy Days. He wrote My Lord of London that "On Sundays in the morning the Church is generally pretty full, but very thin at other times."¹⁸ Among these parishioners he numbered six Tittles: Edward and Lucy Tittle, "old Standers," and four children, two daughters Ann and Mary, and two sons John and Edward. And no doubt, like their betters, they thickened young William May's congregation on Sundays and thinned it out on other days. . . . In this Parish, containing many communicants like the Tittles, William May's heaviest problems were not with hard-working, ambitious English emigrants but with an odd jumble of Quakers and Roman Catholics and "customs of the country."¹⁹ He had to encounter, also, as part of the social phenomena of Jamaica, various types of irregularity within the Church, including loose living and loose "appointments."

Appointed Rector of Kingston in 1722, William May did, perhaps, consider the status of the Tittles so humble it was not worth discussion. Nevertheless this lower middle class family in the making in Jamaica was to do its share with the Barretts towards the creation of one of the great romances of all time. Two of the chief members of this family the Reverend William May was to bury under a velvet pall! Yet no group could have been less suggestive of velvet palls and the trappings of either the living or the dead or more unromantic in the general family picture which the Tittle records reveal. It is interesting because expressive and typical of human experience during those years of aftermath from the earthquake to watch the Tittles as an unimportant yet basic family develop their new holdings in Kingston and elsewhere. But the Tittles with others had another "act of God" through which to pass.

For two nights, the 26th and 27th of August, 1722, those who lived in Spanish Town, in Kingston, or in that neighbor-

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hood, had looked out fearfully on a sky lurid with lightning. In the harbor water was rising, and upon the cays about Port Royal no one could land in order to take the men upon them to some possible place of safety. The waves were beginning to run in prodigious mountains. Then about eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August the whirl and roar of the hurricane were upon them and the air was filled with shingles and tiles "flying about like arrows." In Spanish Town a great deal went down, never to be set in position again, including the offending statues of Moses and Aaron on either side of the altar of the Spanish Town Cathedral, for whose presence Thomas Barritt had been responsible in part. In Kingston heavy houses were toppled over and lightly-built structures flattened out like packs of cards. On that day, the Reverend William May and his young wife Smart Mary Pennant attempted flight from their home. They were too late to escape. By the falling of their house the Rector was badly injured and his wife mortally hurt. She died in the arms of her husband.²⁰ Water which had risen sixteen to eighteen feet during the day was receding by five o'clock. Within an hour land and streets were dry again. Sudden violence and sudden death had been upon them. The hurricane had killed or injured people like the Mays and left unharmed Edward and Lucia Tittle, their two daughters and the two sons.

III

As the Tittles acquired property, in the indentures from the year 1702 to the year 1724, Browning's great-great-grandfather is referred to three times as a cordwainer (one of these times cordwainer is given as "shoemaker") of Port Royal and once as "Edward Tittle of Port Royall Tavern Keeper." In the first of these recorded indentures, a St. Andrew's land deed under date of the 18th of August, 1702, he is referred to as "Edward Tittle of Port Royall in the Island aforesaid Cordwayner." He is set down nine times as cordwainer of Kingston.²¹ In some of the early, extant Tittle indentures there is a reference to the

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“late dreadfull Judgement & Calamity.” In these indentures the following bit of history,—the same in each though differently worded—is the background against which the Tittles, as well as the town of Kingston, established themselves:

And whereas since the late dreadfull Judgement and Calamity of the Earthquake & the greate desolation made at Port Royall thereby it hath been thought fit & agreed upon for the publick good & the greater Security & Conveniency of Trade & Livinge to Settle & Build in & upon the said ffive hundred & thirty acres of land a new Towne then to be & since & now called & knowne by the name of Kingston on the Harbour of Port Royal & accordingly the said Land hath been actually surveyed Laid out & divided into severall & distinct Lotts and Parcells.

To and fro across the harbor must Edward Tittle and other members of his family have gone in a wherry between Port Royal where he was both shoemaker and tavern keeper, and Kingston and Halfway Tree where he was also shoemaker and owned many houses—among them cook rooms—, and much land. Between the year 1699, when they were married, and the year 1724 Edward Tittle and his wife Lucia bought not inconsiderable amounts of land in St. Andrew, some of it probably not far from the Church. These recorded purchases involved many hundreds of pounds current money of Jamaica. No doubt sometimes they involved more, for then as now it may have been wise not to reveal the price paid for land. The Tittles, too, bought slaves. A barber by the name of Virtue sold Edward Tittle three slaves: a negro woman named Venus, a boy Quashe, and a “Pickaniny” named Robin. There was a negro man named Mannel who came with two acres of land in St. Andrew. With the forty acres of Wagwater land which Mary bought came four slaves, Mingo, Jenny, Durham, and an unnamed slave, also a record of the brand mark which they bore upon them.

These holdings of the Tittles, of which only an incomplete record can remain, show them slowly, methodically, and energetically multiplying their possessions. Also they bring with them details of interest. Some of their land adjoined the land

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of Charles Morgan, the brother of Sir Henry Morgan. This brother Charles and Colonel Byndloss were, it will be remembered, Sir Harry's companions in carousing. Machorah, who sold the Tittles a lot and its cook rooms in Kingston, was a free negro woman, the wife of David Price. Rachell Hartshorne of Port Royal, who sold Edward Tittle ten acres of land in St. Andrew, was a "wholesale dealer." In 1719 Rachell Hartshorne had a nine-year-old son Richard Edwards to whom she left her property, including real estate and slaves. In case of the boy's death her property was to be divided equally between Rachell, the daughter of Seaburn Larson, gentleman of Spanish Town,²² and the children of Edward Tittle, "Cordwayner of the Parish of Kingston."

It is evident also that Lucy, Lucia, or Lucea Tittle as wife of Edward Tittle and mother of one son (or was it two?) and two daughters was not only a good business woman but also an important person,—an impression confirmed by subsequent events. In one of the deeds which helped to make history in the backgrounds of the Browning family, Edward Tittle sold one lot in Kingston on the 18th of March, 1724, to his son John Tittle, a lot twenty-five by seventy-five feet on King Street. In this indenture the son is referred to not as son but as "John Tittle of the same place Mariner." Evidently, therefore, Robert Browning's great-grandfather was a sailor before, under the influence of the Reverend William May, he studied for orders and became, as the phrase was then, a "clerk." Curiously enough this document is witnessed by "Edward Tittle Jun," and is the only Tittle document so witnessed. In this fact lies a possible assertion by Lucia Tittle of the right of inheritance of the only son whom she acknowledged as hers.

IV

The years passed and Edward Tittle and his wife Lucy were no longer young. They were substantially established in Kingston; they were middle-aged; they had acquired estates; and the

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business of cordwainer was sinking into the background. Had not the Reverend William May given an extra flourish in the spelling of the name of Tittle and set his seal to the following entry in the register of Kingston Parish Church:

Henry Barber of ye Parish of Kingston Gentleman & Mary Tyttle of ye same place Spinster were joyn'd together in ye Holy State of Matrimony on the 23rd day of August 1730

William May

Rector of Kingston ²³

Had not the Tittles Senior exchanged a lot in Port Royal for a lot in King Street, Kingston, for "the better and more speedy advancement in the world of their said Daughter Mary"—hitherto for thirty-one years Mary Tittle but now the wife of Henry Barber, gentleman! That the family of the Tittle was not gentle in descent and that within one generation—if recorded status is to be trusted—they intermarried with the "gentry," are equally plain. Lucia Tittle's son was soon to be referred to as Edward Tittle gentleman. Their daughter Ann had married a "gentleman," Richard Addison. Two years later John Tittle's father and Lucia his wife were transferring their slave Lynda and her three children Abigail, Fortune and Johnny, to Ann

for the natural love and affection that they bear towards their Daughter Ann Title.

But no appreciative or possessive references of any sort to John, such as were applied to Edward, Ann and Mary, are found in any one of the two score recorded Tittle documents. And for this fact there must be some explanation.

A Letter from John Tittle

Courtesy of the Lord Bishop of London, Fulham Palace

My very good Lord

90

Having Liberty of writing to you lately by Lady ~~and ordinary but~~ ~~the~~ ~~which~~ ~~to deliver~~ the Letter herself to you ~~in~~ ~~which~~ ~~to inform~~ your Lordship (I must take it) when I am in this Place, when I get a presentation to a parish; which Letter I hope will receive ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~hath~~ ~~of~~ ~~favours~~ of your Lordship's acceptation.

And the Occasion of the present Trouble is only to inform you that I (thinking it my Duty) have sent you by the present Convoys, & with this Letter two ~~five~~ ~~of~~ ~~plus~~ ~~planted~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~box~~ which I trust will ~~may~~ ~~be~~ ~~preferred~~ ~~safe~~ ~~to~~ ~~England~~ & be favourably received by your Lordship.

My Lord when I reflect upon your Lordship's great Character & eminent Station in the Church ~~I~~ ~~perceive~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~too~~ ~~great~~ ~~a~~ ~~Liberty~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~taken~~ ~~in~~ ~~these~~ ~~things~~ ~~but~~ ~~when~~ ~~I~~ ~~consider~~ ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~Obligations~~ ~~I~~ ~~lay~~ ~~under~~ ~~to~~ ~~you~~ ~~&~~ ~~that~~ ~~my~~ ~~present~~ ~~Happiness~~ ~~&~~ ~~Hopes~~ ~~of~~ ~~future~~ ~~Bliss~~ ~~are~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~great~~ ~~Measure~~ ~~owing~~ ~~to~~ ~~your~~ ~~Lordship's~~ ~~goodness~~ ~~then~~ ~~I~~ ~~think~~ ~~it~~ ~~my~~ ~~Duty~~ ~~to~~ ~~show~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~grateful~~ ~~were~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~power~~ ~~&~~ ~~accordingly~~ ~~endeavour~~ ~~to~~ ~~demonstrate~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~so~~.

That you may enjoy all the Happiness you would wish yourself here, & be so ever happy hereafter. My sincere hearty Wish of

My very good Lord
Yours Lordship's

most oblig'd
most dutiful
Emost obedient humble servant

John Tittle.

St Christopher
June 7th 1730

PS
My Lord I beg leave to request you, if I have not an ind^{ty}
or ^{by the way} good parish in this Island

Signature Page of John Tittle Letter

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOUSE OF TITTLE

IN the midst of the developments and problems of Jamaica, John Tittle, the oldest of the children of Edward Tittle, was receiving a dominant influence from William May, with no doubt a clear understanding of the "position" of that influence. First a little boy going with his family to Church, then a Sailor, from time to time at home in Kingston on shore leave, then studying for orders in England to become a Clerk, John Tittle knew well the heavy overturn and brief tenure of clerical life in Jamaica, and, therefore, the numerous openings for this gentlemanly, respectable and not unprofitable way of living. Had not his pastor become a rich man?

There are mutilated sentences in one letter which suggest that from the beginning John Tittle had wished to be given a charge in Jamaica.¹ It was not, however, the sheltering clerical garments and position of the Reverend William May in Jamaica that he was to enjoy! Travelling to St. Kitts by way of New York,² he is found in the Leeward Islands. He had reached St. Christopher in February, 1730, after a "very long Passage." At the close of this very long passage, as John Tittle came into the open roadstead of Basseterre, St. Kitts, there lay before him the south coast of an island striking in its beauty and famous for its fertility. The town itself was of goodly foundations, brick, free stone and timber. There were storehouses where the merchants traded goods from England for the products of the Island. Among these foundations were a Church, a Public Hall,

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and a Hospital. By the time the second generation of Tittles took up their residence in Basseterre, the town had some 800 houses.

The Island, not more than twenty-three miles long, was noted in the eighteenth century for its wealth. Almost one half the arable portion of some 17,000 acres for sugar growth and 4,000 acres for pasturage was given over to sugar culture. Composed of nine parishes, with two of which (St. George Basseterre and Capisterre) John Tittle was to be particularly identified, St. Kitts had four towns: Basseterre, Sandy Point, Old Road and Deep (Dieppe) Bay. Near Sandy Point rises the famous Brimstone-Hill, also a fortification called Charles Fort; and at Basseterre and Palmetto-Point were batteries. Behind the town of Basseterre—always to be identified with the family of Robert Browning because John Tittle settled there and there received his first salary in sugar—rises a semi-circle of mountains, the chief mountain known as Monkey Hill. To the southeast those who dwelt in Basseterre could see the point of a horseshoe curve eight miles distant, beyond which and a narrow channel a mountain rose from the sea,—the Island of Nevis.

Of immediate influence in St. Kitts John Tittle had apparently none. Only the Bishop of London, Edmund Gibson, distant some thousands of miles, cared about the existence and opportunities of a John Tittle. In area St. Kitts is a sixth the size of Jamaica, less important and in climate a marked contrast. In Jamaica John Tittle's pastor William May was to record several years later, in letters to the same Bishop who had placed Tittle in St. Kitts, that thirteen clergymen who had gone out to take parishes in Jamaica had died in five years. But in St. Kitts the climate was bracing and healthful and the clergy did not die fast enough to open up opportunities for ambitious young divines who, acclimated over at least two generations to the West Indian climate, had every promise of surviving those just out from England. With something of this thought in mind John Tittle wrote a letter promptly to the Bishop of London, begging to be granted the "Liberty of removing to Jamaica."³

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In due course and before he could receive a reply to this letter John Tittle had received from the Commander in Chief of the Islands a presentation to the Parish of St. Thomas, where there was no church and, on account of the expense of support, there were plenty of Parishioners who wished neither a clergyman nor a Church! And there in a parish midway between Basseterre and Sandy Point he found himself settling into the clerical harness, on the shore of the Caribbean, with Mount Misery rising almost directly behind the parish. Probably the place of assembly was Church Gutt where, later, a church was built. That John Tittle wrote of his "Dilamr. & Uneasiness" cannot seem odd. He had applied to the Commander in Chief for another charge which it was promised he should have. But, he continued,

I beg Leave to observe to your Lordship Yt there are here at prest. as many Clergy. Men as Livings for 'em, & that we are in Expectation daily of four or five more.

In 1729 already resident for a decade in St. Kitts was the Reverend John Anderson, the influence of whose achievement and life there was to be of supreme importance in the career of John Tittle. Some ten years before Tittle had landed in the Leeward Islands, John Anderson had arrived in St. Kitts.⁴ He had a speedy passage—five weeks and two days,—and "all the Encouragement" he could have wished for both from General Hamilton, the Governor, and from others. John Anderson wrote Dr. Astry of Fulham that he had been presented with the "Parish of Trinity Palmetto Point" and also the charge of the adjoining "French Grounds" in which the Governor had persuaded the gentlemen of Basseterre to make contributions for the support of Divine Services. Trinity, Palmetto Point, is one of the original English Parishes. The Church is about four miles from Basseterre. John Anderson thought that both places together might be worth £200 a year. But it was hard to know the value of the parishes

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because of ye ill payment when there are ill crops, and because payment is usually or rather always made in Sugars & the like Produces of these Islands, & not in ready money:

And he found it hard, too, because of the hot climate to preach twice and to read Divine Service twice every Sunday at places that were above four miles apart, as Palmetto Point and Basseterre are. In his second available letter, written a year later, it is plain that John Anderson had been quickly "seasoned" by the privation, suffering, and violent fevers common to a drought year. But he wrote cheerfully, stating that the "Providence of Almighty God" had been hitherto on his side. Perhaps Anderson had learned patience during the years he taught a grammar school in Lambeth! In any event he was "prospering," despite the fact that his Parish of Palmetto Point was the poorest in the Island and "in a manner quite deserted" because most of its inhabitants had moved to Basseterre where there was no settled Parish! Cheerfully did he continue:

At Basseterre again, 'tis no small Inconvenience both to me & ye Inhabitants, yt there is no oyr place for ye publick Worship of God, but a small hired Room belonging to a private House, not sufficient to contain ye 3d part of ye Audience, and so extremely hot by reason of its narrowness & Lowness of the Roof that several persons every Sunday are ready to faint away & are forc'd to be carryed out; Whereby you may easily guess how grievously stifling ye heat is upon him that performs Divine Service.

He had no "Utensils for Sacred uses" but he had forty communicants, a number far exceeding any which had been "formerly observed." Persons continued to faint in his congregation; but a popular clergyman and a widower could afford to be tranquil about this, and he was! John Anderson was aware that his "present post" had proved "uneasy" to all his predecessors. Alas for the impermanence of good fortune and popularity! He was beginning to tap on the necessity for "shifting" for oneself which he saw was almost universal among his fellow clergy in the Leeward Islands.⁵ He saw plainly that the regularity of the stipend he had received, during the three years

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(1712 to 1714) he taught a grammar school in Lambeth, would not repeat itself in St. Kitts either in regularity or in dependableness.

How could it have been otherwise than that the clergy had to accept the conditions of the social life or had to take the brunt of what he calls "a rude, ignorant & dissolute people"?⁶ With the wit which was undoubtedly his, John Anderson described in one letter written the Bishop of London this dissolute people as "Ye good company we have transported to us from ye Gaoles of Gt. Brittain."⁷ A description of the adventures, of the struggles for mere existence, in the midst of the economic and social conditions of their parishes, of these emigrant ministers to the western world called "America," would in the main make a heart-breaking story of defeat. And in this defeat John Anderson was to share, despite the fact that in material ways he had success above the common lot.

In September 1725 all seemed to be going well with the Reverend John Anderson, for the Vestry of Basseterre said they were willing to contribute an added "ten thousand of sugar towards the Maintenance of a Curate" to assist their Rector.⁸ Little did their minister suspect at first that this offer to support a curate was a deliberate plot of two enemies—one of them Governor George of Montserrat—to drive John Anderson into financial trouble. By withdrawing their offer of support after the curate had arrived, they could thereby force their minister to pay the entire salary. A year and a month later John Anderson wrote the Bishop something of the Grievances of Religion "in these Countries of exceeding great Licentiousness & Barbarissor" (sic).⁹ He thinks that he had perhaps erred in not acquainting the Bishop before

with the uneasiness I have met with these two years past from one or two Men of very turbulent spirit, who have become enemies to me for what it was impossible for me to avoid; one that liv'd in open Adultery; for refusing to give him ye Sacrat. And another for requireing, in ye most obligeing manner, a Debt that he had owed me for a long time.

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He of the debt was a wild Irishman on the Vestry and conveniently possessed of a keen sense of humor and a moral lacuna. And the other to whom he had refused the Sacrament was none other than Governor George of Montserrat. A hardy Scotchman to challenge the attention of such a powerful arm of local government!

As John Anderson was facing the facts of an emigrant minister's economic situation, a London merchant, William Coleman, influential in St. Kitts because of his social and financial connections, but at the most probably known to Anderson merely by name, was already a factor of importance in the history of Anderson's plantation. When Daniel Smith, the Lieutenant Governor of Nevis and father-in-law of William Mathew the Lieutenant-Governor of the Leeward Islands, made his will in 1722, he appointed William Coleman of London, Merchant, a guardian of his children and overseer of his property. It was in 1724 that John Anderson refused the Sacrament to Governor George of Montserrat and charged him with living in "open Adultery." Not only were William Mathew and Governor George officially associated, they shared also a type of "social" loyalty, and it was for these reasons and under the influence of the Governor of Montserrat that William Mathew became a persistent enemy in the life of Anderson. Anderson was on the 10th of March, 1728, finally and "violently forced" out by the Lieutenant Governor and the Parish given to one who was already possessed of three other parishes in the Island: St. Thomas Old Road, St. John Capisterre and St. Peters Basseterre, and who was from Monday morning to Saturday night "in a perpetual Jaunt." According to the Fulham Palace letters the clergyman of the perpetual Jaunt was "a Man Wholly given up to Good-fellowship, in feasting, Gameing, Danceing, & the like." With the bite of Scotch wit, Anderson wrote the Bishop the sobriquet of this same gentleman: "the Peripatetick Parson,"¹⁰ together with a vivid picture of him standing in the public streets with the wedding favors of his latest marriage "fee" stuck in his hat! Could Chaucer have done better?

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II

This was the background of the clerical life to which John Tittle had come, in which two of these parishes—St. Peters Basseterre and St. John Capisterre—were to become the cures of John Tittle. He could not have seen otherwise than that if he was to succeed in St. Kitts he must curry favor with those in power. His letters had made it plain that this “field,” however dangerous and undesirable, was overcrowded. If my Lord of London was powerless to do everything for him needed for his advantage and security in St. Christopher, my Lord was nonetheless pivotal to his future as a whole. Dilemma and uneasiness enough for him there were in the place in which in 1730 the Bishop’s bounty had landed him! As the months went on, it was natural that he should think of escaping to Jamaica, for at home in Kingston all was proceeding with profit.

John Tittle had sent a letter by Lady Londonderry to my Lord of London. This he followed by another letter and

by the present conveyance & with this Letter two Pine Apples, *planted in a Box*, which I heartily wish may be preserved safe to England & be favourable received by your Lordship.¹¹

After sentences intended to be even more flattering than pineapples, and six lines of signature, John Tittle recollected himself in this postscript to add the only fact in which a “working” Bishop could be supposed to be vitally interested:

P.S.

My Lord, I beg leave to observe to you, yt I have now an indifferent or tollerable good Parish in this Island.

The crowding of the candidates for clerical posts in St. Kitts did not deter John Tittle from marrying. Between the years 1731 and 1733 he had married Margaret Strachan, the daughter of the surgeon Dr. George Strachan of St. Kitts. Margaret Strachan’s brother George was also a surgeon in St. Kitts. Sometime before 1734 the elder Strachan had died. Benjamin Estridge

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of St. Kitts was the executor. In the attempt to make Estridge account for the third of Strachan's estate due his wife, Margaret, John Tittle had become involved in a chancery suit.¹² On the 5th of August, 1734, Ferdinando John Paris of the Inner Temple, gentleman, and attorney for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, had entered an appearance for the Reverend John Tittle to Benjamin Estridge's appeal for a chancery decree which had condemned Estridge as executor of George Strachan's estate.¹³

Of information about Anderson there is less and less. Sometime after the purchase of property in St. George Basseterre and the building of a house, John Anderson married again. The name of his second wife was Ann Nash. They were married on New Year's Day, 1734, in the Parish of St. Peters.¹⁴ Formerly happy and quiet in his cures, with his communicants notably increasing between 1719 and 1728 in St. George Basseterre, his had not been the wisdom of the serpent but something better. He had challenged the custom of the country. Even General Hamilton, once a friend, must have found this Scotch clergyman socially disturbing, for it would seem the Governor had referred to Anderson as one who kept to his "Cell like a monk" and came not abroad to wait upon his superiors.¹⁵ And suddenly there flashes out from the letters preserved in Fulham Palace a sentence in a letter written on the 22nd of April, 1735, from the Lieutenant Governor, William Mathew.

Mr. Anderson Indeed of this Island has not seen the Inside of his own to Officiate, or any other Church to attend Divine Service these two years.

John Anderson was neither forgotten nor forgiven! Five months later Anderson is writing the Bishop to say that he had found himself in the hands of a gentleman of such hearty good will to do him wrong, and such power in the Country, that he had "been fain to sit still & have Patience."¹⁶ Scanty salaries and the "shuffling manner" in which they were generally paid had led him to make shift for himself. He had built up a "hand-

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some Estate" and he had no children. He planned, after some legacies were paid to his wife Ann and her relations and some of his own, to devise the rest of his plentiful estate to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of which "Honble Body" his Lordship was an "eminent Member."

The scene shifts to London on Tufton Street at what was familiarly known as the "S.P.G." House. The date was the 17th of December, 1736. The Secretary for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Dr. David Humphreys, was reporting on a letter received from some noblemen and gentlemen, trustees in Scotland, about John Anderson's will. And then the "Original Will of the said Mr. Anderson," who had died, was read by the Society. They had read the will, they had listened to the letters of the Trustees. Since they were "not enough apprised" of the value and circumstances of the estate they would endeavor "to get proper Information." They referred the matter to the Committee and adjourned to the third Friday in January.

On that day of the 21st of January, 1736, they reconvened, present with them the Reverend John Tittle and Ferdinando John Paris, of the Inner Temple gentleman, the Society's attorney. John Tittle was to make a proposal for the purchase of his predecessor's plantation, Ferdinando John Paris to attend to the coming legal business in connection with this Will. It was not the first time these two had met. Paris and Tittle had known each other at least some two years. Tittle, temporarily resident in St. Andrew Holborn in the county of Middlesex, laid his proposal before the Society to purchase the Real and Personal Estate of Anderson.

On the first of February, 1735, the Society met again. The Committee reported that several persons had made proposals for the purchase of the Estate of the "late Mr. Anderson, and the Reverend Mr. Tittle's appeared to be most for the Interest of the Society," and that Tittle had signed the "Conditions of Sale."¹⁷ All was harmony and promise. For the third time John

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Tittle's name was proposed as a member of the Society, and he was then by balloting chosen a member.¹⁸

As soon as the conveyance connected with purchase was made and executed, John Tittle was to go over "forthwith" to St. Christopher to make "an Exact and true Inventory" in writing of all the Estate both real and personal. He was to ship "the whole crops of Sugar and other goods Wares Merchandise and Effects" which came from the Estate to London to William Coleman or to William Coleman the younger. Finally Tittle was to be allowed "£ 150 a year St. Christophers Currency for his skill pains care trouble and management of the said Estate in St. Christophers." The articles of agreement are clear. They were signed by William Coleman and John Tittle on the 21st day of March, 1736. . . . Probably in the stodgy atmosphere of the Society's meetings and in the drabness of the S.P.G. House there was but one person present who had "seen" the patient John Anderson. John Tittle had known him some five years.

Within a year and a month, on the 26th of May, 1737, from St. Christopher, John Tittle was writing bad news to the Bishop of London. Because of the "dry weather and blast" the Island was in a "Calamitous condition." Besides there was the "Evil or Plague," and little or no sugar would be made. He and Mr. Coleman would be brought into debt and he asked that the Annuitants might "abate" their annuities. In 1739 John Tittle found at least one way of recouping his losses in being presented to the Parish of St. Mary Cayon.¹⁹ It is true that he was established in Basseterre. But distances are small in St. Kitts. The plantation which he shared with William Coleman is set down on the Baker map under the heading "Messrs. Coleman & Tittle" and was something under two miles distant from Basseterre.²⁰ Because of its alphabetical list of subscribers, including Tittle's own name, this rare Baker map has a wide interest. Among those names as friends, as enemies, as associates were names cited in the Anderson letters, the Tittle indentures, and the Acts of the Privy Council.

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From the time John Tittle rode away from Basseterre, its right-angled streets, the uneven flagstones of its streets sloping to gutters in the middle, its dim and aromatic stores or warehouses, and its wooden dwellings with basements of stone, it was a fifteen minute canter to the plantations of which he was part owner and manager and where the surrounding plantations were owned by men—James Gordon and Daniel Mathew—whose names become familiar through the John Anderson letters or the Tittle indentures. From Basseterre, Tittle's Parish of St. Mary Cayon was five miles distant, three quarters of an hour's ride or drive through a country of romantic beauty. On the Baker map appears the symbol of the Parish Church where John Tittle kept his parish registers with an exactness and detail worthy the tradition of William May. Adjoining the Church was the parsonage Glebe, and his nearest neighbor was John White, Esq., who brought action against John Tittle for letting the Parsonage. In Tittle's day the so-called village of Cayon was composed of a few wooden buildings with thatched roofs, the houses set fifteen to twenty feet apart and in the midst of coconut palms. Protection and decoration and even medication were found in logwood fences, the French physic nut and the castor oil plant.²¹

The restful business impersonality which, seemingly, characterized the action of William Coleman of London merchant, of Ferdinando John Paris and of the Scottish Trustees through the S.P.G. did not obtain in St. Kitts. Apparently John Tittle had been writing many letters to the Bishop of London. Certainly in the first of the extant or available letters, Tittle with these plunging paragraphs leaps into the midst of things:

My very good Lord,

I shou'd not, so soon after the Trouble of my last Letter have given you the Trouble of These, had not my Interest been likely to suffer much, as now is, by the vile Principles of Mr. Coleman with whom I am jointly concerned in this Estate.

An Estate which by my Industry and Care he finds is like to be a very profitable One, and therefore, wou'd deprive me of

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my Moiety of It; by a late Letter to his Attorneys to turn me out of the possession thereof, contrary to our Articles that I shou'd remain in Possession of the Same, until I shou'd act unfaithfully, which He does not attempt to prove that I have, nor can he: And also without rend'ring me an Accot. of the present Years Produce, the Moiety whereof he knows I am entitled, which amounts to £1170 Sterling for 180 Hhds which I have sent him this year at £13 Sterling p. Hogshead, the sum our last Sugars sold for produced £2340.

My Lord I intend by this Trouble to you to intreat your Lordship's Recommendation of me to ye Society & humbly desire that if you and they can, or if that Honble Board have it in their Power to divest the vile purposes of this Man, or to Deliver me from the ill Usage he intends me; They wou'd take this Matter into their Consideration, & to preserve my Interest, by exercising any Authority they may yet have for that End, or serve me. The Reciprocal Articles or Covenants between us Mr. Paris knows very well, & he can inform the Society as to my Right of the Half of this Estate. If these Gentlemen can serve me I really am an Object of Yours & their Care & Favour because I am like to be treated in so base a Manner by one who has all my Labour and Pains to render the Estate valuable & who was serv'd not long since when a malignant Fever Raged here, by my keeping our Negroes up and well, & for Service, by a constant Care & Attendance upon them; tho' the Distemper was catching (for it was a Plague) at even the Hazard of my Wife's and own Life.

I most humbly hope to be indulged with an Answer and remain

My very good Lord
Your Lordship's most obedient
humble Servant
J. Tittle.

St. Christophers
October 3rd 1739

Nor is John Tittle able to refrain from this P.S.:

My Lord this Man I mean Mr. Coleman is sd to be worth £70000 Sterling. is one of the Pillars of a Meeting; and yet has been so dishonest a Person; for notwithstanding I keep possession of the Estate, and am likely to overcome his Agents yet he is nevertheless criminal I can shew by several of his Letters he has designed me foul Playe.

The Rt. Reverend the Bishop of London.²²

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Invariably the address of William May's letters to the Bishop of London had been either "My Lord" or "May it please your Lordship." With John Anderson it was always "My Lord." Something of the "temperament" of John Tittle seems by comparison to appear in his invariable mode of address: My very good Lord.

III

The Reverend William May had been "home" and had, no doubt, heard from the Bishop and from others while in London of John Anderson's death and St. Kitts legacy to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Possibly he had been told of the plans to put the Basseterre plantation on the market. And he must have known that John Tittle was in London. Orderly, prudent, regular, cautious in giving a recommendation, with intimate knowledge of the Tittles as a family and of John Tittle as an individual, it would be revelatory to have even a broken record of William May's thought about the Tittles.

Regularity of living was not an academic question in Jamaica. May wrote a year later that the Ministers who came to Jamaica without his "Lordship's License" had all been with the exception of "Mr. Lister . . . a Scandal to their Profession."²³ He found himself, as the Bishop's Commissary, according to a legal clause on the 88th page of the Laws of Jamaica pointed out to him by a Lawyer in Jamaica, without power to prosecute any Clergyman "for any Offense whatever." Should May even attempt to punish those clergy who did wrong he was "liable to be Sued for all Damages." The hazards of the clerical life in Jamaica were not imaginary. Vacancies occurred with terrible frequency revealing all too clearly the toll taken by fevers. But the Reverend William May went on with a continuance not unlike that of the Reverend James Zellers of Halfway Tree who had made the Tittles man and wife.

On the 5th of January, 1739, the Kingston Harbor Street was crowded—among the crowds must have been Barretts and

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Tittles in their chaises and on horseback—to welcome home the fleet of Admiral Vernon, the battered ships, the strange engines of war, the victorious men. Wherries hurried to and fro between the old harbor of Port Royal and the new of Kingston. There were shouts of welcome and of triumph; hats and hands were waved, and the colors floated from topmast and from harbor. The day following, the streets about the Parish Church were thronged when the victorious Vernon took the Sacrament in the Parish Church of Kingston, William May officiating.

Two years later May was again writing about war; but he was even more concerned about the education of his children, of whom he had eight, six sons and two daughters:

The chief reason why I shou'd be glad to have a Living in England, is that I might take proper Care of the Education of my Children. We have no good Schools here, and therefore are Oblig'd to send our Children home to be Educated: and I know by woful Experience that they often Miscarry in their Morals for want of the Watchful Care, the good Advice and the Seasonable Reproof or Correction of a Parent.²⁴

The children of New England were being educated in their own schools,—good schools with excellent masters. Not a few of these schools were on their way through the third quarter of the century towards the one hundredth anniversary of their founding. And the children of those schools were white children. Not so the West Indian children, who, as it happened, might be quadroon, mulatto, white. Together they travelled on crowded ships to England and Scotland where, often with no guardian within reach, they embarked upon a climate and a life totally unknown to them. The Reverend William May must have known not a few tragedies to children resulting from the “passage” arrangements which became increasingly profitable to the shipping companies and to English and Scottish schools.

Unquestionably the post of Bishop's Commissary brought with it more trouble than it did power. With increasing years and a developing parish, and with a home life in which for over

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a decade illness, tragedy and death were to be found, William May was heavily weighted. At the age of forty-eight he writes the Bishop:

I have, my Lord, a great deal of Duty in my Parish (arising from the Numbers of People in it, not from the Extensiveness of it) which, by reason of my frequent Ailments, I am not able to attend in the manner I wou'd, and ought to do: and therefore I beg the favour of your Lordship (if You can meet with a Man of good Character, who is willing to go abroad, and One that is *Patiens Pulveris atque Solis*) to send me over a Curate: and I will allow him fifty pounds a year sterling; and He shall Diet and Lodge at my House, and have his Linen wash'd and mended without any Expence to Himself; and whenever He goes upon any Duty for me, He may have an Horse or Chaise, and a Servant to wait upon him: all which Conveniences, He cou'd not get here (in the manner he shall be supplied with them by me) for an hundred a Year. And if He can make Interest to get a Ship that is Station'd here, I shall give Him leave to Officiate on board once or twice a Month, whilst the Ship is in Harbour, or oftener when I am well, and the Captain requires it.²⁵

William May's ailments, gout and asthma, incapacitated him more and more. This pastor of the Tittles had become an important figure in Jamaica and was because of his integrity either honored or feared by all. Through marriage with a daughter of one of the greatest landholding families in Jamaica he had grown wealthy. But he never became careless about his fees, for in another letter in which he was still begging the Bishop to send him a curate, he wrote, "But he must be accountable to me for all Surplice-Fees, that He shall receive."²⁶ The fees for burials ran sometimes to £200 in one year in Kingston. And to these fees the House of Tittle was about to contribute heavily.

IV

Against a background of the thriving town of Kingston and a Pastor growing in importance, what were the Tittles, substantial and thriving, doing in Kingston? The successful pioneer of

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the Tittle family, Edward Tittle, cordwainer, was on the 8th of February, 1737, placing his signature, together with the mark of his wife Lucy, to a deed transferring for the sum of £20 all that had come to him through the will of Rachell Hartshorne, wholesale dealer of Port Royal, to John Tittle. Nothing was said of their "natural love and affection," and they did not refer to him as their son. They wrote of him as "John Tittle now in Kingston aforesaid Clerk."²⁷ He was, then, in February, 1737, in Jamaica, but was back in St. Kitts by May, and was writing the Bishop of London about the drought which had cut out all profit from the Basseterre plantation. Later references make it seem probable that the trouble with regard to the son John was not based on any difficulty between him and his brother Edward.

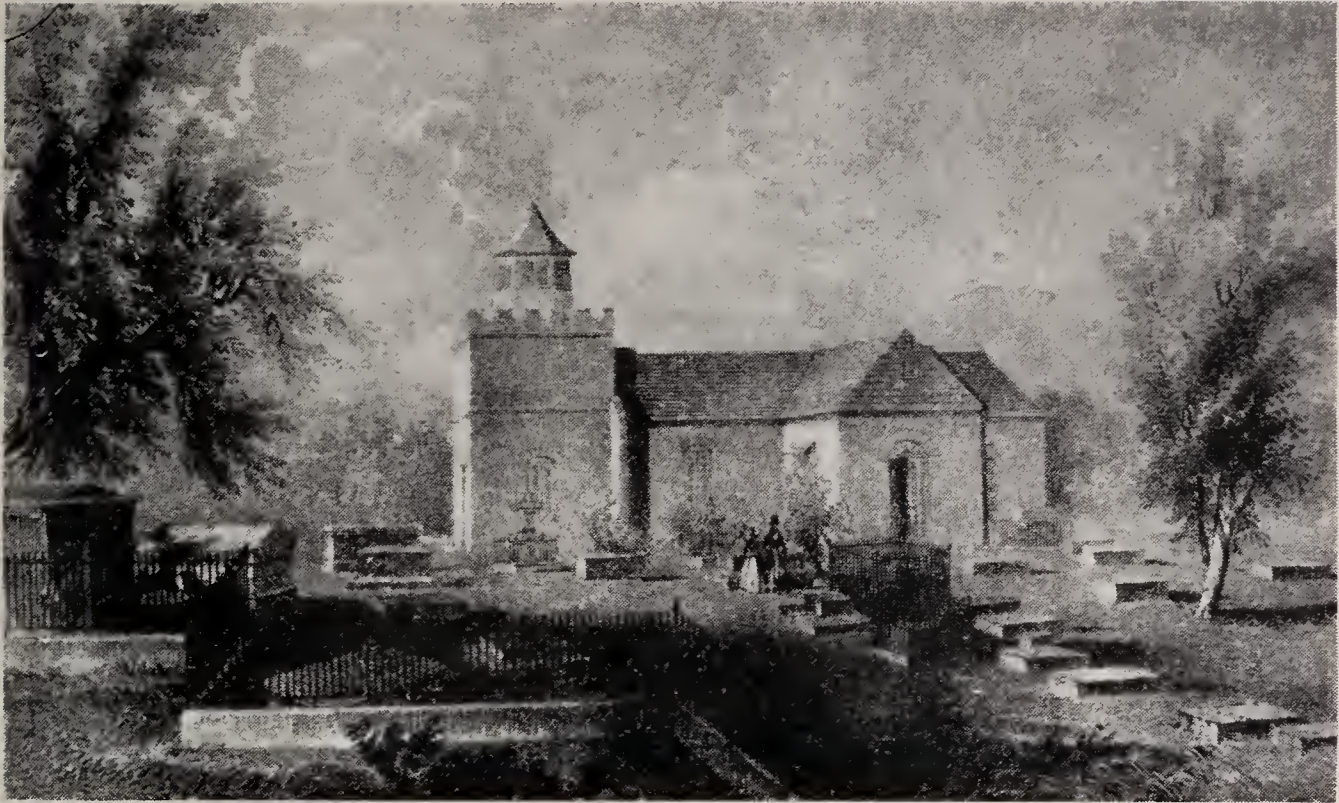
There died the year following a son-in-law of Edward Tittle's, Richard Addison gentleman, Ann Tittle's husband. He had made his wife executrix. In the will Ann Addison made eight years later (?) in favor of her daughter Elizabeth Addison, her brother Edward, and three sons she had had by "her friend" Moses Lilly, there is a record which places one of her houses "above the Church." To her "brother" John she makes no reference.²⁸

It would seem that the position of Lucy Tittle in her determination to ignore John was strong enough so that she could discriminate against him without trouble. Richard Edwards, the son of Rachell Hartshorne or Rachell Larson, had died intestate. Lucy Tittle therefore had "in common with John Edward Anne & Mary the children of above mentioned Edward Tittle" become possessed of 1/5 of the slaves and their progeny from the estate of Rachell Hartshorne. These for the "natural love & affection which Lucy Tittle hath & beareth to her son Edward Tittle of Kingston Gentleman" she made over to Edward.²⁹

Confirmation that there was difficulty in the Tittle family is found in the wording of Edward Tittle's last will made on the 2nd of November, 1741:

Halfway Tree Church

Lithograph by J. B. Kidd



Kingston Parish Church

Daguerreotype by A. Duperly



Margaret Tittle Browning
By Wright of Derby

THE HOUSE OF TITTLE

In the name of God Amen I Edward Tittle of Kingston Cordwainer being weak in body but of sound & disposing mind & memory Do for avoiding Controversies after my decease make & declare this my last Will. First I Will that all my Just debts & funeral expences shall be fully paid and satisfied All the rest and residue of all and singular my negro and other slaves not heretofore by me given by any deed or deeds or writings and also all such sum and sums of money goods chattels debts dues Lands tenements effects and Estate whatsoever both real and personal whereof & wherein I shall Dye seized possessed intituled to or interested I give devise and bequeath unto my loving wife Lucia Her heirs executors administrators and assigns for ever And I do hereby appoint my said wife Lucia sole Executrise of this my Will and Lastly revoking all former Wills by me made and declaring this as my only last Will In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 2nd. November 1741.

(the mark of)
Edward Tittle

Signed in the presence of

Thomas Collier

John Fry

R^d. A. Frith ³⁰

Edward Tittle was to live eight months longer and within that time probably to brood not a little over the affairs of his son John who with William Coleman, committed to a big estate in St. Kitts, was engaged in the attempt to adjust the demands of a plantation manager and quasi-proprietor with the care of souls. . . . For Edward Tittle quarrels were over the close of June, 1742. On the 27th of that June the following entry was made in the Register of the Parish Church:

June 27. 1742. Edward Tittle buried by his wife.
C yd. V.P.
William May Rector of Kingston ³¹

The "V.P." means "Velvet Pall" with which, because of Edward Tittle's substantial status in Kingston, his coffin was covered. In the Parish Church, on that day, the Reverend William May officiating, were, no doubt, Edward by the side of his mother, his wife and his children with him, Ann and her children, Mary and William Taylor. Then out into the Churchyard went the

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processional of family and friends carrying the body of Edward Tittle.

On the 8th of May, 1744, half a year before the death of Lucy Tittle, a tax list of all "Houses, Stores, Pens and Yards in Kingston" in the "Eastern Division" was taken at 21d per Rent. Nine pence of this was as a

Parish and Water Rent, and 12d as a Barracking Tax for defraying expenses of Repairing Rock Fort and paying the owners of negroes sent out against the Rebellious Negroes.

One of the houses set down was rented by "Tittle" to Mary Sutton at £40 per annum. And this "Tittle" may have been either Edward or his Mother. The "Widdow Taylor" was on the list,—who was perhaps the daughter Mary. Such as it is, this is one more record not only of the property-holding Tittles but also of the activity of the Maroon negroes, which was to increase in seriousness for some fifty years, finding a climax and an end in the year 1795. But lists more important than this fragment—Parish Tax Lists, Poll Tax, Vestry Minutes, and Tax Lists on Transient Merchants, Commanders, and Super Cargoes, etc.³²—contain many Tittle records from 1733 to 1780 which make it still more evident that the substantial Tittles were a family of considerable and various forms of properties: houses both as landlords and as tenants, slaves, cattle, "wheels" and wherries.

During the years 1733 to 1780 the Tittles owned houses on Harbour Street, King Street, Georges Lane and Hanover Street; and yards on West Street and Matthews Lane. In some cases Barretts and Tittles lived on the same streets but with three exceptions at such different periods of time that they could have had no contacts. The exceptions in which they must have had contact were in 1745 and 1746, when Edward Tittle and William Barrett were both landlords of houses in Port Royal Street; in 1750, when the Tittles owned a house on Harbour Street and Richard Barrett was the tenant of a house on the same street; and in 1770, when both Barretts and Tittles owned

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houses on Hanover Street. However different their class was—and it may be remained—Tittles had not only made boots for Barretts but also they were acquainted with one another for more than one hundred years before E.B.B. and R.B. met each other.

Following her husband's death Lucia Mollison Tittle was getting ready to go. On the 25th of October, 1743, she had made her will. She left property to her daughter Ann Addison and to her children by Richard Addison and Moses Lilly. She willed property to her daughter Mary, who after the death of Henry Barber had married "William Taylor of Kingston Gentleman." She made her son Edward Executor of all her property. But not once in her will did Lucy Tittle refer to John Tittle.³³

Evidence aplenty there is that the oldest "son" of the House of Tittle was more "loving" than loved in the Tittle Kingston nest. To all other members of the family there were loving references in the indentures and wills but not to John Tittle. In the Will that was proved following Lucy Tittle's death in her sixty-fifth year,³⁴ every member of her "family" including the youngest grandchild is remembered, but there is no reference even to the existence of John Tittle.

Trouble there was of some sort in the Tittle family and the evidence points towards John as the source or cause for the difficulty. When Ann made her will she referred to her loving daughter Elizabeth Addison, to her sons by Moses Lilly and her beloved brother Edward and to his two daughters Lucy and Polly (Mary). But there was not a reference to her "brother" John,—not even the customary provision for a mourning ring. . . . Not only circumstantial evidence but also time brings about curious forms of injustice. Whether just or unjust, some explanation seems to lie in the incessant quarrelling in St. Kitts and Jamaica in which John Tittle was engaged and with which he continued in St. Kitts.

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ALTHOUGH John Tittle had known Ferdinando John Paris for six years, and possibly for a longer time, he seems not to have become acquainted with the possibilities of Paris who, interviewed by a troubled Bishop of London, wrote straight off to John Tittle that it was to the "interest of both sides to accomodate each other."¹ The value of the advice is not to be questioned, but it fell, as most advice does, on deaf ears. Unable to pause for reflection, in the letter which Paris copied into his next letter John Tittle rose to a climax of bad judgment. In the very beginning of the colonization of St. Kitts there was trouble. A few years before this correspondence took place the Abbé Raynal had written of St. Christopher that disputes were in those early years endemic in the island life.² If men are what governments make them, St. Kitts was the last place to which Tittle should have gone, for, possibly, he was too much at home there!

The files of Fulham Palace were spared the preservation of at least one "difference" of John Tittle's. It was "a difference that happened between (the) Parishioners and himself." On the 16th of July, 1741, Tittle might have been found writing Edmund Gibson, the Bishop of London, that he was "heartily sorry" he wrote all about it and that he has taken all the Pains he could "to make up this Difference." He is also sending the Bishop some presents:

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twelve pounds of Chocolat in twelve Rolls, & a Cag, about nine or Ten Pounds, of pressed green Sweetmeats.

But to assume that the Bishop is not to be troubled for even the length of one letter is to fail to understand John Tittle's appetite for trouble. Having set out the presents with emphasis, he goes on to complain of Ferdinando John Paris who should go forward with Tittle's case whether he is paid or not. Having dispatched Paris, he turns his attention to William Coleman, whose villainy, according to John Tittle, has not lessened with time: John Tittle's accounts had been "called into Question Articles of so small a Trifle as Seven Shills. & ten shils" and yet William Coleman had bought and sold stocks in such a way that the losses on their common account had been £800 but William Coleman's personal gain considerable; and finally he, John Tittle, has seen not one of the Insurance Policies yet must meet his share of the expense of them. He begs his Lordship to let Mr. Pollet deliver the enclosed account to Mr. Coleman:

For by this means Mr. Coleman may not think I am without a Friend, & be at Liberty to saddle me, with what sum he pleases.³

About two months and a half pass and John Tittle is again discharging his troubles at the Bishop. Tittle had received the letter from Ferdinando John Paris quoting Tittle's letter and saying that he is sending a copy of the entire letter under date of the 22nd of May to the Bishop "lest he shou'd take wt you write for Truthz." The introductory paragraph of this letter, seeking to explain the cause of his continued misfortune, is what an impulsive man might, as he looks back, have written:

My Very good Lord,

It has been my great misfortune ever since I have been able to distinguish Things that some odd Circumstances have obliged me to make up of my Friend too fast, upon a Conviction of any Person his being such. I hope that my very good Lord & earnestly intreat of Providence, that this hard Fate might not always attend me, or that it should ever happen to me to lose your Lordship's Favour and Countenance, by reason of the frequent occasions I

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have lately had of writing to you, from that Countenance you have been pleased to afford me, and the Room of expecting an Answer from you to some of my Letters And I humbly conceive you have that Concern for my Interest as will incline to read the enclosed Copy of a Letter of Mr. Paris to me by which it will appear to you that my present Case is such an One, as needeth your Lordship's Countenance & Protection; for what can this Man mean by such a Letter which one wou'd think shou'd not be sent to any Person whose Circumstances were not the meanest in the World, and his Business & Imployment very vile; and whose Understanding was in the least Degree above That of a Natural Fool.⁴

But that is not all. John Tittle goes on, and if that stupendous mountain which rises up from the coast of St. Kitts, Mount Misery, loved company, Mount Misery had it! One is embarrassed even to seem to be a sightseer where Fate centers with such malign attention on one human being! He made statements which, if there was truth in them, would show that Coleman and Paris were in collusion.

A brief letter—less than a hundred words—from John Tittle on the 10th of July, 1742, thanks the long-suffering Bishop of London for “the Several Favours” he has done John Tittle. Not an expression of trouble! But this was merely the silence before the storm. Within a year this loudest of all the outcries⁵ for help came from Tittle:

My very good Lord,

Since my last Letter to your Lordship in this very Vessel, there is one of the most severe prosecutions going out against me, as ever was heard of in these Parts; & these wicked People are intending by all Means to destroy me. I am really distressed in this Matter, & have no one to apply to but your Lordship & my good Lord Warwick, whose Chaplain I am, to help me under this Difficulty; yt is to assist me in my Endeavor of setting aside the Proceedings here, in my Appeal, which I am determined to make for a Hearing the Cause before the King in Council, as soon as It has gone thro' the Courts here, which will be in five or six Weeks from this Date; and to obtain for me as soon as possibly you can, if the Thing is to be effected in England, or by your Power or Influence elsewhere, a Dispensation for Non residence, for I cannot reside from the Estate

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between Mr. Coleman and myself; but by our mutual Articles, I am to live upon, and look to ye Estate, & receive a certain Salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per the Year for so doing.

My Lord I am prosecuted here in an Action of four hundred pounds Sterlg. for Non residence the Term of three Years, whereas The very Plantation in which I chiefly reside is within seven Miles of my Parish Church, & I have a House on my Glybe to which I often go on ye Week-Day but always on ye Lords Day am there, & attend my Cure, unless prevented by some extraordinary Accident

My good Lord This Prosecution must hurt me in a most Extraordinary Manner, & deliver us over intirely, for if they succeed now, others may be served thus, unto the Wills of a Set of designing Men.

The Island is a small place, the Parish I am in, by Reason of the most extraordinary persons who have Estates therein residing in Great Britain, & ye const. Attendants on Divine Service. scarcely exceedinge four or six, & many of these, the very poor People even some of them Negroes but free Ones, a very inconsiderable One, the Act upon which these Men found this severe proceeding a very old one, & which cannot, one wou'd think extend to these Islands, as ye Canon Law & ye Customs of England, & ye Privileges of Ministers there are altered, & in a very great Degree taken away from Clergymen here, and as in one Word, the whole Preceeding is a most malicious Thing. I have the Earl of Warwick's Testimonial, as one of his Lordship's Chaplains, & may humbly hope that, as above related, I have but one Parish & that Parish is a very small One, and that too in a little diminutive Island this severe malicious Design may not be effected, & surely it must miscarry if to this I add, that the Place on which I mostly live is within seven, I believe I may say six Miles of my Parish Church.

My very good Lord, I wou'd by no Means have troubled your Lordship with this Affair, or even the Relation of it, but that as it is a Matter of so great Consequence I have some Reason to believe, especially as you have already been very good to me, you will pardon the Trouble and afford me yr. kind Assistance. I shall write to Mr. Paris whom I will employ in this Business, & will send to Mr. Bethel some Effects to defray the Expence thereof.

I am

My very good Lord, your Lordships most
obedient & most hum. Servant.

J. Tittle.

His Lordship the Bishop of London.⁶

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The Chancery proceedings between John Tittle of St. Peter Basseterre in the eastern end of the Island and Benjamin and William Estridge of the Parish of St. John Capisterre in the western end about the property of Margaret Strachan Tittle was separated by four months from the prosecution for non-residence in his benefice of "St. Mary Crayon."⁷ John Tittle had been turning a penny by letting for £40 the St. Mary's parsonage house on his "Glybe" near the Church. In his spelling of the word Glebe there is a suggestion that his enunciation was Cockney. He had let the Parsonage for three years at £40 the year, and had made £120. In his letter John Tittle had set down the amount of his prosecution or fine as £400. (In the Acts of the Privy Council the amount is set down as £60.⁸) On the 27th of December, 1747, comes this entry in the Acts of the Privy Council:

[Reference to the Committee of the petition of the Rev. John Tittle of St. Peter Basseterre in St. Christopher, praying to be admitted to appeal from a judgment of the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas in St. Christopher, given in June, 1743, in favour of John White] whereby the Petitioner was fined in the Sum of Sixty Pounds Sterling for non residence on his Benefice at St. Mary Crayon in that Island.⁹

John White who brought the action had an estate adjoining the Parsonage Glebe.¹⁰ How it all ended the records do not reveal. John Tittle may have lost the equivalent of £60 or he may have lost £400. Indentures which have crumbled away in the St. Kitts vault may have held the story of the outcome in property sold or arrangements made. Whatever is obscure, it is evident that John Tittle was being involved and involving himself in more and more trouble.

If Church registers are any indication John Tittle was an industrious rector. His transcriptions of the parish registers for both St. George and St. Peter Basseterre and for St. Mary Cayon exist among the Board of Trade Papers in the Public Record Office in Fetter Lane, London. Some rectors on request

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sent in bare figures, some exact transcripts. Among the latter was John Tittle of St. Mary Cayon and Basseterre. His records bring with them a picturesque vitality which is not found in the other records. This is true partly because of the personal emphasis. These are the prefacing lines of John Tittle's records for St. Mary Cayon:

"St. Christop^{rs}

Marriages, Christnings & Buryings in the Parish of Saint Mary Cayon since the year 1738 when I was presented to the said Parish" ¹¹

Among the "Buryings" one is startled to find the name "William May,"—probably some mulatto child named on the suggestion of John Tittle to parents who could not think of a name. In the manner of the former rector John Tittle inserts by whom buried in the St. George's parish records, as for example:

[1743] Sep. 23 Richard Rowland Esq^r. his Son in the Church.

Also in the records, if the burial took place in St. Peter's, his record is set down as:

[1743] Oct. 2 Ann Farrell in the Church at St. Peters

or

[1745 Oct. 2] James McCarty *Hang'd*

Also he reveals the influence of his rector William May by his inclusion of the "pall" in the records. However the brief, businesslike "V.P." becomes as in these two records somewhat extensive:

[1744-5 Jan.] 16 John Baker his wife Elizabeth & paul and
psalm in S^t Petters

20 William Sanders & Psalm & Paul in S^t Peters

[June] 7 James Honey a Child & Gloves and one L—¹²

Perhaps the "Gloves" are gloves for the pall bearers for this child. Individuality is not characteristic of parish record tran-

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scriptions; but marked individuality is certainly part of all of John Tittle's parish records and is found in no other St. Kitts parish records.

My Lord of London seems to have continued to be a patient friend until 1745,—enduring not only the fatigue of work but also the fatigue of needless trouble. After that the records cease. It might well have been said of the Bishop that “there is less heroism in exposing one's life, than in devoting it to constant fatigue.”¹³ The letters of John Anderson, of William May and John Tittle to the Bishop of London will be illuminating to many who have imaginary and romantic pictures of a Bishop of London free to carry forward the religious leadership of his people. The disentangling of the pitiful or rapacious, mundane concerns of his clergy must have taken more than half of his working time. And often at night the croaking of the frogs in the moat around Fulham Palace must have sounded like laughter deriding all my Lord of London might attempt to do.

II

The lives of the Tittles in Port Royal, in Halfway Tree and in Kingston had been framed in by disasters. The great disaster of 1692 engulfing John Waite and all the members of his family had given Edward Tittle his opportunity as cordwainer. Fifty-two years later earthquake and hurricane hastened or brought about the end of Lucy Mollison Tittle in Kingston. . . . If white men and slaves feared each other, together they feared those acts of God which came with earthquake and with hurricane, and the destruction which no intelligence or strength of man could avoid. All day long on this 20th of October, 1744, the highest peaks of the Blue Mountains seen from Port Royal and Kingston had been free from clouds and clear. The weather had been dry and hot.

As the day advanced the sun became peculiarly red. A tremendous swell from the sea rolled not only upon the coast but also into the Port Royal and Kingston Harbor. At Mosquito

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Point anxious groups looked out from Fort Augusta. Built on piles of the palmetto tree, which is water-resistant, its thick walls of masonry resting on invisible foundations beneath the sand, it was on all sides practically level with the water. It was thought to be impregnable, for Long wrote that ships, passing up the channel towards Kingston, came within "point blank shot" of a line of guns. Their eyes almost level with the sea, as the day wore on the officers, soldiers, and their families must have looked out with growing fear upon the turbulence of the water. By the warehouses on the wharves of Old Harbor, Passage Fort, and Kingston, where the Tittles owned property on both Harbour Street and Port Royal Street, stood similar groups, watching the hours pass. In the Harbor one hundred and five ships swung at anchor or were warped into the docks. Some of the ships, among them his Majesty's ship *Ripon* and eight other war ships, were in the harbors of Jamaica for the protection of the Island, for not far away were the fleets of two nations, France and Spain, with whom England was at war.

Much of the day the air had had a strange quality of stillness. Curious and horrible color, as evening came closer, spread over the heavens, and hard squalls of wind backed and filled over the points of the compass. Many who waited sniffed the air with alarm, saying it smelt of sulphur. In the negro villages of that Southside, from the sugar works, the slaves were hastening towards the great houses for shelter,—men, women, and children, dogs and other animals. The sea out beyond Port Royal darkened rapidly. Was it the swell or was the water rising? From the mountains behind Spanish Town, Kingston and Halfway Tree, the dark air was more and more filled with quantities of leaves, and even sprays from the trees. The horrible color and the flight of the leaves like flocks of birds—to be seen for almost a mile out on the harbor—were becoming dim. The wharves, which a few minutes before had stood out with amber vividness, were shrinking in size,—the wharves, the storehouses, the canoes, the wherries, the ships. Then as if a shutter had flicked across them, they vanished from sight.

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The south wind began to blow. And there was complete darkness. Suddenly the south wind withdrew. Then ceased. For a few seconds the black earth, mountains and shore line, seemed to be listening, seemed to be waiting. In the stillness came a tremor, the sea receded, the mountains leaned forward. In the houses and huts of the towns and villages, objects swung out from the wall, slid from shelves, crashed to the floors. From the negro huts came shrieks of terror. Mothers seized their children; men ran to the doorways.

Probably in the houses—among them Barrett and Tittle dwellers—for a few minutes lights moved rapidly from room to room, first on the second floor, then on the ground floor, then the lights went out. As the earth rocked, the wind drew up, coming from time to time from the north. Somewhere in the great houses the Masters' families had gathered for what safety they could get, while the slaves huddled in slave kitchens on some lower levels of the houses. From time to time they found their way about in the flashes of lightning.

The roofs of negro huts went first, and the rattle and crash of their thatch and beams were added to the curious hissing bedlam. Carrying pickaninnies, dragging old people, the slaves had struggled through the whirling darkness towards some busha house. It was their only chance for safety. They cried out loudly for help as they fought their way to the master. Now and then rose an unheard wail as, stunned or crushed by the flying debris, one of the blacks fell to earth never to rise again. When the hurricane struck, there had been lights in the houses. Now all was dark. Flattened on their bellies, crawling on hands and knees, they fought their way towards walls or steps, towards a hoped-for safety they hauled themselves, their children, their old people,—whatever did not lie out there, on the deluged earth, never to get up again,—and they beat upon the door.

The mad tattoo of flying objects, driven in the whirling hurricane, was increasing. Then for a second the roaring force seemed to push in the walls of houses and immediately after suck them out. From second floors, as the smashing bombard-

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ment on all walls continued, could be heard the occasional crash or thud of objects dropping on the floors above them. Mounting rapidly in speed and power, the hurricane revolved over the Island with a vast noise, which stunned all living creatures within its radius.

From the beginning of dark to the end of dark, from six at night to six in the morning, did that hurricane of October 20, 1744, last. With dawn, the storm drew off to sea, and groups haggard after twelve black hours, bewildered by fears known and unknown, looked out upon a changed world. Again Port Royal had been overwhelmed. Almost all of the fragment of Port Royal left by the Great Disaster of 1692 and the fire of 1702 was level with the sands. The impregnable masonry of Fort Augusta on Mosquito Point was broken in a thousand places. All the wharves and warehouses of Port Royal, Old Harbour, Passage Fort and Kingston were damaged or swept away. Of the one hundred and five ships—nine men-of-war and ninety-six merchant ships—only one remained. The *Ripon* rode out the storm but was stripped of her masts. Again floating in the harbors or crushed upon the land, hundreds of human beings lay dead. Port Royal, inundated by water, had only two or three streets left. The Wharf-side and adjoining streets in all the harbor towns had their wharves swept away and in many cases their storehouses. Dwellings were razed level with the ground or damaged beyond repair. Not a negro hut remained standing. If any part of a tree or shrub remained, it was literally a rag of what it had been. The bark from the logwood hedges was scattered everywhere. Curious piles of ruin were deposited here and there. . . . Now with lamentation and with cries, the living slaves crawled out of the slave kitchens and out of piles of debris in which, and under which, some of them had been packed throughout the night. Moaning and praying, they could be seen digging in the ruins, and their cries could be heard as they uncovered the bodies of their people. That night from the groups upon the plains and from the foothills of the Blue Mountains in the pitiless moonlight, as they buried the bodies,

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could be heard their death songs and the rattle of sticks on wood.¹⁴

In Kingston and Port Royal and elsewhere the havoc was too great to make reconstruction within a brief time possible. As a temporary relief the public stores of food and clothing were made available for thousands of the distressed. The government erected shelters in different places and in them those whose homes had been swept away and the sick and the injured found an asylum. But earthquake and hurricane were followed by pestilence. The homeless and starved were good media for disease. Again, as in 1655 and 1692, multitudes fell not merely in the disaster itself but as the result of the pestilence which followed. The adjacency of the fleets of two hostile nations completed the picture of fear.

It is well that Lucy Tittle had drawn her will in October, 1743. Had she waited a year the will, possibly, would not have been made. Within three weeks of the 20th of October, 1744, she was gone. In and out of hurricanes women shared in those days an equality with men. The sex denigration of today was not the mode. Reassuring is the equality with her husband of the "V.P." in the following entry:

Novr. 11, 1744. Lucy Tittle buried by her Son C yd. V.P.
William May Rector of Kingston ¹⁵

Even Acts of God favored her and Lucy Tittle's tomb and stone remained long enough for Captain Lawrence-Archer to take off shortly before 1875 the abbreviation of her memorial inscription. This no doubt would not have been an abbreviation could Archer have realized that the stone recorded the burial of one who bore outwardly the relation of great-great-grandmother to Robert Browning:

MRS. LUCY TITTLE, WIFE OF MR. EDWARD TITTLE,
OB. 11 NOV., 1744, AET. 65.¹⁶

Still without the curate for whom he had asked and whom apparently his wealth could not procure, William May must

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have carried alone. Lucy Tittle's and a multitude of other burial services in those disastrous days.

III

What are the motives which lead men and women to make their wills? In most cases, not all, not wholly something as altruistic as the desire to provide for others. A will is a final form of self-expression and of power which extends beyond death itself. A will has in it, too, an element of self-protection in that there is almost always some identity between a human being and his property. Finally, a will satisfies men's desires in a way seldom considered: as a substitute mechanism of continued life or achievement for the negation found in death. In different ways William May's will is the perfect picture of himself: his family and relations, the steadfast years of his service, his education, his interests, and the traits of his nature and working of his mind.

The instant one steps back four years into the drawing of John Tittle's will on the 1st of July, 1748, in St. Kitts—a will not to be probated for ten years or five years after the death of William May—the picture becomes unsatisfactory. John Tittle was about to depart for Great Britain. Considering the uncertainty of life and the peril of the seas, he has decided to make his will—a will which must have been outdated by the one now on record—to the children of his brother Edward,

Provided I shall leave no child or children of my own but if I do then this Bequest to be void.

It is evident from this and other clauses of his will that at the time of its drawing—about fourteen years after his marriage to Margaret Strachan—he had no children by his wife.

John Tittle had many slaves. It should be said that for these slaves he made careful arrangements, including the freeing of his negro man slave George at once on his Master's death and of his negro Molly five years after her Master's death. He made

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generous provision for his wife in slaves and in a £180 allowance per annum. Also he designated a house for her in the town of Basseterre,—a house then being occupied by John Baker Esquire.¹⁷

I give unto my loving Brother Edwd. Tittle & ye Remainder or Remainders reversion or reversions thereof to his use & Behoof for ever provided nevertheless & it is my full meanings and intention that if I leave any child or children lawfully begotten of my sd. wife Margaret or any other Woman after her decease that that child or those children enjoy & have & become intituled unto my whole real & Personal Estate or Estates everywhere situated lying & being especially in the island of St Christophrs. aforesd. after ye Portion thereof allotted as aforesd. for my sd. wife Margt. And that my child or children become Proprietors of my sd. Estates It is my Will & pleasure that my Executors & Executrix do immediately upon my Death take the possession thereof in to their Hands But if my Brother Edwd. Tittle by reason of my child or children so enjoying or having a Rt. thereto my Estate or Estates in the island of Jamaica or island of St. Christophrs. can have no claim or right to them then I give devise & bequeath unto Him five hundred Pounds of good & lawful money of Great Britain to be paid unto him by my Executor or Executrix within fifteen months after my decease. Item I give & bequeath unto my loving sisters late Mary Tittle or & Ann Addison to be equally divided between them all & every of my ten Negro Slaves named in Will of my Father aforementioned in ye Island of Jamaica or in lieu thereof four hundred pounds currt. money of that Island to be paid to em by my child or children Executor or Executrix. Lastly I nominate constitute & appoint James Forest of ye Island of St. Christophrs aforesd. Mecht. & my sd. lovg. wife Margaret my Executor & Executrix of this my last Will & Testamt.

When John Tittle made this will on the first day of July 1748 he referred to the property left him by his father Edward Tittle, to his loving wife Margaret, to his "loving" brother Edward, to his loving sisters "late Mary Tittle" and "Ann Addison." He did not name any child in his will nor did he refer to Lucy Tittle or to any property left him by a mother, either Lucy or another.

The next record came several years later and was for the

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mortgage of some of Tittle's slaves, seven men and five women, for £550 to James Gordon the Chief Justice of St. Kitts. The indenture was witnessed by John Baker who occupied John Tittle's house in the town of Basseterre. The companion indenture, bearing equal date, is lost, and with it the terms by which John Tittle could make good again the title to his slaves.

Three years later Tittle was indulging himself in continued trouble over the plantation bought from the S.P.G. William Coleman, "merchant of London," asked that the Council dismiss "with exemplary costs for non-prosecution" John Tittle's appeal from a Chancery order which had been given in St. Christopher on the 16th of March, 1756, to William Coleman himself to let him into the possession of the plantations he had bought from the S.P.G.¹⁸

The next year there follows another mortgage, that of forty-three acres of land for £1075 to William Wells the younger. For this deed the companion indenture of equal date is not lost. One of the lots of land twenty-two acres in extent was called the Moors and was in St. Peter Basseterre. It was bounded westward by the Common Path or Road leading to Frigate Bay, on the east by lands belonging to James Gordon, southward it was bounded by lands belonging partly to James Gordon, partly by lands between William Coleman and John Tittle. On the north it was bounded by lands which did belong to Ralph Payne but then belonged to Tittle and a piece of land purchased by Tittle from Thomas Jones. Also there was another lot of twenty-one acres purchased by John Tittle from Henry Merrit. In the arrangements made for this mortgage Margaret Tittle was examined privately, who declared to William Hamilton, assistant Justice, that she signed this mortgage

freely volunteering and of her own accord without any Threat or compulsion used by her said husband or any other person.

Her signature is upon this indenture which did, apparently, bring to an end their lives in St. Kitts.

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IV

Edward Tittle, the son, had become by his Mother's death head of the House of Tittle. For a few years after the 1744 storm and Lucia Tittle's death, there seem to be no available Jamaican records about the family. Then in April 1749 George Beavis and his wife sold for £100 a negro man slave named Quashie, who had belonged to Dr. William Staverton, to "Edward Tittle of Kingston Merchant."¹⁹ Six months later came a record overdue by only twenty-six years! In 1723 Thomas Bernard had sold this lot in Harbour Street to Edward Tittle of Kingston, Cordwainer. This indenture was duly executed but was lost or mislaid or never recorded. In 1736 Lucia Tittle sold this lot to Jason Vaughan, Mariner and to the right heirs of Richard Addison since deceased. They were all satisfied with the validity of the title of this lot which was then occupied by the tailor Daniel Hunt. In 1751 it was still occupied by Daniel Hunt.²⁰ Edward Tittle Jr. was buying this lot back to be held for the benefit of his niece Elizabeth Addison and her heirs.²¹ Not quite four years later John Stephens sold to "Edward Tittle of Kingston gentleman" two lots of Kingston land (lots 1075 and 1076) bounding east on Upper King Street and west on Chancery Lane.²² A few days later some land Edward Tittle bought from Sarah Wheatle gives an interesting glimpse into the life of another shoemaking family. William Charlton had disposed of this land in return for the discharge of the expenses of his passage moving to Great Britain "with all reasonable necessaries" for this passage, the payment of his just debts in Jamaica, and during the rest of William Charlton's natural lifetime the payment of the weekly sum of 10s. of lawful money of Great Britain. This indenture gives a pleasant picture on both sides of confidence in the letter of a contract.

More than ten years after his father's death, Edward Tittle was still an extensive property holder, not only in the prosperous town of Kingston but also in that vicinity. Admiral Sir Charles

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Knowles had become governor of Jamaica. In one of his official letters "home" is found this record among others:

Jamaica.

"Rec^d. with Gov^r. Knowles's Letter dated ye 31st. Decemb^r. 1754.

A List of Landholders in the Island of Jamaica together with the number of Acres each Person possesses taken from the Quit Rent Books in the year 1754."

Landholders Name	Locality	Acres
Tittle, Edward	St. Andrew	138. ²³

On the Governor's Council was John Kennion (Kenyon), who was to become the father of the famous litterateur John Kenyon, cousin of Elizabeth Barrett and friend of Robert Browning. In the *Council Minutes* Edward Tittle and John Kennion are entered on the same page under "Impost" with credits for "Tittle and Tong" for Madeira and "Cyder" and "Thong Beer" even larger than the credits for "Richards Gordon & Kennion" for Madeira.²⁴

It was to this town, in importance out-topping any other town in Jamaica, the great-grandfather and great-grandmother of Robert Browning, John Tittle with Margaret his wife, returned. With its busy streets, large and numerous buildings, important parish church, big wharves, and its harbor ships counted by the many score, Kingston was no longer the unsettled acreage, bought from the Beestons after the Great Disaster of 1692, in which Edward Tittle Cordwainer and Lucia Mollison his wife had bought first a lot and then more and more property. A governor preferred to live in Kingston rather than in Spanish Town. From the windows of Kingston eager eyes could look out on one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world. To this harbor what was left of Port Royal was an extended arm to prevent too hasty entrance into the Bay. Even in the eighteenth century not only slave ships

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and ships from his Majesty's Navy but ships from all over the world rode at anchor in Kingston Harbor.

On the 2nd of June 1758 in St. Kitts John Tittle and Margaret had both signed the mortgage of £1075 of 43 acres of ground and their buildings to William Wells the younger. And sometime after that 2nd of June both had taken their departure for Jamaica. Whether or not John Tittle saw this journey to Kingston in that way, the facts suggest defeat. During twenty-one years he had been unceasingly in difficulties: the legal and personal conflict with William Coleman over the Anderson plantation purchased from the S.P.G., the Chancery suit over his wife's inheritance from her father Dr. George Strachan, and the legal proceedings against John Tittle for non-residence in his benefice of St. Mary Cayon. In this case the mortgage of slaves and land must have been his only means for meeting legal and other debts no longer to be evaded. . . . As John Tittle and his wife sailed into Kingston Harbor, they looked out upon a Port Royal not a tenth of what it had been and where he still owned a pocket handkerchief of land.

For John Tittle there was by this time scarcely a place for his thoughts to turn to where he did not find himself in trouble. Nearer the town of Kingston and closer to its magnificent mountains, from the ship which brought them to Jamaica they could see Harbour Street land which belonged to their brother Edward Tittle. As their ship neared the dock, they could look into the city and its street where Tittles had held property and still did, and where, as the family life developed, their homes had been.

Whatever the welcome home or want of it, it was all soon over, for there followed this record:

The Rev.d John Tittle Novr. 1758 chyard.

Robert Atkins Rector of Kingston²⁵

There is no reference to the use of the velvet pall which had covered both his father and Lucia Mollison. At the farthest he could not have been buried more than a few feet away from his

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rector William May,—the short distance which lies between the inner wall of the church and the churchyard. John Tittle, ambitious, imprudent, impulsive, conditioned by an inferiority complex revealing itself in fears, servility, in suspiciousness of others and sense of persecution, exaggeration of facts, and in swift intimacies and swifter quarrels, was no more. Lucy Tittle's persistent ignoring of John may have been due to these traits or it may have been due to the touch of the "tar brush" which Dr. Furnivall said was for him "a certainty" in the Browning family. This strain of color may have come, as Dr. Furnivall believed, from Robert Browning's grandmother,²⁶ but in a way about which nothing has been known until today.

v

Within a half year of the death of John Tittle, his brother had bought another lot in Kingston for £357. 9s. 7d.²⁷ There is no evidence that Edward Tittle's resources had suffered. The property was bounded cheerfully enough on its eastern side by Rum Lane. One month later the inhabitants of quiet Spanish Town invaded prosperous Kingston. But the inhabitants were not quiet, for loud huzzahs, the rattle of drums and the pounding of the heavy wheels of carts echoed against the walls of the Parish Church and rattled along the pavestones. After Admiral Knowles's departure and several years of struggle, had come his Majesty's repeal of that act read early in October, 1759. All that Spanish Town had had to give up to Kingston, Spanish Town had come to take back. That Wednesday morning at one o'clock no less than thirty wains laden with the records left Kingston for St. Jago de la Vega. On the Ferry Road they were met by a detachment of the Spanish Town troops. The wains turned northward where the Port Henderson Road continues Barrett Street, swung up Barrett Street past the Magazine and then down Barrett Street between the Cathedral and the Barrett houses opposite it, then up White Street and back once more to the Old Record Office. The Record Office

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is simple and bare and roomy. Braced against the side walls on either side of the great room, running parallel with the ceiling, are iron bars, set in by the Spaniards to hold the walls firmly. Today these bars still serve to strengthen the old building. Little ground doves fly in and out, alighting on the iron bars, silver breasts and bright eyes just visible over the big rods. They had reached Spanish Town about nine o'clock, the military band playing, the populace shouting their heads off over the return of a privilege which they knew should never have been taken from them. . . .

Not only were the papers and documents gone from Kingston, so also in less than four years were Edward Tittle Jr. and his wife Elizabeth. They had taken themselves to St. Kitts there to settle. "Edward Tittle of the Town of Basseterre in the Parish of Saint George Basseterre" was selling his Kingston property. To expedite the sale of his houses and land his wife Elizabeth signed on the 8th of December, 1763, a paper in St. Kitts to this effect:

Know ye that I Elizabeth Tittle in order to Enable Edward Tittle to make & execute a perfect & absolute Conveyance & Assurance of the Fee Simple & inheritance of said Plantation or parcell of Lands & buildings thereon & all other the houses & Lands of Edward Tittle in the Island of Jamaica have granted remised released & for ever quit claim unto such person or persons as shall become Purchaser or Purchasers of said Plantation or parcell of Land & buildings & all other the houses & Lands of Edward Tittle in the Island of Jamaica his her or their heirs & assigns for ever all the Dower & Thirds Right & Title of Dower & thirds & all other right Title Interest claim & demand whatsoever in Law & Equity of me Elizabeth Tittle ²⁸

A man as prosperously embedded in the life of Kingston as was Edward Tittle would not have transferred himself and his family to St. Kitts except for one reason: that he believed even greater prosperity would be his in St. Christopher. Edward Tittle most assuredly knew what he was doing. What were his arrangements with William Coleman? Was it Edward Tittle's plan by the sale of his Jamaican properties to redeem from mort-

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gages the properties which had belonged to his brother John Tittle and to which his brother's widow had the right of a dower third? . . . There is nothing in any document found so far to establish the fact that Margaret and John Tittle had a daughter Margaret whom they could have made a residuary legatee,—a mystery which has still to be solved.

CHAPTER X

SAM BARRETT, NORTHSIDE

ENGLISHMEN were placed in the position of having to accept the purchase of the negro with the patent of the land, no matter what they thought—and many besides the Quaker and the negro himself were thinking!—about the justice or injustice of slavery.¹ But for generations in Jamaica it was a fact—both an economic and a biological fact—not a theory, with which the planter had to grapple. If the slave was not free, no more was the planter. He had no choice but to accept the conditions Jamaica offered if he were to survive. Pity the slave but pity the white man too! Samuel Barrett, Pioneer, was most certainly a master with whom to reckon personally, yet he was also a kind master. It is curious to find upon that sea of black and colored life perpetuated in Jamaica drifting evidence of the historic kindness of the Barretts to the negro,—especially curious since, as General Moulton-Barrett telegraphed, nobody knew anything about his family in Jamaica. Negro tradition does!

Some of the first plantations settled by the pioneer settlers in St. James were the lands on either side of Little River. Some of the first properties settled near Little River, and on the sea's edge and running back into the hills rising almost from that edge, were Cornwall, Rose Hall and Cinnamon Hill, estates whose lands adjoined. The Barretts were within seventy-five years of the "conquest" of Jamaica to own not a little of the land of the earliest patentees on the Northside. In the Account of Lands held by the Barretts in St. James and Trelawny were

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some of the earliest patentees.² On the Northside there is a common saying that the Lawrences "took" from Montego Bay to Little River, and the Barretts from Little River to Falmouth. As the old patents for the Northside show, they "took" further than that,—at least far enough to include the Rio Bueno River and the 1670 (and earlier) Gibraltar grants. Although the facts of estate ownership made exceptions to the literal truth of this saying, it is accurate enough to be of value. Within a square of approximately twenty-five miles on the Northside, bounded on the west, north and south by the sea, and filled in by those hills which when Columbus was asked to describe Jamaica he crumpled a piece of paper to express, lies the area of the Barrett plantations on the Northside and the majority of estates which they have owned in the past.

It was a few miles to the east, in the Martha Brae region that Samuel Barrett, Northside, met Elizabeth Wisdom. That the Wisdoms were among the earliest families settled on the Northside their land patents reveal. Unless some ancient family estate book gives the exact date of Samuel Barrett's marriage, all it is possible to do is to take the approximate date of 1721 as the probable date of his union with Elizabeth Wisdom, the daughter of Henry and Mary Wisdom who had plantations near Martha Brae, St. James.³ The probable year of Samuel Barrett's marriage was the year that Samuel's first cousin, James Barrett, the barrister, the son of Hearcey Junior, was Member of Assembly for St. James.⁴

With a rhythm and quantity which would send a modern wife into a decline or a phobia were the children of Sam Barrett and Elizabeth Wisdom born. He was thirty-two when he married. Fourteen when she was married, Elizabeth Wisdom Barrett was at the age of fifteen, on the third of May, 1722, perhaps the faithful Cressha—the slave her father had left her—attending her, to become the mother of Mary, an infant who lived fourteen months and died. Sam Barrett and Elizabeth Wisdom were to have a son whose name is indispensable in the history of English letters.⁵ It was in the year 1734, at the close

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of the insurrection, that Edward Barrett was born on the 2nd of October, the eighth child and fourth son of Elizabeth Wisdom and Samuel Barrett. In the Barrett nomenclature this name went back to Sam Barrett's grandfather, Edward Green whose daughter was the poor "Widdow Barrett," and Sam's mother. So persistent in this Cornwall House family was the emphasis upon names belonging to the Greens that it seems probable that Sam, after his father was killed in the French invasion, grew up in his Grandfather Green's family. The Sam Barretts continued to have children at intervals of a year to a year and a half until the toll of fifteen was complete. What every modern woman knows,—whether Elizabeth Wisdom knew it or not!—is that in such a record is matter enough for laughter and for tears, for despair and for wonder. It was one of those "long" families which seem in many of the generations between 1655 and 1905 to have been characteristic of the Barretts. Among the Sam Barrett children of Cornwall the oldest were old enough to be father or mother to the youngest. This was to be true of his great-grandson Edward Moulton-Barrett, whose oldest child E.B.B. was old enough to have been the mother of Octavius.

To the "busha" house or "the great house"—as the master's house was called by the negro—which Sam Barrett built he gave the name Cornwall. This busha house was set on an eminence, looking down over a sweep of cleared land, and upon the sugar works. Its fields and meadows had the effect of wide English lawns, sloping to the Caribbean. Behind were lofty hills, forest covered. At the foot of the hill on which Cornwall House was being built, an abundant, unfailing spring of water gushed out from the rock. Immediately around Cornwall the slaves were at work clearing the fields to be planted with sugar cane. Not far away was the Barretts' negro village, already well populated. The Northside Sam Barrett, the high cultivation of whose plantations was a matter of comment in his own day, met the problem of housing slaves as efficiently as he had solved the pioneer problems of land furthest north in Jamaica. His estate negro village was set in a bower of green, each wattle hut in its own

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little garden of shrubs, flowers and trees. The slaves "went to ground," as the negroes expressed it, at the close of each week, that is, they went to their vegetable gardens in the hills above. All had their plots of land where the vegetables were raised on which, except for the ration of salt fish and pork, they subsisted. Even the house servants grew their own vegetables. Little lanes wound in and out among these negro huts, some of the lanes being bordered with sweet-smelling hedges. And along these lanes could be heard the voices of such as Cressha, laughing, crying, singing. The interior of the wattled huts was plastered and whitewashed, the thatched roof supported with beams of hardwood. The space inside was divided into two rooms, one for cooking and one for sleeping. In these rooms, according to the need, were chairs and tables, frequently four-post beds and bed clothes. Within or around these huts the slaves played, danced and sang. And here to their own pickaninnies or in Massa's Great House to Little Massa and Little Missy they told their stories centering around the cunning and success of the Annancy spider.

Barretts allowed the slaves seven or eight herrings apiece. When it was possible the slaves sold the herring in exchange for salt pork of which they were extravagantly fond. Once or twice a year the negroes were allotted eight pounds of salted codfish,—a favorite food with them. Also they caught and cooked the canefield rat,—a pest masters were glad to be rid of! Yams, plantains, pulse, and other vegetables, fruits and their native pepper (*capsum Indicus*) with which they highly seasoned everything, about completed the fundamentals of their diet.

Over the years of their slavery in Jamaica neither the food nor the clothing of the negro changed very much. The kinds of cloth of which the negro men and negro women made their clothing remained the same: Osnaburg, Pennistone, and Check. The men wore an osnaburg or check frock, with a pair of osnaburg or sheeting trousers, and atop this suit a straw hat; the women a shift of osnaburg or coarse linen, a petticoat of

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some other kind of stuff, and a handkerchief or bandana tied about their heads. In addition, once a year, they had great coats, called "croocas," of blue woollen stuff allotted them. They received enough of these materials, both men and women, to make two complete suits. This was the clothes ration which the law obliged Sam Barrett to provide.

II

When Sam Barrett took up land in St. James close to the plantations of Henry and Mary Wisdom, dangers and difficulties came with the St. James patents which did not exist to anything like the same extent in Spanish Town or, for that matter, even in the St. Ann property. The sea coast plantations such as Cornwall, Little River, and Cinnamon Hill were peculiarly subject both to invasion and to drought. But a danger even greater than these was the increase in the numbers and activities of the Maroons some twelve to fifteen miles distant up in the cockpit country behind Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill. Robberies, murders, raids were committed by these Maroons. So disastrous and terrifying did their plundering in St. James, Hanover, Westmoreland, St. Elizabeth, St. Ann and Clarendon become, that not only were plantations abandoned as dwelling centers but also the fear of raids made some settlers give up any attempt to clear and cultivate the land.

Sam Barrett might and did clear the land at an expense of £3 per acre and many added and uncalculated expenses. But all he had done might be, and in 1744, 1750 and 1751 was in part undone by earthquake and hurricane. However fortunate Sam Barrett may have been in the fact that his development of the Northside estates coincided with the widespread prosperity of the middle of the eighteenth century, nevertheless he had acute dangers and not a few disasters to meet. Months before the hurricane laid all their lands waste and destroyed more than half of their buildings—many hundreds of acres were taken out in patents covering land which was to become the town of

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Falmouth.⁶ To Edward Barrett and his brothers and sisters the rattle of muskets must have been early familiar and the knowledge, if not the use, of firearms and weapons of defense. And familiar to them also the gleaming terror of the rolling eyes of their slaves when the negroes saw their white masters muster for arms. At Cinnamon Hill Great House, the building of which Samuel Barrett began and his son Edward completed, there are musket loop holes in the side walls of the room from which the hurricane cutwind juts out. Cinnamon Hill Great House undoubtedly repeated what had been found to be some of the necessities for security in the experience of Cornwall House.

Time and again must the Barretts have drawn closely together. Defense from within and without was for almost two hundred years a factor of prime importance in their economic and social organization. As they were settling down to the pull of one hundred years of plantation development on the Northside on which the Barrett wealth was based, it is not an unimportant fact in the psychology of their background that they were never free as a family from the fear of disaster. How fear acted and reacted in the lives of some of the Barretts is part of their drama, their struggle, their victory, and their defeat. Unquestionably the life lived in that Northside home was simple in its social organization and strenuous in its demands on body and upon judgment, upon sense of responsibility and upon courage which with them could have been often no more than a form of readiness for action. . . . If Edward Barrett's knowledge of disaster was to work itself out in the practical defense of stone and of concrete, there were other Barretts to come, such as Edward's namesake and grandson, Edward Moulton-Barrett, who could find no such practical way out of mental suffering.

III

Although in Jamaica Barrett kindness to the negro was, and remained, part of negro tradition, not every planter could control his overseer, and the planter knew that. Sometimes with,

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and often without his knowledge, cruelties of punishment by way of estate management were practised upon those negroes by supposedly respectable men which make the acts of racketeers today seem kind. On the other hand, perhaps many "floggings" were so only by courtesy and because master and mistress believed in doing their duty by slaves as well as by children. But it is questionable whether, from time to time, even under good conditions any of the field slaves went without a flogging. The records which remain suggest that Sam Barrett invariably meant business, and it is known that he did his own flogging. Sometimes such floggings must have been given for one kind of dereliction, sometimes for another. Unquestionably among them was the punishment of the recaptured runaway slave. All day long in the furrows behind them the slaves had heard the firing of the whip and the cry of the driver "Work! Work!" and all day long they laughed and sang and talked. Many of the field gangs were composed entirely of women carrying baskets of manure on their heads, the moisture of the manure dripping through the baskets and running down their bodies.

Suddenly a field hand was gone—a runaway. Then followed the weird alarm of the conch shell. It was blown again! again! again! Then began the baying of the dogs, the sounds among the hills, the pursuit! On other estates which had caught even the faintest echo of that alarm, muskets were seized, horses were saddled, and on all sides the hunt closed in upon the runaway.

Down the furrows the laughter and the song had ceased, and some grizzle-headed negro was muttering under his breath: "Godamighty nebber shut him yeye!" There were shouts and shots upon the hills. An hour later, the black was brought home. The statutory punishment—almost the kindest—was flogging. It was permitted not only to put a spiked iron collar around the slave's neck, but also he could be placed upon the treadmill or for that matter broken upon the wheel. It seems probable that Sam Barrett saw then and there, or on similar occasions, what he believed to be his duty. His driver handed him the

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cartwhip,—a whip with a short stout handle and a lash about two feet long. The slave was laid face down, his clothes stripped back. The Master whirled the whip around his own head, and with terrible power brought it down upon the back of the slave. At each lash up to thirty-nine, the blood sprang out on the back. On the thirty-ninth lash Samuel Barrett handed the cartwhip back to his driver and, probably with not a word spoken, strode away.

As they developed their plantations, the Barretts built and continued to build the so-called "hot house" or hospital for the negro slaves. The negro could and did forget himself, sometimes in ways that were wild and destructive, or, given the chance, in ways that were creative of good in negro experience. Of these latter opportunities the Barretts provided their slaves with more than the usual share. But what the negro could not do—and often it must have seemed his master could not do for him—was to save himself, or at least his children, from the diseases which in those early days swept Jamaica from sea's edge to mountain top,—diseases peculiar to the Africans, two of the worst of which were cocobay, a form of negro leprosy, and the yaws, another disease of which the slaves of the seventeenth and eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were victims. In the Inventory which accompanies Edward Barrett's will in Barrett Deed Book E is the following pitiful list:

in Yaws

Bathsheba	000	“	“
Harriet & Child	70	“	“
Clarissa	10	“	“
Clementina	50	“	“
Semanthe & Child	100	“	“
Sylvia & Child	70	“	“
Old Lymphthia	20	“	“
Effingham	60	“	“
Case	000	“	“

This list interpreted means that Bathsheba and Case were worth nothing at all but that Semanthe and her child were valued at

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£100, and that little children had the yaws as well as grown-ups.⁷ The greatest mortality was among the children who died from worms, malnutrition and faulty care. Yet upon the lives of children did the proprietor's stock and increase of slaves depend.

IV

As time went on the ground broken for Cornwall became Sam Barrett's prosperous estate and was more and more surrounded with other prosperous plantations, including that of his father-in-law Henry Wisdom's plantations to the east in the neighborhood of Martha Brae. All were approximately within an hour's ride. Even in the 1670's the Little River region was not wholly wilderness. Increasingly the life in the midst of which the Cornwall House Barrett children were to grow up must have had many social interests bringing with them educational influences as well as group security. Besides the Wisdoms among Sam Barrett's Northside neighbors were the Lawrences, the Waytes, the Scarletts, the Williamses, the Goodins, the Haughtons and Rosa Kelly. It was at Dunn's Wharf, a few miles from the Rutledge Patent or the "Spanish Quarters" area which included Little River, Cornwall, Cinnamon Hill and Rose Hall, that John Lawrence had landed in 1675. This John had emigrated from England to Barbados, and, thinking the field richer, thence to Jamaica. Once landed, John Lawrence within a year both took up land (1676) and married what was then known as a "relict,"—the Widow Dunn of Dunn's Hole. Sir Nicholas Lawes, Governor of the Island in 1718, used to say that the female way to become wealthy in a short time in Jamaica was summed up in two words "*marry and bury.*" By the "relict" John Lawrence had three sons. The oldest of these sons, John, married Susanna Petgrave, who bore him six sons and three daughters.

It was John Lawrence's fifth son Ezekiel who married an older daughter of Sam Barrett's and a Lawrence grandson who married Sam Barrett's youngest daughter. And it was through

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the marriage of the older daughter that Little River became one of the estates of Edward Barrett, the grandfather of Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett and the great-grandfather of Elizabeth Barrett. Little River was included in the original Rutledge Patent which came "with a lass," whether the lass be regarded as the Widow Dunn, or Elizabeth, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Sam Barrett. That little Elizabeth Barrett born on the 22nd of December, 1725, wed at the age of fourteen on the 22nd of October, 1739, Ezekiel Lawrence. They had an only daughter Elizabeth, who married John Simpson. John Kenyon's mother was the daughter of Elizabeth Barrett Lawrence and John Simpson. It was the Northside, therefore, that gave to E.B.B. from Cornwall and Little River, not only her name, but also to her and Robert Browning a cousin in John Kenyon, who was deservedly known to them as the "prince of friends." ⁸

Before those decades, and during them, the Goodins, whose daughter, Judith, Edward Barrett was to marry, owned Spring; and nearby the Widow Dunn-Lawrence, Dunshole. Further up on the hills, in the Seven Rivers region, the Scarletts owned Duckett's Spring, Cambridge, and other estates, and the Martyn Williamses had plantations. Another group of Barrett neighbors who were settled profitably on the Northside were the Waytes from whom Nanny Wayte, General and Mrs. Moulton-Barrett's white housekeeper, was a direct descendant. It was a great-grandson of the Regicide's who wed a daughter of Sam Barrett's. This grandson had an estate which was a short distance to the southwest of Cornwall. In 1746 Mary Barrett, the daughter of Sam Barrett and the older sister of Edward Barrett, married Henry Wayte of Blue Hole, St. James. There they brought up a family of nine children. Their daughter, Elizabeth Barrett Wayte, who married Martyn Williams, was one of the causes of Edward Moulton-Barrett's fixated attitude toward marriage between cousins.

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AS the Sam Barretts looked out year after year from the verandah of Cornwall, they saw the cane pieces in all their glory of croptime. It was a scene of growing prosperity and extent. Below Cornwall House, whose simple facade was towards the Caribbean and the north, was Cinnamon Hill Works and its hum of work and success: there were the overseer's house and stores, the barracks for bookkeepers, carpenters and masons, the mill-house, the boiling-house, the cooling-house and still-house; the shops for the carpenters, coopers and blacksmiths; and the trash houses, important in the manufacture of rum. Beyond was the barquedier on Little River with its two spacious storehouses where sugar and rum were deposited awaiting shipment. Beside the wharf schooner-rigged vessels lay to taking on cargo or discharging it. In dug-out canoes carrying jib sails, slaves sailed or pulled up or down the shore away from or towards Cinnamon Hill where work was being done on the new busha house. In hope of food the gulls circled or settled about vessels or slow-moving canoes.

Under his father's direction, Edward and his brothers, fortunate in the fact that their mid-century work coincided with the rising tide of Jamaica's development and prosperity, had brought their Northside plantations to great extent and wealth. Six years before Sam Barrett died, he was in possession of some 2,605 acres of land, 2,285 of which were in St. James and the remainder distributed among the parishes of St. Ann, St. Eliza-

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beth, Clarendon, and Vere.¹ But with the years Sam Barrett must have paid one debt to nature in failing energies. On the 9th of August, 1759, their father had made his will, leaving all to three of the four living sons—Edward, Henry and Samuel—and to the four living daughters. In each and every case one clause of the legacy to a daughter ran: “. . . Current money of Jamaica to be laid out in the purchase of young negro women.” In short at that time in Jamaica the purchase of young negro women for breeding purposes constituted *the* “gilt-edged securities” of that day. There was no better investment.² To Henry and to Samuel each he left 382 acres at Salta Marsh which was in something over ten years to become the town of Falmouth. All was carefully and justly and generously planned, even to the temporary maintenance of his daughters Amelia and Margery who were, apparently, more dependent upon him than were the others. Unable to write even his own name, Sam Barrett then signed his will with an X his mark. Not that this third generation of the Barretts in Jamaica was in any sense of the word “self-made”; but Sam Barrett—unable to sign his own name—paid for his devotion to the task of pioneer on the Northside. Certainly Cornish idiom was used by the Barretts, for there are records of “Scammiell” and “Scammuel” for Samuel and “Niclaes” for Nicholas.

Among the provisions of his will are these twenty-seven words:

I give for the use of my family and their heirs 100 feet square of land for a burying place where part of my family now lye interred.

Sam Barrett had carried the family success to hitherto undreamed of proportions on the Northside. It is certain that not only was Jamaica his birthplace but also that by experience and training she had made him ready for the conflicts and struggles of Jamaica's farthest north. Even as a youth Sam Barrett seemed to stand out against the horizon of the Island as a powerful figure. Now, as the glance travels down one of those oldest

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rows of strange barrel-like tombs in the Cinnamon Hill Burying Place, in the midst of many uninscribed tombs, is seen one rectangular tomb, upon it but two words, "SAM. BARRETT," in bold angular letters, no other word, not even the date 1760. Somehow in its brevity and its strength the inscription seems complete.

II

After Sam Barrett's death in 1760 the sons progressed in the extension of their estate, not separately but together. From Little River with its cluster of estate "great houses," Little River, Cornwall, Cinnamon Hill, the Barretts were working eastward along the coast the entire extent of Long Bay down to "Salta Marsh," sometimes called Salt Marsh Boague (bog), sometimes Salt Marsh Bay, and to Half Moon Bay, and on to Mangrove Point, which became Palmetto Point Pen and in due course Falmouth, and to Martha Brae. This was a direction which Sam Barrett himself gave to the family, even as the first Hersey Barrett had given the family the northward trend in Jamaica.

Except for the importance of the slave labor, no problem on their increasing plantations was equal to that of water supply and water power. Edward Barrett knew by experience, and by the history of the experience of his family in Jamaica since 1655, that the contentment of the slaves meant the security of the masters. Setting aside profits on sugar and rum, an aqueduct would secure some human values which should come before profit. Indeed water supply came before the importance of the slave, for no slave labor could make up for want of water. Edward Barrett must have been familiar with the case of his cousin James Lawrence and the expense, disappointment and litigation which had involved James Lawrence.³

His cousin from Good Hope, Martyn Williams, had recently settled with great trouble, labor and expense a plantation called Seven Rivers in St. James adjoining some uncultivated land which belonged to Florentius Vassall (the son of William

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May's father-in-law) on whose land a spring divided, running in part through the land of Martyn Williams and in part through Vassall's land. Martyn Williams had almost finished the watermill, as well as other necessary buildings, only to discover that Vassall meant to dispute the use of Martyn Williams' share of the spring. The matter had to go through the House of Assembly before an act enabled Martyn Williams to take up sufficient quantity of water to turn his mills.⁴

If in planting it could be the planters who should determine the crops, and not a dry or a wet season, it was plain that such determination must depend upon the system of water control. . . . Four years after the death of Sam Barrett came the drought which fixed in Edward Barrett's mind beyond any question the primary necessity for an aqueduct and an unfailing supply of water, not only for the sake of the sugar works but also on account of the existence of human life itself. During the spring of the year 1764, in the drought the canes had withered and burned up; the ground crops on which the slaves and the indentured white servants lived had yielded nothing.⁵ The grass was ash. Famine came to the cattle and the sheep, which, having neither fodder nor water, died by the thousands. All over the hills the lowing of famished cattle and the bleating of hungry sheep could be heard.

In the villages, the negroes, as they starved, cried: "Hungry! Hungry! Kills me! Kills me!" Yet Jamaica was an island of rushing streams, of cataracts, of springs. The water bubbled out of the hills and flowed down into the Caribbean. If this water which wasted away and did no one any good could be controlled and stored, it would last indefinitely.

At Cinnamon Hill Sugar Works on a column behind a tree, not far from the old water wheel, is a cut stone circle with a star in the center. On either side of the star are the letters "E.B." Beneath the initialed star is the record "Aug. 15 1764."⁶ The heavy stone pillars of the aqueduct are about thirty feet high and run from east to west. Now the aqueduct to the left is broken and water spills across the road. Just above the

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aqueduct is the first of these pools and waterfalls,—a lovely pool deep in tropical foliage and quiet except for the soft sound of falling water and the call of birds. On the estate these storage tanks, three in all, are many miles apart. The reasons for this aqueduct lay in the sugar crops to which the health of the slaves was basic.

On some estates much planting was done. On others little. The Cornwall, Cinnamon Hill and Rose Hall group were among the Northside plantations on which little planting was done. They were what is known as “ratooning” estates. The small rainfall in that region made it either difficult or out of the question to replant fields except very occasionally. Crops were grown from sprouted stubble, only the gaps which had occurred in the stubble being replanted. For a crop to mature it took something over a year. When croptime came, the slaves on the Barrett estates worked night and day, cutting the canes with billhooks, tying them into bunches, loading them onto the ox wains, onto donkeys and mules, and sometimes onto their own heads. So they were carried to the mills to be crushed for their juice. Until the aqueduct was completed, the juice was expressed by means of oxen turning a sweep. In the yard into which all passed, oxen were going round, revolving by sweeps the middle perpendicular roller which, cogged at the upper end, turned the other rollers. These rollers were made of brass and steel. On one side of them a negro woman fed in the canes. On the other side another woman received them, returning them on the middle roller which drew the other way. So was the juice expressed and run into leaden gutters which went from the Millhouse into the Boiling-house. The drivers, who revolved with the oxen and the sweeps, were as black as the oxen were white and as vocal as their patient beasts were dumb.

By the middle of the eighteenth century, about the time of Sam Barrett's death, the “attorney” system which followed in the wake of absentee landlordism was beginning to bring its profitable ruin to great and small West Indian estates,—losses in which the Barretts were not involved and were not to be in-

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volved until the opening of the nineteenth century. Even by 1745 the Planters Club had become nervous and wrote a long letter, of which this is the first paragraph:

The Sugar Planters that Reside in England being Desirous to promote the Interest of the Sugar Colony's in every Branch of it, as far as Lay in their Power; and to put a stop to many Abuses that had crept into the Sugar Trade, thought that the first Step to be taken for promoting these Ends, wou'd be for the Gentlemen belonging to the Several Islands, to Unite into one Body; and Accordingly they did some Years ago, form themselves into a Society in London, which takes the name of the Planters Club.⁷

Several familiar names were signed to this letter: James Gordon of the Tittle documents, Francis March of electioneering fame, Daniel Mathew the enemy of John Anderson, and others. For many years—indeed, into the nineteenth century—the Planters Club with their headquarters at the Jamaica Coffee House in London did all that they could to balance their absence from the West India Islands by pulling wires at “home,” both political and social. Even as his father Charles Long signed the 1745 document, so did the son Beeston Long in 1766 write gracious social notes to the Duke of Newcastle seeking to retain the Duke's interest for the absentee Planters.⁸

Cogs in the “wheel” of every sugar work were the landlord, the “attorney,” the overseer, the “bookkeeper,” and the slave. Sometimes the landlord was his own “attorney”; sometimes the attorney and the bookkeeper were one in office. The position of the overseer was one of unceasing hard work which only the toughest white man could survive; it was also one of unceasing danger. His must be the brutal drive through the creation of fear upon the laggard slave work. In insurrections his was the first throat to be cut or back to be shot at. He could forget only in rum or in some negro *chère amie* the miseries of his own brutalized life and the miseries he must create—if efficient—in the lives of others.

But more to be pitied than the overseer, because more helpless, were the so-called “bookkeepers.” It was simple enough to

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transform some white boy sent out, say, from Christ's Hospital from an apprentice into a white slave. It was the "system" and not necessarily proprietors like the Barretts, or proprietors less kind, which transformed white lads into slaves. Robert Burns was to have gone out as a bookkeeper to the West Indies. About this time Zachary Macaulay was actually in Jamaica, first as "bookkeeper," then as a successful overseer, and, as he himself said, bawling and cursing at the slaves. Virtually upper slaves, these bookkeepers died literally by the hundreds when only a few months out from home. Indentured for four years to look out for the slaves, like the slaves bookkeepers received an allowance of pork, salt fish and rum. Their reason for existence was to get work out of the negro. In this they must succeed or encounter the disfavor of the overseer. They were up before light to count the cattle. Their work was certainly not bookkeeping, for at the most they shifted some wooden pegs on a wooden rack. The law permitted their masters to beat them, to put them in the stocks and to administer certain other forms of punishment. Only at the end of four years could they go free, but the freedom was nominal. All doors would be closed against them unless they accepted the system as they found it in its negro and other social customs. In St. James if they ran away they were caught and put in the Falmouth gaol like common criminals with shackles on their feet. Or worse, the turnkey placed them on the treadmill with the slaves who were prisoners. In Jamaica they did that to runaways white or black.

In croptime work went on twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. As it grew dark, lamps were lighted and the glow of the fires from the boiler house could be seen. The color of the oxen flanks deepened; the perceptibility of the negro bodies lessened. In the process of expressing the juice and bottling it, even the scum was used. Eventually scum and molasses were passed into the distilling house. From them the Barretts knew that 300 gallons of rum could be manufactured to every acre of good cane land. From the boiler house, lighted with lamps,



Shipping Wharf on the Northside
(*Craskell and Simpson Map*)



Rose Hall, St. James
(Hakerwill)

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steam blew from the openings in the roof. Through the lighted, steam-filled interior naked slaves could be seen passing to and fro before the red-hot mouths of the furnaces. Under the stoke-hole arches negroes were feeding the fires. Mingled with negro song and the shouts of the boilermen and the firemakers were the shouts of the drivers outside turning the cone-shaped mills by means of oxen, and the crashing of the cane stalks being crushed in the mills. Inside other negroes could be seen beside the roaring coppers, holding bright copper ladles, as they laughed and talked, some of them dipping out the hot liquor to drink as they ate their suppers by the lamplight of the steam-filled interior.

Here sugar, and neither the young nor the old master, was king. And here these naked sable beings neither thought nor cared about the London tables which, within a few months, would be consuming the sugar and the rum they were manufacturing. Exhilarated by the hot cane juice, happy in the steam-moist heat, for a while at least their slavery was forgotten. They would work and talk and laugh till they dropped in exhaustion upon the cane trash, asleep before they reached it, for in crop-time they worked from dark to dark, snatching what food and what rest they could get, at first becoming fatter and sleeker with the unlimited quantities of the cane juice and then beginning to sicken and dwindle during the weeks of labor which paused neither by night nor by day.

Nor had they any comprehension of the wholesaling of the sugar and the rum by the Barretts whose slaves they were. For more than a hundred years these Barretts had been in Jamaica. Their slaves went unburdened by thoughts about the generations of experience which controlled slave labor and the masters who were able to sell at a profit the products the slaves made. Their vision was bounded by the Works, Water Mill, houses and wharf in the midst of which they labored. These slaves could not foresee the grandson, named after Edward Barrett, who would go daily six days out of seven to an office in London to sell the rum and sugar their children would raise.

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In the weird, steam-filled boiler house, perhaps they had caught sight of some new and helpless young bookkeeper. With malice in their gleaming eyes, they set up a shout above the bedlam of creaking machinery and crashing cane, and, clapping their hands, broke into a chant:

New-come buckra,
He get sick,
He tak fever,
He be die:
He be die.

New-come buckra,
He get sick,
He tak fever,
He be die:
He be die.

III

In common with other men Edward Barrett must often have wondered what England or Europe had to offer half so lovely as the Creole women of Jamaica,—slender in form, eyes full of feeling, pale, pure complexions, voices soft and low. There was, it is true, none of the bloom of the rose so characteristic of English girls. But lacking the bloom, they were more tender, livelier, more feminine. Adding much to the beauty of Creole women was the perfection of their teeth, carefully cleaned every day with what was called a “chaw stick.” The chaw sticks used by Creole women at the close of the eighteenth century were little chunks of wood some three to four inches in length cut from a species of rhamnus, containing a larger amount of fixed air than is common to wood, and with a bitter taste which in itself was a corrective to formative conditions of decay. One end of this stick was soaked in warm water and then chewed. Hence its name of “chaw stick.”⁹ It made a fine soft brush, easily replaced by another brush. It was, and is, characteristic of Creole women to

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have beautiful teeth. Even their habits in food seem to have done a sum in favor of good teeth. To the quarts of scalding hot tea which the Creole's English sister swallowed, she preferred chocolate, made somewhat in the traditional early Spanish Jamaican style with both egg and cinnamon in it, and never drunk very hot. It was the custom of the Creoles on getting up in the morning to wash out their mouths with water. About noontime they went to one of the several pools or streams open to the sun with which every large estate was supplied, there wet the skin, then rolled in the sand, after which they washed themselves off,—a process fully as stimulating and cleansing to the skin as brush and soap. And of their skins Creole women were extraordinarily careful both in cleanliness and in their manner of headdress when abroad.

If the year 1760 took from Edward Barrett his father, it gave him his bride, Judith Goodin, daughter of Sarah and William Goodin of Spring Estate, a short distance westward from Rose Hall. The home at Cinnamon Hill Great House, after the marriage of Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin, continued its orderly, somewhat Creole ways. Although of necessity the organization of the household life was Creole, it is improbable that the Barrett servants slept at night here, there and everywhere in the passageways of Cinnamon Hill Great House, as was the custom in many houses. "Great House" is a misleading term, for in very few cases were the houses large,—certainly not Cinnamon Hill. The term had its origin in slave distinctions between their own huts and the master's dwelling. In that day the Barretts themselves called the dwelling Cinnamon Hill Mansion House.

At Cinnamon Hill there was a staff of some twenty negro and mulatto servants to be increased in numbers as the children came, by a nurse and a nurse's boy or girl for each child. And everywhere could be heard, with the sound of the sea and the sound of the trees and of running water, the low, sweet-toned gibberish of the servants, greeting and speech and laughter, returning to the busha house before light, their voices

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mounting in gaiety with the sun, and heard now soft, now shrill throughout the long hot tropical day.¹⁰ It seems probable that the slaves went at night, except for the nurse and one or two other attendants including the watchman, to their own huts and barracks and returned with dawn to the busha house, there to take up the early morning preparations common in all houses in Jamaica. The coachman and the postillion cared for the horses and carriages in the stables but a short distance away from the Great House. To the house itself belonged the butler and two waiting men or footmen. The cook and her assistant, after the "Key" or storekeeper had given them the supplies, started the fires for the early morning coffee served in the bedrooms about six o'clock. The waiting maid got ready for attendance upon her mistress. The three to six house cleaners set to work polishing the hardwood floors with orange skins and coconut fibre brushes.

In the cool of the dawn several washer-women carried upon their heads the dirty linen to the mountain stream where they would make white not only the linen of table and of bed but also the shirts and the frocks of "Massa" and of "Missy." And back to their tasks of repairing—for Massa would have nothing thrown away until it could be patched no more!—and of making up new clothes and new linen went the sempstresses, perhaps four in number.

Missy was expecting her first child, and among the trusted negro servants as Judith Goodin's time drew near, there was excitement: the gathering of strange herbs, the repetition of primitive superstitions, interpretations of dreams, and discussions of a quaint midwifery.¹¹ Almost to the hour of her delivery on the 23rd of June, 1761, the young wife was about. In the heat the thought of a bed was not to be considered. There towards the end in her moments of pain Judith Goodin may have sat upon a sofa, waiting. That night of tropic sunset had come with its sudden and dramatic swiftness, and the southern cross swam above that Jamaica home in the velvet blue black sky. All preparations were made, and Isabella the nurse and

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the midwife waited, sleeping slave-wise upon the floor in the hallway not far off from the room of the mistress.

From time to time the faithful slaves went in to Judith Goodin. They went with herbs; they carried certain charms known to hasten childbirth and lessen the suffering.

Wouldn't Missy let them help her?

Wouldn't Missy take de herbs?

Wouldn't Missy let her slave help, jes' light dis leetle smoke?

No, take dat away?

Missy make mistake.

They relinquished their charms and squatted nearby, chattering in low nasal voices, their hands under their aprons, their ample bodies reflected in grotesque shadows by the night candle on the nearby wall. Outside drummed and sang the myriad night noises while trusted motherly slaves told in low voices—yet voices not so low but that what they said might well have teased the Mistress with a score of foolish fears—of the mothers they had pinched to hasten childbirth and the mothers they had tied to bedposts for the same purpose.

As the weeks and months went on, in his mother's room on the first floor of the low-built house, with the sound of the sea on one side and the rustle of the wild cinnamon trees on the other, little George Goodin Barrett lay on a sheepskin, clipped of its wool and spread on a hard mattress on the floor.¹² This first born was named after Judith Goodin's brother, Major George Robert Goodin.

Again the staff of servants was increased, for on the 6th of August, 1762, their second son Henry was born. In the following year, the 1st of October, 1763, came Elizabeth, their first daughter, named after her grandmother Elizabeth Wisdom Barrett. Elizabeth Wisdom; Elizabeth Barrett, the daughter of Sam Barrett and Elizabeth Wisdom; Elizabeth Barrett, the daughter of their son Edward whom Edward named after his mother and his sister; and Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett ("E.B.B.") named after her grandmother,—in these four is to be found the direct descent of a name forever famous. One year and a half

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later, on the 25th of February, 1765, was the birth of their son Samuel. . . . Much might have been accomplished with those children of the Colonists, if for no other reason than for the reason that many of them physically had so fair a beginning in life. Even as their first bed was a clean, smooth sheepskin laid on a hard mattress, so by day was their life almost as free to the air. They were clad without stockings, in a loose, light garment. Beautifully shaped, accustomed to many forms of freedom and of exercise, they had—where miscegenation did not enter in—a color pure, delicate, and radiant with health although lacking in the English *vermeille*.¹³

As if to make inescapably plain such values of human comfort and security, in 1766, two years after the drought, there followed a series of slave insurrections on the Northside which mounted the guns at Cinnamon Hill Great House. Little George Goodin Barrett was five years old. In this crisis, his Uncle, Major George Robert Goodin, became a West Indian hero in the suppression of the insurrection of 1766. So great was Major Goodin's service that the House of Assembly voted its gratitude to him in public recognition.¹⁴ . . . At such crises on the estates there was always the question: who among the household servants were to be trusted and who not? Neither master nor mistress as a rule was any more anxious for the safety of the household during an insurrection than were the majority of the household servants. But in their midst would be some slave, once humble, who became morose or fierce or insolent. It was difficult to say whether such manifestations were the effect of fear on a primitive mind or the result of plotting. . . . In times of danger—and when were the Barretts free from danger or its reaction in fear!—not only members of a family draw closer together but also neighbors make safety and human happiness a common cause.

IV

The "next door" neighbor of the Barretts of Cinnamon Hill was Rosa Kelly, mistress of Rose Hall which still stands—the

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wreck of what it was once—on the Cinnamon Hill slope, half a mile from the palm-fringed shore, looking down upon the Caribbean. To the northeast could be seen the negro village of Little River and the Works; and further east Cornwall. Above Cornwall lay the mountainous estate of Palmyra, which on a later marriage of Rosa Kelly's was to become part of the Rose Hall property. Below the house was erected the spacious gateway, planned by Henry Fanning, Rosa Kelly's first husband, and carried out by George Ash, her second. If simplicity was the keynote of Cinnamon Hill Mansion House, magnificence was the keynote for Rose Hall, the Barretts' Northside neighbor. The great gateposts stood twice as high as a man's head. At a gentle inclination the driveway ascended towards Rose Hall, ending before a double flight of curved steps which led up to the spacious verandah and its porticoes. In one wing was the immense drawing room, in the other the so-called "eating room,"¹⁵ and everywhere patterned, lustrous hardwood floors. Near the double flight of steps dawdled some little negro page dressed in the Rose Hall livery mumbling his "Tanky, Massa, tanky!" to the gentlemen who came, and who went leaving a shilling behind.

In the dining room above were served those typical, over-abundant meals of Jamaica which piled up the death list,—especially among the men. Even the characteristic late Jamaican breakfast—following coffee at dawn and coming about noon-time—involved among other viands and drinks, tea and coffee, hot and cold meats, cold pickled fish and peppers, stews and fries, sweet jellies, ginger sweetmeats, spiced wine and water called sangaree, claret, hock-negus beautiful in its golden color, madeira and other wines and liquors.¹⁶

With the curious suggestion of a picture which a handful of bare records will make, Rosa Kelly seems to have had a happy experience in her married life, first with Henry Fanning and then after Fanning's death with George Ash,—brief happiness and brief life. In her marriage with Norwood Witter in 1753, she had been launched upon twelve years of hard events.¹⁷

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It is idle to speculate upon what Rosa Kelly meant, as neighbor and as a woman of singularly warm and beautiful character, both to Edward Barrett's young sister Margery and his almost no less young wife Judith Goodin Barrett. Although the evil reputation of Norwood Witter may have closed Rose Hall to people like the Scarletts, unbroken intercourse there must have been between these two dwellings of Cinnamon Hill and Rose Hall, so close together upon the same hill slope that "shell blow" for one house was "shell blow" for the other. Besides, Cinnamon Hill controlled the water power for Rose Hall.¹⁸

Rosa Kelly's father, the Reverend John Kelly, Rector of the Parish of St. Elizabeth, southward over the mountains from the Parish of St. James, had educated his daughter with care.¹⁹ If scant records are to be trusted, he was not only a good father but also a clergyman of more than common integrity in the life of Jamaica.²⁰ The Rector had given his daughter an education beyond the usual and a friendship deeper than is the custom of most fathers. Sixty years after her education had been begun by her father, the education he had given his daughter was still a matter of comment. Yet this daughter is the woman who, according to strange legend, is supposed to have murdered her four husbands, tortured her slaves, and led generally the life of a Lucrezia Borgia in Jamaica,—a story whose conclusion is given in the lifetime of one of Edward Barrett's grandsons. In the year of her father's death, in her loneliness Rosa Kelly married on the 4th of May, 1767. This fourth time it was the Custos of the Parish, the Honorable John Palmer, a good man as well as a man of wealth, who was the owner of Brandon Hill and of Palmyra estate. He was a neighbor and a cousin of the Barretts. He had been married once before and had two sons resident in England. Some of John Palmer's business affairs came, in time, into the care of Edward Barrett's son George Goodin Barrett. . . . However unfortunate the rumors which followed Rosa Kelly, she was substantially happy at the close of her life in her marriage with one of the most responsible men in Jamaica.

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v

There may have been a theatre in Spanish Town in the first decade or two of the eighteenth century, with a "Set of extraordinary good Actors," dashing coaches and gay liveries, much ceremony at King's House, eloquent speeches in the House of Assembly, many and marvellous dinners, and accomplished politicians, but the life of the outlying parts of the Northside of Jamaica was dull and difficult. Social relief for this dullness was found in paying and in receiving visits; and, if any "occasion" was needed for them, a wedding or a funeral provided such occasion. Margery Barrett, the youngest living child of Sam Barrett, and the youngest sister of Edward Barrett, was on the 11th of July, 1768, to be married to her cousin, the heir of Running Gut, who united the names of three important Northside families: the Barretts, the Lawrences, and the Whitehornes.²¹ Running Gut, of which Margery Barrett was to become the young mistress, was not far away, lying as it did between the Goodin estate of Spring and Rosa Palmer's Rose Hall. It was almost, not quite, within shell blow from Cinnamon Hill and had been in the Lawrence family since the close of the seventeenth century. Once it had been called Profitable Valley, and somehow it had become Running Gut, perhaps a slave corruption of Harangutta, a branch of the Ganges.²² Somewhere in Cinnamon Hill Great House—probably one of those raftered rooms whose antique beauty exists today—was Margery Barrett's room, "home" to which as a girl she must say goodbye. As she looked out from those windows of her room upon the hills, the wild cinnamon tree still made part of the fragrant beauty as well as the name of that hillside home of hers, and the old cotton tree was even then a great tree.

There were extensive "business" preparations for a Jamaican wedding of importance. At Cinnamon Hill Great House no doubt Judith Goodin Barrett set additional sempstresses to work, to prepare the linen for the bride to be and to make ready the clothes. The marriage of a daughter of the Barretts of Cinna-

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mon Hill involved preparation in the matter of property as well as linen. And such a wedding was a social event second only to events in the lives of the aristocracy of Jamaica,—the governors and their ladies.

The children, in their fine “wedding” clothes in honor of this beloved young aunt of theirs, had, in the way common to children, been running in and out of her room. There were George Goodin, seven years old, dressed in sober satins; Henry, six years old, a nervous, good little boy; Elizabeth, five years of age, clad in full-flowing flowered silk down to her little square-toed slippers; and Samuel, three. These children of Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin must have seemed to Margery like her own, and something of her enduring love and loyalty for Sam the “baby” still gleams in that will she made in 1798, four years after Captain Sam’s death, favorable even to his “reputed children.”

Negro maids were dressing “Missy”—Judith Goodin and Elizabeth Lawrence directing them—in the wedding gown which had unquestionably come from London. In the style of the time, probably Margery’s wedding gown was a sack dress of meshed white silk embroidered with flowers. The white hat upon her young head was graceful with plumes and mounted on a conical mass of dressed hair built up by means of powder and pomatum and stuffing. Was that quiet elegance of the Barretts of which Miss Mitford wrote in the nineteenth century theirs, too, in the eighteenth century? Before the finishing touches were set upon those few powdered dark curls which were to lie upon the left shoulder beneath the lustrous rim of the white hat and the pendent plumes, did the groom come up that stairway to have a glimpse of his bride and to show himself? He was handsome and slender in his black silk knee breeches and stockings, with his rich gold-brocaded waistcoat, the cravat of point lace, the maroon tail coat with its fine jewelled buttons, the deep lace cuffs almost hiding the slender hand with its flashing diamond ring. Bride and groom were beautiful in their youth, and it would have been then, as it is

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today, difficult to decide whether it was the costume which set off that youth or their youth which set off the costume. . . . On this day of the 11th of July, 1768,²³ everywhere, as the guests were assembling, was the glitter of many jewels and the sheen of satin and silk, damask and paduasoy. In the midst of the rising chatter of voices was heard the clink of swords tapping on the hardwood floors.

On that July day of his youngest sister's marriage Edward Barrett was himself the centre of many glances and many thoughts. As a brother he had done much for his sister. There he stood in the midst of his guests, the richest man in the parish and the most unassuming, a pleasant host to all, witty, hospitable, tactful, his fine oval features alight with interest; the mouth firm and sweet; the young chin already with a suggestion of peaceful doubling above the high soft cravat; the eyebrows strong; the eyes dark, penetrating, kindly. The carefully patched clothes for which Edward Barrett was noted were on this wedding day replaced by new rich dark satin knee breeches with gold buckled garters, and, probably, a coat of deep blue velvet and a vest of silver brocade. . . . As the voices, the heat, the odors mounted, in the hope of freshening the air did some member of the Barrett family open those south and north doors of the drawing room which give a clear sweep through to the sea?

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AGAINST the sober background of the industrial life and the lives of responsible planters, such as that of Edward Barrett, flashed the rake's progress. Rum was the rake's queen, and with her, the rule rather than the exception in Jamaica, the rake danced the dance of death. For reasons that were innate in the tension of the life itself rather than—as the Puritans stated—in human weakness, this tension in the Island was tragically destructive of human health and happiness. Tossed from a life in which the very processes of nature seemed more calculable and in which all movement was slower, these young Englishmen and women fluttered like blinded moths in the swift, brilliant, restless light of tropical Jamaica. Even for a leisurely, sentimental, evangelical English repentance the tropics left no time. Death, with the swift fang of a snake, killed a phenomenal number of people, both young and old. Many of the Colonists, attractive, healthy, young on arrival, within a year—and often within less—became the old and wrinkled ghosts of what they had been.

The generations in Jamaica increased, and experience, dearly bought, set to their account some knowledge of the nervous effects of the climate and of an adequate technique of health, should they care to use it, together with the perception of the difference between the rate of speed of natural laws at work in England and on the Island. Then came the medical men of the nineteenth century who, by their sacrifice and their work,

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were to make one of the most beautiful islands in the world also the safest and most healthful.

Inescapably part of the tension of that life during the eighteenth century were the industrial uncertainties in the Kingdom of Sugar. Over earthquake and hurricane the ablest planters soon learned they had little control to exert. Not only with expansion but also with catastrophe debt accumulated. However carefully handled, the very type of labor with which the planters had to work out their problems had in it elements of dynamite. Climate, the territorial demands of sugar culture, slave labor, and unforeseeable "acts of God," contributed to a tension wholly foreign to the English nature. Neither *Tintern Abbey* nor *In Memoriam* could ever have been written in Jamaica. The first poem would not have reached even the stage of inception. For the second poem cause was given often enough, but its quiet, slow-budding stanzas would have been shredded and dashed to earth before one canto was well begun.

Many were the anodynes sought and used to space along experience in the English life of the Island. Dissipation and politics running as they did neck and neck throughout the eighteenth century in Jamaica, there are moments when it seems no exaggeration to regard politics not only as a means of government but also as a drug or stimulant to the tragic aspects of the Island life. Display, too, was a means by which the planters padded and disguised the actual facts of their lives. And for their display, obsequiousness was not hard to obtain. Many of the slaves remained exactly what they were when they were impressed by English power and sold into English slavery: primitives, fawning through fear, with the malice, cruelty and irresponsibility of children. In Jamaica Browning's *Caliban* was not a "poem" but a black slave many times multiplied over many generations. To these slaves their masters were gods of unpredictable powers. Their own bodies goods and chattels, whatever mind or soul these primitives had also became their masters' goods and chattels. And for both masters and slaves the vicious circle was completed in excesses of pleasures in food,

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drink, and sexual intercourse. Knowing no rest of either body or mind, there today and gone tomorrow, the white masters found in Lord Albemarle and Sir Henry Morgan two of the first of their magnificent fools. Nor was there any break in the succession of magnificent folly from the last half of the seventeenth century on down through the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Until the missionaries began to come in numbers towards the close of the eighteenth century, it can be truthfully stated that the average Jamaican day began and ended with heavy drinking. Exceptions there were—probably in such households as those of the Edward Barretts and the Scarletts on the North-side—but the lot of these exceptions was the usual one of proving the rule. Maria, Lady Nugent spoke truthfully when she wrote that the men ate like cormorants and drank like porpoises. If they beat a retreat from such excesses it was merely, to quote the phrase of a friend of hers, to “cool coppers.”¹ In the debauchery which was broadcast over Jamaica from the close of the seventeenth century through the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the mental factor was a dominant factor. The greater the capacity the nature had for suffering, unaccompanied by training in endurance and some experience of the tropics, the more certain was the physical and moral downfall of that nature. All too often the planter and his white employees did not know the conditions under which even exercise should be taken by white men in tropical countries. They were unsupplied with books or unable to find society in their company. To say the least, the majority of the amusements in Jamaica during the eighteenth century were neither wholesome nor innocent.

Business responsibilities brought the white Colonists crushing anxieties, and, as they could see from the lives of those about them, were followed by phenomenal success or phenomenal ruin. One of the anodynes sought and found was the alcoholic tincture of opium called laudanum. Edward Long, not only distinguished as an historian but also a member of a dis-

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tinguished Jamaican family, eminent since the seventeenth century, leaves no chance for doubt with regard to the demoralization caused by opium on the Island. In his *History of Jamaica*, published in 1774, Long wrote:

I cannot avoid taking some notice of the abuse committed by many persons here, male as well as female, in their daily potations of this baneful mixture; several of both sexes love to become inebriated with it, and make their boast, that, of all liquors, it is not only the speediest and cheapest, but the pleasantest, to get drunk with. . . .

I have known a whole company of men in Jamaica, at table, pledge one another in this liquor. The women, in general, are more moderate in the quantity they take at once; but, although they sip it drop by drop, it is repeated so frequently, that the whole they take in a twelve-month is pretty near as much, as what others drink, who recur to it seldom, but in larger doses at a time; and its effects, in both cases, are equally fatal. Some ladies are never without a bottle of it in their pocket, with some lumps of sugar; and swallow it with great privacy, and by stealth, twice or thrice every day, increasing the dose so high, as to eighty or one hundred drops. They pretend it is their "*curarum dulce luvamen*" and absolutely requisite for their comfort and happiness.

If drunkenness is so disgraceful to the fair sex in particular, they surely ought to reflect, that it makes not the least difference in point of dishonour, whether they fuddle themselves with laudanum, or with brandy. . . .

The firm hold which so horrid a fashion has taken in this island is really unaccountable, unless we suppose that the force of example, and the alluring persuasion of inveterate female tipplers, have combined with the deluding charms of the *Circean* draught.²

Born and bred in Jamaica, known for his truthfulness and his accuracy, Edward Long gives these and other data about the Island drug habits, and leaves little to the imagination and less to doubt.

Four years later William Jones in his life with the Attorney General of Jamaica records:

June 4th, 1778. Opium is greatly used in this Island, & in high Esteem among the sons of sorrow to remove their Melancholy &

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solace their Cares. Heard a person mentioned who always spent 3/4ths of his patrimony on *crude Opium*.³

It will be remembered that Dr. Hans Sloane in 1688 took away from Mrs. Thomas Barrett the opium confection which another physician had been giving her. What in opiates Dr. Sloane might have thought he must give Mrs. Barrett, had he stayed longer than he did, will never be known. What Dr. Dancer at the close of the eighteenth century did medically with opium his book *The Medical Assistant* reveals.⁴ That even as a remedy the use of opium was overdone by physicians in Jamaica admits no doubt.

Records and comments which cover more than one hundred years to 1804 show all too explicitly that Jamaica knew the uses of opium as a means of dissipation, and also—and more important—that Jamaican families grew up familiar with opium as a household remedy. This use and wont in the history of the Barrett backgrounds is a matter of importance in the life of one—E.B.B.—who is the most famous figure of a great family.

II

Dr. Patrick Browne wrote in Jamaica in the eighteenth century that the members of “the amiable sex” were great lovers of decency and cleanliness, were sprightly, good-humored, modest, genteel and lovers of mirth, that they had the capacity to excel in the “labours of the needle, or economy,” but that, despite their attractions and abilities, many of them were so indolent and so wanting in consideration for others that men hesitated to marry them,—especially so since only the most engaging behavior could serve to break the “vicious habits” which these men usually acquired in their young manhood. Patrick Browne then goes on to comment in a footnote on what was no matter of footnote in the life of Jamaica:

What I mean by vicious habits, are their great attachments to Negroe-women; there being but few gentlemen but what have several of those ladies very early in keeping.⁵

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The lives of the majority of Creole women were dull and hard and often crude. They lived in the midst of an unvarying round of domestic duties, for the smooth-running of which they were dependent upon their negro slaves, who were in some cases unable to speak English, even the customary gibberish. If the white mistress at the head domestically of these subservient, sometimes primitive, and always unsubduable retinues of servants was a woman of energy and responsibility, the mistress cared for the servants with a patience and generosity which made her in the midst of overwhelming problems but a "head slave" among slaves. Sometimes the slaves, whether Coromantyn or from the tribe of Banda, were dangerous, untutored primitives whose training should not have been left to the white women who, nerve-wracked and worn by the conditions of their lives, not infrequently flogged them to the amusement of children, and who struck them with any handy object, such as a shoe. Skill in horsemanship, dancing, music and needlework, in which many of the white Creole women of Jamaica were remarkable, was soon lost in the heavy dreary round of their responsibilities and the superintendence of the physical and social welfare—health, food, clothing—of the slave groups under their control.

In the eighteenth century in Jamaica visits that were "visitations" were the rule and not the exception. These visits relieved the dullness of Jamaican lives as well as the plantation of all its edible chickens, ducks, pigs and turkeys, the garden of its vegetables and the "cellar" of its wines, almost the sugar works of its rum! Six weeks were not unusual and the longer the visitors stayed, feasting and idling by day and dancing by night, the greater, supposedly, was their regard for their hosts and hostesses. Vast were the arrangements at both ends, the visitors to set out upon their journey, the hosts to receive those who came. Trunks, bundles and bandboxes had to be packed for what has been called the "trunk fleet," the advance guard of a dozen or more male and female slaves, who started before dawn, carrying upon their heads tin boxes or cases containing

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the toilet requirements in clothing, finery and cosmetics of their masters and mistresses.⁶ Some of the trunks and bundles were large and heavy and yet had to be carried on the head twelve, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five miles. These patient luggage slaves trudged up hill and down from dark to dawn, and dawn into the hot noonday, themselves excited over a coming visit, chattering their gibberish, and phlegmatic under burdens expected and long borne. They were to arrive before "Massa" and "Missy" did, the luggage to be in place in their rooms. And arrive they did, whether the roads they had to travel were good "subscription" roads or mere cart tracks through cane pieces and through forests. The penalties for failure to arrive would be much heavier upon the back than was the heaviest trunk upon the head!

This luggage squad was followed in due course by a cavalcade caparisoned for comfort as well as use, having as its chief characters not only master and mistress but also uncles, aunts, cousins, and innumerable children. The men were on horseback and so were some of the women. Other women were in carriages. The gentlemen rode first on American horses which in Jamaica in the 1760's and 1770's were called pacers. Probably the majority of these horses were single-footers imported from the southern states and not pacers. Then came the older ladies of the cavalcade followed by their daughters on horseback, then a small group of negro pages on mules, and following them on foot were large powerful negroes carrying the little children pinned up in linen for protection from the sun, and after them a long train of horses and sumpter mules being led. In short, the household upon the way! Under the front part of their hats the gentlemen wore white handkerchiefs to keep out the heat, and their legs were encased in long, somewhat tight trousers made of Russian sheeting. All the men and women and the stout negro slaves bearing the children carried umbrellas. Besides, the women of the cavalcade wore white and green hats, with handkerchiefs so pinned around their faces that they met over the nose.

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Upon arrival great were the "how-dees" of white Creole hosts and Creole cavalcade! In the comfortable distribution of slaves alone, as well as masters and mistresses, there must have been the need for executive ability of no mean order. Finally, when the greetings were over, it was the custom for the men and women to separate, the women and children going to their rooms, the men going onto the piazza to smoke and to take a light punch. In their rooms, the women rested in loose night-gowns upon the beds, the children lay sleeping or waking and practically naked upon the cool, hard mattresses on the floor.

Throughout the long, hot hours the preparations which were being made for dinner were probably evident to the senses. For the first course of a Creole dinner there was to be, as always, fish. With the fish would be served jerked hog dressed in the Maroon fashion, also black-crab pepper pot. The pepper pot was in itself a dinner within a dinner, for it was composed of stewed capon, beef, and ham, together with dozens of land crabs including their eggs and fat; and to these meats were added onions, peppers, ochra, sweet herbs, and anything else the black artist of the kitchen wished.

If crabs were being cooked for dinner for the elders, all these visiting children had to do was to stamp their foot, and give one loud yell: "Me wantee crab! Me wantee crab!"

Terrified the slaves would run to do the bidding of Little Massa or Little Missy. Indeed under some circumstances Creole children could have even more exactly what they yelled for, not just "crab" but the *kind* of crab desired. They would examine the crab given them. Finding no eggs—the best part of any crab—they would take the crab and their fists, striking out at Cloe and Biny and Rosey, or as many as could be reached with fists and mashed crab, yelling all the time: "Him no hab egg, him blue maugre to hell, me no wantee *man crab*, me wantee *woman crab*!"⁷

This sally would be greeted in the rooms not only with the "woman crab" desired but also with chimes of negro laughter

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and with many kisses. Little Massa knew what he wanted! Little Missy so clebber!

In the bedrooms half-grown negro slaves were fanning the ladies, and minding the children. And so for the women the Jamaican afternoon wore away within the rooms with gossip, rest, food and some bathing, until it was time to dress for dinner.⁸ Wanting in energy and the economic and moral direction which a more fortunate home life can bring with it, many white Creole women fell all too easily into indolent, sensual and barbaric habits of overeating, oversleeping while their slaves fanned them and tickled their feet; daily-dosing with the bottle of laudanum carried in the pocket with several lumps of sugar; drinking; and a calloused yet avid interest in the lascivious negro amours of the men of their families.

On the piazza to obtain the greatest amount of coolness the men had drawn their chairs close to the piazza railing, tipped back and put their feet upon the railing. Then one of them called "Fire!" A small black boy ran off and returned with a piece of burning wood with which they lit their tobacco. Out came what they called pouches, out came scissors with which they clipped off the ends of their cigars, then the fire and out came the smoke! After that followed the narrative of the journey and the interchange of gossip, then as now, except that not a little of the gossip was likely to be about what they called their "mulatto wenches." The better types of black and brown service were honeycombed with the so-called "housekeeper system." Many a Creole wife must have been puzzled or distraught by conditions inseparable from her husband's mulatto favorite or favorites living under the same or a near-by roof. That this problem existed in the lives of the friends and neighbors of the Barretts there can be no doubt. That the problem of black and white connections had since the second generation in Jamaica been embedding itself in the family ramifications of the Barrett family is based on direct evidence. . . . Concubinage as "custom of the country" was an inescapable part of slavery.

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That night, mixed with the steaming fragrances of the black-crab pepper pot and other dishes in preparation, were the odors of hot and excited blackies, large and small, who were always in a frenzy over any social occasion. And that night with West Indian profusion the first course was to be followed by a second course which included not only all the meats of the black-crab pepper pot, but also separately dressed and baked, turkey, turtle, goose, mutton, duck, tongue and other meats. For the third course there were to be elaborate sweets and fruits, and during the dinner various wines, liquors and punches would be served.

III

In those robust, glittering, tremendous days of "prize goods" at the close of the seventeenth century, with abundance of "running cash" at Port Royal and in other places in Jamaica, there was little thought of the subtle human problems involved in the fashion in which the English conquerors laid the foundations of white Creole society on the Island. But the more thoughtful could not have been launched a generation into the life of Jamaica before those problems became evident to them. The English had successfully bound the negro to the profits in sugar, rum and other forms of merchandise, and it seemed not to matter what expression the labor disturbances took, for almost to the close of the eighteenth century, the profits increased. The little acorn in the drama was the physical advantage which the negro had as a genuine southerner over the adjustments of northern white men and women to a tropical climate. In an unchecked vitality the biologic advantage of the negro in a tropical climate was at its highest among negro women. White men accustomed to the unlicensed, diseased brothels of London and other English towns and cities found something by comparison healthy in an accepted intercourse with negro women, both enslaved and free. In Jamaica chastity among white men was almost nonexistent. That it did not exist

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among negro women, enslaved or free, was due in part to the white man and in part to tribal African customs.

In Jamaica in the eighteenth century "free living" was as abundant a crop as sugar in a good season. But the "free living" was due not so much to the primitiveness of the negro as to the white man's use of power over the negro and to the satisfaction of the white man's sensual impulses. In the dissipations of Jamaica, it would be possible to talk with childish delight about wine and negresses and with emphasis upon all the "filth ceremonies," as characteristic of dissipations with their returns to the lower levels of primitive conditions as of psychoses with their returns to primitive levels.

If only it had been as simple as that and as childish! But there were good men and many caught seemingly by their own volition in connections in which again and again authentic love struggled in the midst of illicit conditions. And there were sensitive, loyal, generous women of color bound by "dishonorable" conditions which they could not alter and could not control. In these mulattos, mustees, mustephinos, and other degrees of admixture of black and white blood, the white masters of Jamaica had succeeded in raising a group of males and females of extreme physical and nervous delicacy, often of great beauty. Many times these children were as fair as their English father. If dark, they might be of a beautiful sun-tan, sometimes bronze. Not seldom were they of rare intelligence and culture, yet across them was the equivalent of a double bar sinister of color and of law. In the tragedies of Jamaica this was the basic tragedy, ineradicable and profound in its consequences of suffering both to sensitive men and women of color and to the whites.

The law did not protect—though it went through the gestures of protecting—negro and "mulatto" girls and women, but in some instances the white man did. Concubinage was the "Custom of the Country." Mothers brought up their colored daughters for disposal to the highest white bidder. In most cases there was no consciousness of wrong doing. Those sable mothers pled for what to them seemed both promotion and

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security for their daughters, who sometimes were not only beautiful but also modest, wanting only the chance to be something a little better than slaves. It is useless to call their predicament "shameless adultery" and rest satisfied by that adjudication. Undoubtedly all too often it was shameless adultery. But when it was so, it was usually because the white man wished it to be so.

When a large West Indian proprietor was being examined by a committee of the House of Lords in 1832, he was asked: "Can you name any overseer, driver, or other person in authority, who does not keep a mistress?"

The proprietor replied, "I cannot." ⁹

He might have added that from the point of view of slavery these connections were an asset to the plantation owner.

Whatever the habit of mind—disposed to think the worst or believe the best—the opinion of the Attorney General of the Island, the excitable William Jones's patron, should, at least as "public opinion," receive consideration. For Saturday the 18th of September, 1779, William Jones set down this entry in his *Diary*:

Mr H told me, with an oath, that he was amazed that men formed any other than black or brown connections, in this Country. By one folly or another, the temper of the husband & wife becomes soured; & she begins hardly to care how soon she may get rid of him, in hopes of a better. He returns to his former acquaintance, to wallow in the mire of sensuality, which old & young, married & single, in this cursed Country, would fain believe always allowable. His chief happiness is now placed anywhere but at home, in beastly drunkenness & obscenity. The Lady, from the multitude of her black train, seldom remains long in ignorance of the "brute's" course; & there are not wanting *rakes*, especially in the *military* line, who have scarce a thought about anything but intrigues; & who, under pretence of advising her, will take every advantage of her girlish imprudence, to her ruin.¹⁰

Such were some of the results of the "infatuated attachments to black women" of which Long also had much to say.¹¹

It was customary for an unmarried white man of whatever

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class to live openly with his black or brown mistress. His white female friends thought it no breach of decorum to visit with him, play with his "mulatto" children, and converse with his "housekeeper," considering her conduct—though it would have been regarded as disgraceful in their own class—entirely acceptable in the woman of color. "The example of a few ladies of a juster way of thinking has little weight in discountenancing this levelling sort of familiarity," wrote Stewart. Moreover, the man who lived in open adultery, keeping his brown or black mistress in the face of family and community, especially if he were a man of weight and influence, usually received as much outward respect, was visited and accepted socially as much, as if he were guilty of no breach of decency or of morals.¹² Stewart has made unmistakably clear how little these connections, however they may have been despised by a minority, had to do with a man's social position in the community.

During slavery the vendue room was, it may be, the worst of their fate. But since the emancipation hundreds of these women of misfortune, decent, well-behaved, dignified, educated, have been thrown by fate, generation after generation, into the alleys of Kingston and Spanish Town, where, as they struggled with starvation, they waited for death as the only friend to whom with certainty they could look for help. They are there still and for death they are still waiting.

IV

Nowhere is the problem of miscegenation so inescapably and authoritatively pointed up as in the records of the *Journal of Assembly of Jamaica*. According to Lady Nugent, no group was more involved in the difficulties growing out of these connections than were the Members of the Assembly. For March 22, 1802, may be found this record in her *Journal*:

Dismiss my mulatto friends as soon as possible, and go to bed. Several of them gave me their histories. They are all daughters of Members of the Assembly, Officers, &c. &c.¹³

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Again and again in the records of the Assembly are entered these phrases: "unfortunate circumstances of their birth," "reputed children," "persons so near to the degree of white persons."¹⁴ Excerpting of the miscegenation petitions presented to the Assembly from the close of the seventeenth century to 1826 would fill a bulky volume and provide the background for a study of more than ordinary biologic and social interest. It might be said that these petitions are based on a desire for two kinds of freedom: a wish for the freedom of the child whether mulatto, quadroon or mustee; and, second, for the right to devise property to these children.

On the 6th of October, 1777, two acts were paired which illustrate perfectly this race problem of personal and property freedom. The petitioner was John Williams, Esquire, of the parish of St. Ann. His quadroon children involved were eleven in number: Mary, Elizabeth, Janet, Charlotte, Margaret, Catherine, Sarah, John, Thomas, George and John Russell. An act had been passed by the Governor, Council and Assembly of the Island to control or prevent the exorbitant grants and devises by white persons to negroes.¹⁵ Notwithstanding this act, John Williams wished an act—and the number of white Creoles wishing similar acts was innumerable—which should authorize and enable him to settle and dispose of his estate by deed or grant in such a manner as he should think proper. This petition was paired with another from John Williams on the same date asking for an act which should "intitle" these eleven quadroon children of his "to the same rights and privileges with English subjects, under certain restrictions."¹⁶

So much for John Williams! Then came George!

In 1779, on the 18th of March, the excitable William Jones, the tutor to the sons of the Attorney General of Jamaica, Thomas Harrison, set down these indignant words in his *Diary*:

At the last Grand Court a Cause was tried relative to the disposition of the fortune of G. Wms. &c. I perused his will wherein he had devised, excepting only a few pounds, between 34 and

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35,000 £ to Negro &c. connections, sons & daughters by them, whose number I wou'd not trouble myself with counting.

Expressing my surprise at this, Mr H. bid me consider how often *man* acts the *beast*, & assured me, men, married & single, openly and impudently avowed these cursed connections; & that Creole Ladies are by no means disconcerted at that which is so fashionable among Husbands in this Country.¹⁷

. . . It is evident, without comment, that possibilities of grave economic disaster are inherent in such devises for a government fundamentally English. Of this the Assembly had been aware for a long time. In 1726 it had made an investigation by means of which it had discovered that in that year alone property to the value of £200,000 had been willed to the mulatto offspring of white men. On the 30th of April, 1783, this famous case of property litigation in which were involved the seven natural sons of George Williams by two negresses, Quasheba or Queen and Fanny Douglas, was dismissed without costs. Contributing to the report handed in were William Jones's patron, the Attorney General, and Samuel Williams Haughton who was related to the Barretts.¹⁸ Periodically the property issue in this and countless other cases was revived for discussion by the Assembly of Jamaica. But the problem came so near "home"—literally—for so many members of the Assembly that little that was permanently regulatory was done.

It is startling to catch glimpses of the tragedy of miscegenation moving towards Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett and Robert Browning generations before either was born. . . . In the will which Hearcey Barritt (Hersey Jr.) made in 1722 and to which there has been reference is found this direction:

I devise to my son James Barritt his heirs and assigns the three woman slaves now belonging to the house wherein I dwell named Old Rose, Judith and Jane and also the three mulatto children of the said Jane named Katey, Neddy and Nanny.

What is the significance of the "three mulatto children"? In this sentence from the will of James Barritt in 1736 Judith ap-

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pears again as "Judy" and possibly Neddy as "Nod" and Nanny as Anne:

I give unto my wife Mary Barritt one negro woman named Judy one mulatto woman named Anne Taylor and one mulatto man named Nod.¹⁹

But Katey was not among them. And for the reason we know: that Katey had been promoted, not to Heaven but to freedom and to an educational conjunction remarkable in wills. The 14th day of July, 1725, Hearcey Barritt entered a codicil to make the assurance that all in his will is clear doubly sure. Since 1722 at an expense of sixty-seven pounds and ten shillings current money of Jamaica Hearcey Barritt had made Katey free. Since in his will he had left Katey to his son James, in a codicil he directed that the sixty-seven pounds and ten shillings be paid James "in lieu of the said Mulatto Girl and her future increase immediately after my Death." But that was not his only anxiety, as a conjunction unusual in wills reveals. Hearcey Barritt's grandson Hearcey was then a boy twelve years old, and his grandfather had been worrying about his education. The first "Item" of the codicil is Katey, and the second "Item" is young Hearcey.

Under date of July, 1755, in the short will of Richard Barrett, the first son of Sam Barrett and Elizabeth Wisdom, is a clause which, studied, is startling in its frankness. Richard had been married at seventeen to Mary, the daughter of Job Williams of St. Ann's parish. Dying at the age of thirty-two, there is no reference in Richard's will to Mary or to any children by her. His will reveals not only a son's loving confidence in his mother and father but also this matter-of-fact candor about a negro mistress:

After my lawful debts and funeral charges are paid I nominate Samuel Barrett and Elizabeth Barrett his wife my dearly Beloved parents whole and sole heirs and Executors of this my will and order and direct my said Dearly beloved Executors and heirs afore-

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said to purchase the Freedom and manumission of a negro wench named Sibella and her issue.²⁰

Twenty-seven years from the making of Richard's will his brother Samuel Barrett made a will on the 27th of March, 1782, in which he generously provided for the penniless daughter of an associate planter, with loyalty remembered his living brothers Wisdom and Edward and several of his friends, and with a precision of legal care, behind which is something warmer than justice always is, provided in these words for the manumission of "Magikan":

I do hereby Order direct and appoint that my Executors hereinafter named do absolutely at all events purchase the freedom of a female slave known by the name of Madgikan or Migeckan otherwise Ann Molly the property of John Simpson Esquire and the cost and charges thereof be defrayed out of my Estate and I do also direct and appoint that the said female slave called Magekan or Migeckan otherwise Ann Molly be manumized and forever sett free from all Bondage servitude and Slavery whatsoever and I also further direct and appoint my Executors hereinafter named do purchase four negroe women Girls and their future Increase unto the said Magikan or Migeckan otherwise Ann Molly and her assigns forever I give and Bequeath unto my friend John Simpson his heirs and assigns the sum of Seven Hundred Pounds Current money of Jamaica Provided the said John Simpson his heirs and assigns do and shall well and truly Execute within twelve months after my decease a good sure and perfect manumission of the said female slave called or known by the name of Magikan or Migeckan otherwise Ann Molly at and for any reasonable or just consideration not exceeding the sum of Three hundred Pounds current money of Jamaica and to Enfranchize and forever sett free from all Bondage and slavery the said female slave called Magikan or Migeckan otherwise Ann Molly and her issue but should the said John Simpson refuse to perform the same then the said Legacy is hereby declared to be void.²¹

The executors of this will were his brother Edward Barrett, his nephew George Goodin Barrett, and his "trusty friends" Robert McGhie, Richard Watt and John Simpson. John Simpson had become through marriage to Elizabeth Barrett Law-

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rence a member of the Barrett and Lawrence families. Two years after the making of this will in 1782 he was to become through the marriage of his daughter to John Kenyon, Sr. the grandfather of John Kenyon, Jr.

In conclusion Samuel Barrett's nephews, Richard Barrett Waite and Thomas Barrett Waite, together with the faithful Job Dale, were the witnesses. Although eyes and head both begin to whirl finally with the revolutions of the name "otherwise Ann Molly," the intention of the will is direct and steady. Undoubtedly the perfect manumission for Magikan was made law. No property, except the negro girls, was willed to Magikan but her maintenance must have been secured in some way. He had perpetrated a will whose chief concerns were the penniless daughter, Mary Trepsack, of an associate planter who had died, and making as fool-proof as it could be made the manumission of his concubine slave who belonged to his friend John Simpson. . . . As these backgrounds make evident, there were two human beings to become important in the life of Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett who were coming closer to the time of her birth and their association with her. They were Mary Trepsack—the beloved Treppy of the letters—and John Kenyon, her cousin.

CHAPTER XIII

CUTWIND

IT SEEMS doubtful whether the Cinnamon Hill cut-wind had been built when on the 22nd of February, 1780, the first of that year's hurricanes struck Montego Bay. In a direct line, Montego Bay is less than ten miles—and that up over a rise of foothills—from Cinnamon Hill Great House. Should the wind strike from the northwest Cinnamon Hill might find a slight protection. But usually on this side and end of the Island, the hurricane came out of the north. There is literally nothing between the Caribbean side of Cinnamon Hill Great House, except the sea, until the southeast coast of Cuba is reached. When there was devastation in Montego Bay, probably there was worse at Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall House. Then must Edward Barrett have gone back in memory to 1744, when as a ten-year-old boy he had experienced for the first time the terror of that hurricane shortly after which Lucy Tittle had died.

This storm of the 22nd of February, 1780, lasted all day, blowing up such a swell of the sea that the entire harbor was filled with wrecked vessels, the houses on or near the beach were destroyed or partially destroyed, and the wharves literally torn from their foundations. Eleven square-rigged vessels, four schooners, three large sloops, and a multitude of smaller craft were either bulged or beaten to pieces.¹ James Scarlett, who was to become the first Lord Abinger, was then a boy of eleven living with his family near Montego Bay. In some manuscript notes by him there is this record of the storm:

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In the morning the sun arose upon a scene of desolation and disaster I can never forget. Many houses in the town had disappeared, and all, except our own, which escaped, bore marks of the violence they had sustained. All the vessels in the roads were on shore. Many large trees were rooted up, and upon those which remained not a leaf was to be seen. The sudden change from perennial foliage and verdure to leafless forest and dreary pastures presented a horrid likeness to winter scenery in a northern climate. But the power of the sun in a few days restored their foliage to the trees, and to the pastures their verdure. So great, however, had been the destruction of everything on which the subsistence of the inhabitants depended that the dread of famine soon followed the traces of the storm.²

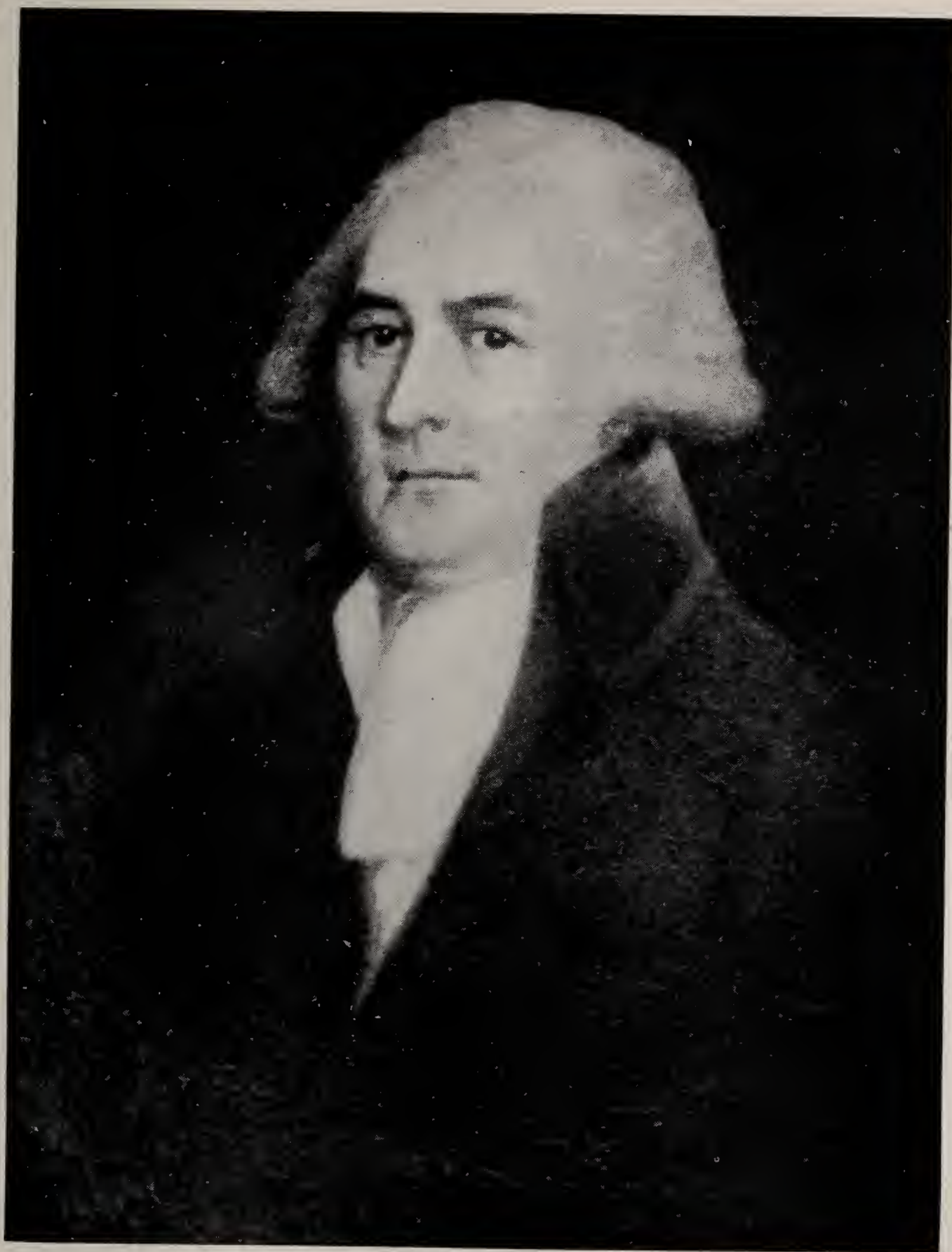
Seven months later on October third of the same year another hurricane struck over the Northside, continuing its fury for nine days, and devastating all of Westmoreland to the extent of £700,000. This storm began about one o'clock in the afternoon. Savannah-la-Mar, some thirty miles across the mountains from Little River, first felt the fury of the hurricane, which with the tail lash sometimes characteristic of hurricanes finished with an earthquake. Savannah-la-Mar was again inundated and practically destroyed. The race difference in safety, as well as in numbers can be inferred from the fact that one account ends with this statement: "several white people, and some hundred of negroes, killed."³ At Cinnamon Hill the worst of this October hurricane came during the night, with rain that was a cloudburst and lightning that was a conflagration. By midnight the storm was lessening, but all shipping was damaged or annihilated, as in February, and in addition many sugar works and dwellings and all plantain walks—the Creole's mainstay—were destroyed.⁴ These two 1780 hurricanes and the one in 1781 on the first of August happening during a time of war, foreign supplies were not available.⁵ The Northside found itself not only in the midst of ruin but also facing a complete famine.

Had there been time to recover from the February hurricane of that year, in their situation in October there might have been more hope. But both within and without Jamaica the con-

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dition of the Northside was looked upon as one of the greatest gravity, with starvation and disease following upon the extensive destruction of shipping, works and dwellings, and the razing of the cane pieces and the plantain walks.⁶ That hurricanes were again to strike this Northside of the Barretts in 1784 and 1786 suggests economically, if in no other and more personal way, something of the enormous extent of the estate problems in rehabilitation which Edward Barrett and other members of his family had to face.

After the 1780 hurricane on the 22nd of February, it would have been only human to conclude that the worst was over and that it would be a long time before anything so bad could happen again. If Edward Barrett had already considered the building of a hurricane cellar or cutwind for the protection of his family he may have felt reasonably safe for a while in postponing its erection. But after the third of October which brought the second hurricane of that year—one which revolved slowly and ruthlessly over the Northside for some nine days,—there could have been no doubt in his mind of the wisdom of building without delay such a cutwind. It must have been between the November of 1780 and the early months of 1781 that the famous cutwind with its wedge shape was erected. Massive stone and concrete, the cutwind is a knife edge—still sharp—which can cleave in twain the power of a “norther” and the terror of hurricane. In this seemingly unique structure for protection against hurricane, again the Barretts were not first. From the point of view of security in form the Barrett cutwind is an improvement. These “improvements” were as characteristic of the Barretts as the fact that they were never first. But in dimensions the Cinnamon Hill cutwind is not so adequate as the Blagrove refuge. Horrible must the moment have been when it had to be decided which ten human beings at Cinnamon Hill were to enter that chamber of safety while the rest, and the majority, remained outside. The Cutwind of Cinnamon Hill is interesting partly because it reveals so clearly the experience of the family in facing those “northers” that whirled out of the



Edward Barrett
Portrait by Hoppner



Cutwind, Cinnamon Hill

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north on to the Great Houses of Little River, Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill.

In 1780 the children of Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin were: George Goodin Barrett twenty years old, Henry eighteen, Elizabeth seventeen, Samuel fifteen and little Sarah Goodin six. The matriculation of George Goodin Barrett at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1780 when he was nineteen would suggest that he was not intellectually as unusual as his younger brother Sam, who matriculated at Hertford College, Oxford, in 1781 when he was sixteen.⁷ Yet many were the honors and the appointments which came to George Goodin Barrett, the oldest son of Edward Barrett. He must have had, as his father had, an endearing personality. It is certain that he had remarkable business ability. The children of the Barrett family lived in the midst of a highly organized corporate family life in which were emphasized the values of economy, hard work, the holding of responsible official positions, the management of great estates and the carrying of family affairs. In themselves Barrett backgrounds constituted a small city of family groups and of estate holdings financed by many millions of pounds sterling. Up to the year 1798 the life created for these groups by Edward Barrett and his older sons was the dominant influence.

On the Northside the Barretts of Cinnamon Hill were making ready for the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth to Charles Moulton. On the 28th of August, 1781, twenty-seven days after the third hurricane, the following record of marriage in St. James's was made:

Charles Moulton, Bachelor	}	By Licence
Elizabeth Barrett, Spinster		
Married 28th August 1781		
James Griginon, Rector ⁸		

Here then was a marriage which literally took place between one "big breeze" and another. Something primitive in human thinking (!) finds ill augury for that union coming in the midst of those storm-swept years, full of death by disaster and disease.

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Already, although unknown, calamity was advancing upon them. . . . The legend runs that the father of Charles Moulton was in command of a man-of-war stationed in the West Indies. Captain Charles Moulton lived till 1793. It was under the care of his father that Charles had come to Jamaica from Norfolk where, it was said, the family had held the estates of Shipden and Ormsby by the waters of the North Sea. The terms of a grant of arms, taken out some years later, suggest less certainty about the Moulton lineage. The following extract from the Supplement to the Royal Gazette of Kingston under date of the 8th of September, 1781, gives one more clue about the identity of Charles Moulton:

Married. On Tuesday, Aug. 28th. at Cinnamon Hill Estate in St. James, Mr. Charles Moulton, of the island of Madeira, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, daughter of Edward Barrett, Esq.

That Moulton was in Madeira is certain. His name appears in the Cash Book of Cossart Gordon and Company, wine merchants.

However happy, for a short time, the married life of Elizabeth Barrett with Charles Moulton may have been, she was probably not long away from her mother and father. One sad event alone, together with the fact that her brothers were at school and college, may have brought her quickly back to Cinnamon Hill where, in time, all of her children were to be born. That "acts of God" in hurricane and drought affected the family life was inevitable. In what details cannot be known! The hurricane on August 1st, 1781, was the third in less than two years. The spread of disease must have increased at an appalling rate as the hurricane multiplied. And on Christmas Day of that year little Sarah Goodin, seven years old, died.⁹ So for Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin did these few significant years which had in them the expansion of their estates, the havoc of several hurricanes, the building of the hurricane cutwind at Cinnamon Hill, the matriculation of at least two sons for Oxford, and the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth, come to a mournful close with the death of their youngest child.

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II

Edward Barrett's younger brother Samuel was living on Oxford and Cambridge Estates but a short distance away from the town and port of Falmouth, which under Barrett management was developing rapidly.¹⁰ Living with Samuel Barrett at Cambridge was a little girl, Mary Trepsack, a ward left him by her father, the impecunious friend and planter William Trepsack. Curiously a letter from Treppy's father, William Trepsack, survives in the *Council Minutes*. This letter is written to no less a person than the rector of the Kingston Parish Church who had succeeded William May and had buried John Tittle in 1758. William Trepsack, in the following letter, writes as if his relation to the Rector were one of special responsibility:

JAMAICA,
5th. April, Ano 1763.

Georges Plain
29th. March 1763.

Sir

I last Monday wrote of my being informed that some Runaways had Kill'd the White Man & White Negroe at the Mountain, it proves to be too true, they have kill'd William Hook, Johnny the Negroe you hired of Wilson, & Katy & her Child and Burnt the Great House down intirely, Cudjoes Negroes are out after them but have not as yet come up with them.

Sign'd Wm. Trepsack

To The Revd. Mr. Robert Atkins
at Kingston¹¹

Still young, age thirty-three, Samuel Barrett died at Cambridge on the 22nd of October, 1782. Samuel Barrett's death brought not only freedom to Magikan but also a never-to-be-forgotten home in Cinnamon Hill Great House to the little orphan Mary Trepsack whom Samuel had befriended. It was probably at the time of his brother's death that Edward Barrett took Treppy. With the death of Sarah Goodin, Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin were then standing upon the threshold of

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those losses in which their children were to be cut down until Elizabeth alone was left. It was about that time there came into their midst the bright, quaint figure of "Treppy," with Treppy's rare combination of dash, loving-kindness, and eternal youth.

Among the dusty folios in the Record Office at Spanish Town is the will of Treppy's father William Trepsack.¹² From that it is learned that Mary Trepsack had a brother named William Henry Trepsack. She had, too, a sister named Anne Dennis Trepsack. In the order in which these names are given it would seem that both brother and sister were older than Mary. Her father had been a planter of Salt Marsh,—the "Salta Marsh" which became part of Falmouth as that flourishing town developed under the direction of her father's friend Samuel Barrett and his brother Edward. What happened that left William Trepsack with only five slaves as his fortune to will away may never be known. That the Barretts were in a position to make this territory into a town and that he had almost nothing did not alter William Trepsack's confidence in the friendship of his "good Friend Samuel Barrett." This assurance of trust stated in 1773 when, perhaps, Mary was five years old, was fulfilled by Samuel and by his brother Edward; it was continued in a close friendship by Edward's daughter Elizabeth Barrett Moulton until her death in 1831; and it was maintained by Elizabeth Barrett Moulton's son Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett up to the year of his death,—in all more than eighty years of trust fulfilled. Of the quaint, gay, loving figure of "Treppy," through records hitherto unknown, an early glimpse is caught. The will of Samuel Barrett gives this bit of history:

I do hereby empower order direct and appoint that Mary Trepsack the daughter of William Trepsack late of the Parish of Saint James planter deceased be cloathed maintained and Educated at the Charge of my Estate and at the discretion of my Executors hereinafter named untill she attains the age of fourteen years at which time I direct that she may be put out and Bound apprentice in Great Britain Either to a Milliner or Mantua Maker which ever my Executors may deem most proper and the Charge thereof as well as

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her maintenance and support till the expiration of her apprenticeship I direct and appoint be defrayed out of my Estate at the discretion of my said Executors till she arrives to the age of Eighteen years or day of Marriage at which time I give and bequeath unto the said Mary Trep sack the sum of Seven hundred pounds Like Current money payable unto her the said Mary Trep sack at the age of Eighteen years or day of Marriage which ever shall first happen and in case of her decease befor she arrives to the age of Eighteen years or day of Marriage that then and in such case the said legacy hereby given is declared to be null and void.

An orphan, penniless except for the legacy of two slaves Lucinda and Rosetta, Mary Trep sack fell heir to an educational plan and a legacy, to a home at Cinnamon Hill Great House and the other houses of the Barretts in Jamaica, and later with Elizabeth Barrett Moulton to homes in the north of England and in London. And, no little matter in demand and responsibility, she fell heir to the love of four generations of Barretts. If the fragmentary records surviving in her words and those of E.B.B. indicate a true picture, Treppy, seemingly unimportant, held—as no other figure does—those four generations in her spell.

After little Mary Trep sack became a member of the Cinnamon Hill family, as she did about 1782, life was full of many interests and many people to love. What had become, or was to become, of Lucinda and Rosetta can never be known. Possibly they were added to the Cinnamon Hill menage of slaves, or, to admit a probability, they may have been sold to pay William Trep sack's debts. Yet it is certain from what she herself was to say and from the knowledge of that Edward Barrett household that Mary Trep sack saw the institution of slavery at its best.

She seems to have entered the Barrett family without any other connections than the Barretts' love for her. No doubt brought up by slaves in the dawdling, drawling ways of Creole children, neither dawdle nor drawl was hers. To the black hair of the Irish, she may have added the Creole swarthy and eyes that were quick and glittering as a bird's. It was then the fashion

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in Jamaica for little girls and young girls to be dressed in beaded frocks, and to the shining eyes she added a shimmering dress. Blithe she was with the joy of life and rhythm which are Creole and Celtic and not English.

The pet name "Treppy," the name by which the Barretts knew her, with the years weakened from "e" to "i," finally became "Trippy." But it was not because of any weakness in Treppy, for with the years she danced more and more to the rhythm of the love and joy within her. She seems so much less sober than the Barretts,—a charming, dashing, lonely little thing—a bit of human festival incarnate—which events and two wills had tossed upon the side of Cinnamon Hill. She was dancing then—perhaps weeping as she danced, for all that was gone and for pity of her lonely little self—but she danced, bright step, bright story, and brighter love, Creole to the heart, straight into the heavily burdened lives of the family of the Barrett.

Such as the poets may write about love, but Treppy, a gastronome rather than a poet, knew love. Probably where she had left off in passionate childish love for her father she began at Cinnamon Hill with an unforgetting love for the "dear man," Edward Barrett, and for his daughter and her friend, Elizabeth Barrett, who, between hurricanes, had married Charles Moulton. She was pledged to love the children of that marriage. On the 22nd of March, 1783, Sarah Goodin Moulton was born and was named after the little Sarah Goodin Barrett. Sarah Goodin Moulton was to become known the world over as the "Pinkie" of Lawrence's famous portrait. It was then Treppy had the first opportunity of that love which widened and deepened to include all four of Elizabeth Barrett's children. Edward Barrett Moulton (E.B.B.'s father), the second of Elizabeth Barrett's children, was born on the 28th of May, 1785. At that time at Trinity College, Cambridge, a young Welshman, Thomas Jones, who was to become the Cambridge tutor of Edward Barrett Moulton, was placing himself on record as opposed to the African slave trade; and Zachary Macaulay was in Jamaica as an overseer receiving the experience which was to make him an

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invincible opponent of slavery. The second son, Samuel Barrett Moulton, was born on the 31st of March, 1787, the third, George Goodin Barrett Moulton, in 1789. Treppy did not stop with love for this generation of children but went on to love their children and their children's children.

Always when E.B.B. moved towards an important event, she moved in thought towards Jamaica and the powerful associations which had made her life what it was and was to become. Her relationship to Cinnamon Hill was important in her emotions and in a sense expressed her as a mere London street number could not, setting her out favorably in the eyes of her lover and the world as the surroundings of a London room could not. In those days in which she tried to make clear her Barrett backgrounds to Robert Browning, she wrote about Treppy:

I forgot to tell you that Treppy is a Creole—she would say so as if she were a Roman. She lived, as an adopted favourite, in the house of my great grandfather in Jamaica for years, and talks to the delight of my brothers, of that “dear man” who, with fifty thousand a year, wore patches at his knees and elbows, upon principle. Then there are infinite traditions of the great great grandfather, who flogged his slaves like a divinity: and upon the beatitude of the slaves as slaves, let no one presume to doubt, before Treppy. If ever she sighs over the slaves, it is to think of their emancipation. Poor creatures to be emancipated! ¹³

Treppy knew the generosity which can go with wealth and patches; she probably, too, had occasion to think about—if not to experience—the meanness which can go with riches and fine clothes. Coming into the household at Cinnamon Hill, where sorrows, separations and disasters were accumulating, stripped of those who had belonged to her, this quaint child grew into the quaint woman, as she did so bringing new life to that hillside home.

III

By 1784 George Goodin was back from Oxford and with his father in Jamaica again. It must have been about this time

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that his brother Sam's passion for his cousin Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams had its inception in their unmarried love and life together. Young rakes aplenty there were in those days of Jamaican wealth who shouted "Encore! Encore!" to any dissipation. In Sam's case the composite picture etched in by the available data does not in the least suggest loose-living. It suggests, rather, the habit of following emotional inclinations,—a trend which must have been deeply embedded in the Barretts by the accepted social pattern of "custom of the country." Perhaps his cousin Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams was older than Sam and weary as only a Martyn Williams with his background of innumerable mulatto children could make a woman. There seems to have been little in conditions which, once they took a liking to each other, would have kept Sam and Elizabeth Barrett Williams apart. By Elizabeth Waite Williams Sam was to have four sons, Samuel, Richard, Edward and George Goodin. Possibly in this fact lies the explanation for several obsessive prejudices which have never been explained on any basis of facts. . . . To mind returns the picture of General Moulton-Barrett in the long living room which looks out from high Albion down upon the Caribbean. He had justified Edward Moulton-Barrett's objection to the marriage of his children on the ground that in two cases they had been cousins. The General's grandfather had been Sam's youngest son by Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams,—a union between cousins. When his mother Lizzie Barrett married her cousin Alfred Price Barrett Moulton-Barrett the family turned in on itself again. There was, therefore, a double cousin relationship,—indeed more complexity than that. Was this a tendency among the neurotic to marry near relations? In such cousin marriages escape is found from the necessity for separation from the parent family and the son or daughter is released from the need of certain forms of independence. Besides, the dependent love for those already of the family is increased by such a love between cousins.

However, in such marriages practical reasons rather than neuropathic traits are sometimes the dominant factors. One of

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the practical reasons in this case may have been the limited opportunity which the environment gave to meet any except those within the inner or outer circles of the family. Another practical reason may be the argument which lies in the desire to keep property within the family. In the Barrett wills the property emphasis is on the family, to the exclusion of all bequests, including public bequests. Generation after generation, from these wills there speaks something out of the usual in the exercise of parental authority by the Barretts over their adult children. The emphasis given by the family to the well-balanced traits of Edward Barrett the Builder curiously enough seems to emphasize the possible lack of such traits in other members of the family.

For an understanding of Elizabeth Barrett Williams's relation to her cousin Sam Barrett, it is not necessary, even if ironical and oversufficient, to go outside the name of Williams in the records of the *Journal of Assembly* of Jamaica! On the 27th of November, 1783, according to the records, there came before the House of Assembly a petition from Martyn Williams, the husband of Elizabeth Barrett Waite, for the rights and privileges of his eight mulatto children. In less than a month this petition had been put through all the necessary committees and reports, and was by the Speaker of the House, Samuel Williams Haughton, a relative of the Barretts, referred to the Governor for signature. The mother of these children was Eleanor Williams, a free negro woman. The names of the children were Ann, Catherine, Sarah, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Thomas, Martin and George. One was named after the negro mother and one after Martyn Williams, a third bore the name, Elizabeth, of Martyn Williams's wife. The records tell their own story, too, of what lay in the accepted background of Elizabeth Barrett Williams's life and of the part which political influence played in rights granted or withheld in these black and brown connections.¹⁴

In the "history" of the Colonial romance of adventure and love, the will of Martyn Williams is no exception to the rule of family emphasis. All was left with entire good will to his wife,

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Elizabeth Barrett Williams, with Edward Barrett himself, Edward Barrett's son George Goodin Barrett, Richard Barrett Waite,—the brother of his wife—, and William Fowle, as executors. And by April, 1786, he was gone,—so far as the records show without a word to Eleanor Williams who had borne him eight children. And their children's children? There in Jamaica still, so that beneath the evident life of the Island flows a traditional stream of fact as well as myth. Even today, strangely and unexpectedly, like one of the underground rivers of the Island, the waters of these recollections come to the surface, startling in their force and volume, and again disappear. . . .

Neither in Sam's public life nor in his home life are there records which suggest marked loss of ground in the family. That some doubt regarding his behavior was there, is certain. His Aunt Margery Barrett's insistence in her will on taking care of Sam's family would suggest a generous-hearted disagreement with her brother Edward. Margery was careful to cover by a legal distinction in the words "children or reputed children" the possible disinheriting of Sam's oldest son Sam. If her brother Edward died before her, she left all her estate to this Sam. Her brother Edward's will confirms at least a difference in attitude by leaving practically all his own property to the sons of his daughter Elizabeth by Charles Moulton, and little to the sons of his son, but like a trusted Executor he carried out his sister's wishes with regard to Sam's sons. The shadow of further criticism is thrown across this page of impetuous love by the legendary separation which was to take place between the families of the Moulton-Barretts and the Goodin Barretts.

CHAPTER XIV

BARRETT TOWN

BRYAN EDWARDS, a close friend of the Barretts, said the West Indies were "the principal source of the national opulence."¹ It is difficult now to comprehend the supreme part the West Indies played one hundred and thirty years ago in the commerce and the thought of Europe. But it is only as some adequate glimpse of that part is obtained that the full importance of the Barretts at the close of the eighteenth century can be understood. . . . Whatever the troubles inwardly of the Edward Barrett family life, outwardly it continued successful and on a basis of increasing public service and increasing wealth. Closely associated on committees and in other ways, Edward Barrett's oldest son George Goodin Barrett and his youngest son Sam worked together. These young men were familiar with drought and hurricane, flood and fire, the death of those they loved, slave insurrections and slave mortality. They were army officers and were to know war, among other engagements that with the Maroons. With their father's guidance they carried the burdens of great estates, lifting them both in plantation and in town to higher levels of development and success. Still young they knew then—as men know now—what the rise and fall of the market would do to the necessities which the planter must buy and the products that the planter must sell. In the attempt to solve the physical and other problems of plantation life they shared the planter's lot in weariness of body and in a troubled mind.

Of the two, Major George Goodin Barrett led the life of

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more arduous public service. Home from Oxford University, he was in 1785 made Justice of the Peace for St. James. For St. James he was Member of the Assembly three times: 1787, 1790, and 1795. An important young attorney, in 1793 he was made attorney in Jamaica for the estates of William Beckford of Fonthill Abbey. William Beckford, whose London house was near that of Margery Barrett Lawrence in Portman Square, was "about to travel in Foreign Parts."² In 1795 George Goodin Barrett became Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court and Comptroller of Public Accounts. A Cornet of the Trelawny Militia in 1788, he was made Captain in 1793. The records show George Goodin Barrett, Sam's name often coupled with his, working for better roads and for more adequate town governments.³

In November, 1790, there was a petition from the freeholders of Trelawny to have the court of Assize or County-Courts for their convenience placed at Great River rather than at Savannah-la-Mar. The petition was referred to "Mr. Barrett" and four other members of the Assembly for report. John Tharp was not only associated with the Barretts but also he was a friend of the Custos of St. James, John Palmer.⁴ Four times in the year 1794 John Tharp, the Custos of Trelawny, is linked with George Goodin Barrett in the financial arrangements for completing certain important roads. Three years later a petition written by Edward Barrett, sent first to the House of Assembly, then to the Council, asked for the exclusive use of the road which he had built through his own estates at his own expense.⁵ Barrett Deed Book E contains a sketch of the road and one boundary mark which suggests that it was at that point three-quarters of a mile to the Cotton Tree at Cinnamon Hill.

George Goodin Barrett was placed on many committees: not only road building, but also miscegenation petitions, judicial problems, such as the validity of titles to the burial ground, parsonage, glebe, and other parochial lands. Like his father, he must have been a pleasant man with whom to work, friendly and with good judgment. There are not only the records for George

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Goodin Barrett's official positions but also records of his activity in the slave trade. He was in partnership with Leonard Parkinson of Jamaica, the purchaser in England of Kinnersley Castle near the Ledbury "Hope End" which Edward Moulton Barrett was to own.⁶ There were active slave markets in Montego Bay, Port Royal and Kingston, and probably in Falmouth. As a factor in the Guinea trade George Goodin Barrett stood upon the wharves of Jamaica, awaiting the arrival of his ships: the *Archer*, the *Vulture*, the *Venus*, the *King Pepple*, the *Jemmy*, the *Eliza*, the *Earl of Effingham*, the *Brothers*, and many another ship. He was there whether the ships contained the largest consignment, as did the *Eliza* carrying 512 slaves from Africa to Jamaica, where a landing was made on the 24th of February, 1791, or the smallest consignment, as the *Archer* did in landing 71 slaves for Barrett and Parkinson in Jamaica on the 5th of September, 1791.

In the *Proceedings of the House of Assembly* under "Slaves Sold by Barrett and Parkinson"⁷ are records of George Goodin Barrett's and Leonard Parkinson's slave sales between the 16th of October, 1789, and the 19th of October, 1792, totalling 6,935 slaves. The names of the ships are given and of the masters of these ships. One of the masters was John Parkinson of the ship *Jemmy*. The name and the business interest both suggest some connection with the brothers Leonard and Ralph Parkinson. Another master was "———— Moulton" of the *Earl of Effingham*. It is impossible to restrain speculation about the identity of "———— Moulton." Could it have been Charles Moulton, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton's husband? That George Goodin Barrett did buy slaves from Charles Moulton the Deed Book makes a certainty. On the 5th of July, 1793, he bought 50 slaves from "Charles Moulton Merchant" at a cost of £5,400. Also 39 of the slaves attached to Cambridge Estate were bought from Charles Moulton.⁸ . . . How much of these activities of the 1790's was E.B.B. to know in the 1820's and 1830's? Treppy must have known much, and some discussion between her and

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her friend there must have been of the slave trade carried on by Mrs. Moulton's brother and by her husband.

In December of 1792 George Goodin Barrett bought Thatchfield in St. Ann from William Robertson at a cost of £24,000, a large estate adjoining the Retreat Penn for which he began negotiations the following year.⁹ Retreat contained 1,200 acres and cost George Goodin Barrett £12,000.¹⁰ He was to hold Retreat Penn for a short time. It was then to pass into the uses of the family for about a hundred years. During those years it becomes one of the three or four estates having dominant historic interest in this story of Colonial adventure and of love. In the same year of 1793, George Goodin Barrett was joined on committees by his brother Samuel. Their relation Samuel Williams Haughton having died, William Dawes Quarrell was returned as representative for Hanover for his place; for Trelawny, for the vacated seat of Bryan Edwards, the historian, Sam Barrett was returned.¹¹ The brothers are found side by side in their recorded "Noes" to an appropriation for £1,000 for the Governor to be "laid out in the hire of a ready-furnished house and servants, and supplying and maintaining horses," and other items. Barrett economy did not approve of that! But the next record shows the brothers on opposite sides in a problem connected with the choice of parish vestries.¹² There were twelve ayes and sixteen noes, and Sam's side won.

II

The common Northside saying that the Lawrences "took" from Montego Bay to Little River and the Barretts from Little River to Falmouth was almost literally exact. Yet a certain amount of property belonged to the Barretts along the entire shore line from Montego Bay with its surrounding hills, its "great houses" upon those hills, and its harbor full of ships. Their property included, too, markets and wherries in Falmouth—the heart of which was called Barrett Town. There in the markets the negroes sold vegetables and salt fish as they

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chattered and laughed and sang, happy in that happiness which is of today, forgetful of the past, heedless of the future.

On the Northside were three towns of importance: Savannah-la-Mar, practically destroyed by the hurricane of 1780; Montego Bay, ten miles beyond Cinnamon Hill; and Falmouth—better known as “Point”—, about the same distance from Cinnamon Hill, but to the east. In the 1780's Montego Bay, where the Barretts owned a “town house,” had some two hundred and twenty-five houses, some of which were “capital stores or warehouses.” About one hundred and fifty topsail vessels, of which seventy-five were capital ships, cleared annually at this port. Eastward down the coast some twenty miles distant was Falmouth.

It will be recalled that it was in the “Falmouth” neighborhood before the close of the seventeenth century that the Wisdoms had taken up land; and it was there about 1721 Samuel Barrett, Edward Barrett's father, had married Elizabeth Wisdom. In 1780 the building of houses had begun in Falmouth¹³ on the Barrett land on the strip known as “Barrett Town.” This was sold off in building lots. Now in the late 1780's the “Point” had become a flourishing town called Falmouth. To the east and south of Falmouth were the Barrett estates called Oxford and Cambridge. North of the heart of the town called “Barrett Town,” on an old map of Falmouth, may be seen the strip of land by the sea “reserved agreeably to the will of Mr. E. Barrett.” There, not far from Fort Balcarres, is Barrett's Wherry. Even as the Edward Tittles owned wherries in Kingston, so did the Edward Barretts own wherries in Falmouth,—the difference in estate being that the Barretts “owned” the town as well as the wherries! From the wharfside for their wherries, probably Barrett ships set sail and made port. In 1771 ten ships cleared from Falmouth annually. How many of these were Barrett ships? The Deed Book gives a fragment of record. In 1791 John Deffell sold Edward Barrett 1/16 part of a ship, that good Ship or Vessell called the Rio Nova Square Sterned River Built

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now lying in the River Thames.¹⁴ The name *Rio Nova* suggests that she was used in the West Indian trade. Perhaps at the Falmouth Wharveside some fifty years later the ship *David Lyon*, belonging to E.B.B.'s father, on some of its voyages to Jamaica, landed its cargoes, its stores and human beings, and from thence laden with sugar and rum set sail for England.

It is interesting to catch glimpses of father and sons—indeed of a family—working together for the development of Falmouth and to recognize in that, as in other respects, not only the corporate organization of the family but also the phenomenal business sense and good judgment which developed the Barrett fortunes. In the obligations surrounding their virtual ownership of Falmouth, Edward and his younger and unmarried brother Samuel had been closely associated. Also their brother Wisdom Barrett must have worked with them. Although it is not possible now to restore the detail of those associations, it is only necessary to study the map of Falmouth to guess at much of what it must have meant.

On the 27th of November, 1794, for the last time George Goodin Barrett and his brother Samuel were placed on a committee together and reviewed a petition from the inhabitants of the Parish of Trelawny.¹⁵ Any petition for Falmouth would be likely to gain by the interest of the Barretts. Undoubtedly the Barretts with the Custos of Trelawny, John Tharp, their cousin, were in large part responsible for the petition whose introduction said that, in the minds of the petitioners, it was consonant with Christianity, and absolutely necessary, that in every parish in the Island there should be erected a church for the public worship of God, according to the rites and ceremonies of the established religion. Edward Barrett rapidly solved one of the problems for the petitioners and the vestry by giving the land before the year 1794 was out, for the building of the desired church.¹⁶ There adjacent to land and church may be seen, too, the land which E.B.B.'s "favorite uncle," her father's only living brother Samuel Moulton-Barrett, was to give later as a burial ground.

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In this story of Colonial adventure these details are significant, for Edward Barrett and his brother Samuel and their associate and cousin, John Tharp, owned the town of Falmouth.¹⁷ There for more than one hundred years were centered many of the events in the lives of many members of the family. In 1740 Sam Barrett, Northside, had taken out the first three hundred acres the Barretts patented in the Falmouth region. In 1870 the youngest but one of his great-great grandsons—E.B.B.'s brother Septimus—died there. And at Clifton near Falmouth died the older brother Stormie, Charles John Moulton-Barrett, in 1905. . . . In a sense Falmouth—a Cornish name in a Cornish county—was the final and, it may be, the greatest industrial achievement of the Cornish Barretts. Behind the care shown in its planning, behind the success of Barrett Town, stands the figure of Edward Barrett, the man whom children loved, the father whom his children revered as well as loved, a father and a friend cheerful and warm in presence, wise and economical in management, and despite his income of £50,000 a year, wearing patches on his elbows and his knees.

III

How little George Goodin Barrett was alone in the problems of miscegenation which he had to solve in his relation to Elissa Peters is made amusingly evident in the will of Ralph Parkinson, the brother of George Goodin Barrett's business partner Leonard Parkinson. This will, dated the 12th of June, 1805, specified "an elegant tomb of marble" and much else, with a zest for living and for human animosities and vanities which makes it delightful. The second specification was "Not one of the name of Scarlett to be asked to my funeral." The Scarletts had refused to give up their militant Puritanism, and their "goodness" was a matter of record in Jamaica. Ralph Parkinson, having settled one of the social opportunities for the Scarletts, then went on to the chief concern of his will:

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the providing for and making secure four quadroon children he had had by a mulatto woman named Betty Grant.¹⁸

To most white men and women, there is but one kind of Magikan, but one type of negro wench Sibella, and but one sort of Betty Grant. The probability is that there were as many different types of women of color in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, ranging from the illiterate and coarse to the cultured and fine-natured, who did, or who had to accept relationships with white men without benefit of clergy, as there were Mary Shelleys and Claire Clairmonts in England or in Italy. . . . In the valleys and upon the hills and mountains of Jamaica this situation created overwhelming problems in human suffering and economic danger.

In the history of his family Edward Barrett did not have to witness the final tragedy of "Magikan," for that tragedy did not come within his lifetime or within the lifetime of his children or of their children. It was to come almost one hundred years after his death, to a great-grandson who lay in an unmarked grave with barbed wire about it as its only guard of honor until his daughter placed a cross of stone above it. As the shadow of race tragedy is seen coming nearer and nearer to the Barretts, the struggle begins, and the light around them darkens. While an uncomplex, frank acceptance of unjust conditions as "right" was maintained, the tragedy of it all, for at least one race of the two, remained somewhat under control.

It is certain that Edward Barrett the Builder was facing miscegenation on the basis of familiar experience both within the bounds of his own family and outside them. His son George Goodin Barrett, first elected to the Assembly in 1787, was being put on the committees which handled these petitions for the rights and privileges of the mulatto and quadroon and mustee children of Jamaica's influential white planters.¹⁹ It is an interesting fact that no Barrett in any known will, until George Goodin Barrett drew his will, left property to such connections. They purchased manumissions and stopped there.

According to the laws of Jamaica, if the father was a free

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white man and the mother a slave, the child remained a slave as long as the mother did. In order that his children might not become part of the "cattle" of his estate, a man would have a strong objective in setting his black mistress free. By Elissa Peters, who was settled at Oxford Penn, George Goodin had had from about 1785 on to 1794 six children, four sons and two daughters: Thomas, William, Ann, Maria, Samuel and Richard, —delicate, olive-tinted quadroons of the tropics, sensitive, intelligent, gay, loving, with something of the distinction of the Barretts. During the years at Oxford, Elissa Peters must have established her superiority, if not her legal position. About five miles out of Falmouth was Cambridge Penn, Oxford a little further. To the west Cinnamon Hill was but ten miles distant. Before the Barretts took the 789 acres of Oxford it had been known as Chamber's Penn.²⁰ Edward Barrett and his wife leased these pennis to their son and to Job Dale, and upon them George Goodin and Job Dale expected in eight years to make a fortune.²¹ But death altered their plans.

In the Deed Book the first manumission of the Peters children was that of Ann Peters on the 3rd of June, 1790,²² followed on the 17th of April, 1792, by the manumission of Maria Peters:

a female Quadroon or Quateroon child, daughter of a mulatto woman slave called or known by the name of Elissa Peters.²³

Edward Barrett gave this manumission in exchange for ten shillings current money of Jamaica to me in hand well and truly paid by my son George Goodin Barrett.

The indenture was witnessed by none other than Dr. Robert Scarlett, the father of the James Scarlett who became Lord Abinger.²⁴ More than a year later, in December, 1793, as Barrett Deed Book E reveals, Elissa's children Thomas, William and Ann were manumitted, as a Church Warden's receipt attests.²⁵ A year and two months later on the 22nd of February, 1794, Edward Barrett conveyed Elissa to his oldest son by a

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document which was signed by his son Sam and by their Cousin Henry Waite Plummer.²⁶ Within a month comes another Church Warden's receipt, this time for Samuel Peters and Richard Peters, followed by Edward Barrett's manumission papers for these quadroon sons of his son George Goodin.²⁷ Although all her children had been set free, Elissa Peters was still a slave.

IV

As if in preparation for the crisis of the Barrett fortunes, the oldest and best beloved of Edward Barrett's sons, George Goodin Barrett, had made his will on the 7th of March, 1794, when he was thirty-three years old. Neither George Goodin Barrett, nor anyone else, could have foretold the tragic events which even then were approaching. In the lines and between the lines of this will from which, it would seem, no one to whom he owed either care or love was omitted, certain facts, painful to our ways of thought and life today, and certain figures, emerge.

It is possible that Henry was ill and that in his brother's illness, George Goodin began to be conscious of the shortness of life and the weight of great estates. The trustees appointed by George Goodin were his "Honored Father Edward Barrett," his "Brother Samuel Barrett," his friend and business partner in the slave trade, Leonard Parkinson, and his friends, Colonel Thomas Reid, Bryan Edwards and John Simpson. Of this will Job Dale of Trelawny was both a trustee and a legatee "for his faithfull Services to the Family of the Barrett." Finally, he appointed his "honored Father Edward Barrett" and his "dear Brother Samuel Barrett" executors of his will. He made also one other special trustee appointment. In the codicil entered ten months later two trustees were to be added, one notable in the history of the Barretts, John Graham-Clarke.

As the eighteenth century was in its last decade, there is seen in preparation—call it fate, call it providence!—more than

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a hundred years of Barrett contacts which were to come through Newcastle-upon-Tyne. John Graham-Clarke had built up an immense trade in the West Indies. To and fro between Jamaica and some of the other islands of the Caribbean and Newcastle-upon-Tyne did his fleet of ships sail with the cargoes which added to his great wealth. Perhaps it was in one of these ships that the gardener, James Anderson, whom John Graham-Clarke secured in Northumberland for Edward Barrett, sailed to Jamaica in 1792.²⁸ In appointing as the guardian of his quadroon children a man of Graham-Clarke's stature in business and position socially, George Goodin Barrett had not only selected a guardian who was powerful as a protector but also one who was familiar with race problems. Much must have antedated the drawing of this will in which John Graham-Clarke was made the guardian of the Peters children.

In the last codicil of George Goodin Barrett's will one of his quadroon sons, then residing in or near "New Castle" in the care of John Graham-Clarke, was on coming of age to be made an Executor and trustee of his will. The testamentary provisions he made for Elissa Peters were frank, careful and generous. Elissa was given an annuity of "Fifty Pounds Current money." He then went on to devise all that the law allowed. To each of his mulatto children George Goodin Barrett left "Two thousand pounds Current money of Jamaica." He ordered also that each of these children upon attaining

the age of Seven years Be sent to England and to be there decently clothed maintained and Educated in a moral manner at the charge of his Estate and at the Discretion of their Guardians hereinafter named.

Their Guardians were to be the trustees already named in his will with, in addition, John Graham-Clarke Esquire of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Solidly embedded, therefore, in his will was the father of the Mary Graham-Clarke whom Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett was to marry and who was to become the mother of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. George Goodin not

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only made provision for the education of his quadroon children but also he expressed his "earnest wish" that they should

not fix their abode in Jamaica but do settle and reside in such countries where those distinctions respecting color (which the policy of the West Indies renders necessary) are not maintained.

The provisions of this will of a young man remarkable for generosity and thoughtfulness, as well as for just speech about difficult matters, is nowhere more tender than in its thoughtfulness for Pinkie, his "beloved niece Sarah Goodin Barrett Moulton," who was to have at fourteen £100 sterling per annum and when she came of age or at marriage £5,000 sterling. In case of her brother Edward's death she was to receive £10,000 of his £30,000. . . . To his "dear Brother Samuel Barrett Esquire" and to the "issue of his body lawfully begotten"—a proviso to be altered within ten months—George Goodin left all the "rest Residue & Remainder" of his whole estate. In case of the death of such lawful issue, all that was left his brother Sam was to go to Edward Barrett Moulton.

Charles Moulton, the husband of his sister Elizabeth and the father of the preferred nephews and the beloved niece Pinkie, never, as far as the Barrett backgrounds are concerned, becomes a clear individuality. To his "dear sister Elizabeth Moulton" her brother willed four slaves, Leah, Jane, Judy and William, and other and generous provisions in Estates and funds. . . . Whatever enchantment the passing of time and romancing about "honourable verdigris" may have lent to the name of Moulton in the minds of E.B.B. and her brothers and sisters, George Goodin's provisions and provisos suggest that the name was not held in any special honor by the Barretts during the lifetime of Elizabeth Moulton's brothers. Further confirmation is given this by the testamentary direction that, to receive their legacies, his nephews Edward and Samuel Barrett Moulton should by law and at the age of twenty-one take the surname of Barrett. To Edward, with other properties, his uncle left

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the sum of Thirty Thousand Pounds Current money of Jamaica to be issuing and payable out of my Estate when he attains the age of Twenty one years with lawful Interest after the same becomes due and payable Provided also nevertheless and the before mentioned Legacy and Bequest is upon this Express Proviso and Condition that the said Edward Barrett Moulton upon his attaining the age of Twenty one years do and shall take sustain and bear the Surname of Barrett and to procure His Majesty's Royal Licence and permission lawfully to use the name of Barrett instead of Moulton.²⁹

In addition George Goodin left to his nephew Edward a slave boy, named Tom Robins and an annuity of £300 to commence at the age of fourteen and to cease at twenty-one when his legacies fell due. The bequests and conditions for Samuel do not vary, except in amount, from those of Edward.

v

In Jamaica to the three sons of Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin, George Goodin Barrett, Henry and Samuel Goodin Barrett, all seemed to be going favorably when happened the first of those events which within four years brought a crisis in the Barrett fortunes and to the "family of the Barrett." As his infant daughter Elizabeth, called "Eliza," was reaching five months in age, Henry Barrett, thirty-two years old, died on the 24th of September, 1794. Henry was buried beside the little sister, Sarah, who had died thirteen years before. The will of George Goodin Barrett suggests that from the point of view of their negro mother and the resources of their white father, Henry's two mulatto boys were in a different position from that of George Goodin's own children. They should "be educated in such manner as to qualify them for a mechanical Profession," and when they arrived at a proper age George Goodin directed that they should be put out as board apprentices to mechanical trades with an apprentice fee of one hundred pounds current money paid for each. Also they should each receive

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three hundred pounds at coming of age, when their maintenance at the charge of his estate should cease.

About two months and two weeks after the death of Henry ³⁰ there followed records the reading of which tell their own human story,—even to the absence of George Goodin Barrett from the meeting of the Assembly on Tuesday the 9th of December, 1794, on account of “indisposition.” A Member of the Assembly

informed the house of the death of Samuel Barrett, esquire, one of the representatives for the parish of Trelawney:

And a motion being made, that a message be sent to his honour the lieutenant-governor acquainting him therewith, that a new writ might issue:

Ordered, That the following message be sent to his honour the lieutenant-governor:

May it please your honour,

We are ordered by the house to wait on your honour, and to request you will be pleased to give directions for issuing a writ, to choose a representative for the parish of Trelawney, in the room of Samuel Barrett, esquire, deceased;

According to order, the list being called over, and it appearing that Mr. Halstead, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. White were absent:

Mr. Speaker acquainted the house that they severally had leave from him to be absent, on account of indisposition:

Ordered, That they be severally excused.³¹

In the record of his burial on the 8th of December, 1794, Samuel Barrett was set down as “Member of Assembly,”³² and the cause of his death is given as “Putrid Fever.”

Whether Captain Samuel Barrett was among those returned officers of the war with France or contracted the putrid or malignant fever, as yellow fever was then known, while on duty in Jamaica, it is not possible to state. Captain Samuel Barrett had died on the 7th of December,³³ probably in the evening of that day, or, as was the prevailing and necessary custom of the country, he would have been buried on the same day. Behind him Sam left Elizabeth Barrett Williams, and his four sons by her: Sam, nine years old; Richard, five; Edward, three; and

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little George Goodin Barrett, two. To the end of a long life, for she did not die till 1834, this "Creole" English woman, the mother of two children, a son, Martyn Williams, and a daughter, Barrett Williams, by Martyn Williams, and four sons by Captain Samuel Barrett, continued to sign her name as Elizabeth Barrett Williams.³⁴ It is probable that at the time of Sam's death, Elizabeth Barrett Williams was in Milverton, Warwick, England, with her children. . . .

The boy who had matriculated for Oxford at sixteen, who had won the seat of Bryan Edwards, who had become Captain of the Royal Horse Guards, was gone at twenty-nine. All that day following his death Captain Samuel Barrett's body lay in state in the Cathedral, transported there by the Royal Horse Guards. To the salute of guns, to furled colors, to the roll of drums and the muffled music of a funeral march, to the marching of the Assembly then in session in Spanish Town, they buried Edward Barrett's youngest son with full military honors in Spanish Town Cathedral.

POOR LITTLE RICH ONES

ABOUT the time that the great-great-great grandfather of the Barrett-Moulton children, Hersey Barrett, had been taking out the first Northside land in St. Ann, the Guys had been an important family in the political life of the Northside. In the old parish church of St. John is this record:

Here lyeth buried the body of Richard Guy, Esq. who dyed the 10th day of June 1681, aged 63. He had by his beloved wife 4 children. Mary, the eldest, Richard and Katherine twins and Susanna the youngest. Richard dyed young and lyes buried in this grave. Susanna also dyed young in England whither she was sent to be educated and lies buried in Hackney Church near London.¹

For one hundred years, the children, both white and mulatto, of the English colonists on the Island, had, in the business of getting an education, been weaving to and fro between Jamaica and England. There must always have been sober, substantial men and women in Jamaica who, like the Guys and the Barretts, valued an education for their children. But in general, during the close of the seventeenth century and for the first thirty to forty years of the eighteenth century such was not the case. There was no public school in the Island. The donations towards the founding of such a school or schools lay idle. Socially the position of the teacher was looked upon as inferior. From the point of view of culture, it was the old barbaric equation.

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A little reading, less writing and the casting of accounts were all that mattered. Until the son of the house was seven or eight years old, he was kept with the negro servants, speaking the gibberish of the slaves and acquiring their vices in personal conduct. Where the slaves were superior and would have taught the children of their white master the manners and learning which should have been theirs, the slaves had no authority. Having learned a little reading, Young Master was then sent to the dancing school and "commences Beau." All too often as early as fifteen he was raking, drinking and playing cards with his equals. The young women of Jamaica devoted their lives to coquetry, dress, much dancing, with a little reading on the part of a few.

Even by 1774 there was still no proper seminary to which to send these children of the colonists. If they were to be in any sense educated they had to go, often consigned like a bale of goods, to some school in Great Britain. Frequently they were sent to the father's English business man or factor, who not unnaturally placed them in the school where he himself had been bred. If the wealth of the father was both new and unusual, foolish allowances were sent these children and they became "the constant dupe of artifice; the sure gudgeon of every knave and impostor." And when bankruptcy descended upon a family, as it did all too often with the terrible force of a hurricane, the children became objects of charity. . . . It was inevitable that the educational dilemmas of Jamaica should have played a major role in the social and sex problems of the Island.

Probably politics had much to do with this pitiful procession of Jamaica's boys and girls to England,—a procession which enriched the mother country and made not a little contribution to the pocketbook of the shipping companies. Forwarding children out of the West Indies to Scotch and English schools was a gain to Great Britain in her freight profits. And as this commerce followed its ruthless way, the suffering of the parents, the risk for the children, were both overlooked. While the children of New England were being educated in their own excellent

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schools and colleges, the complacent shibboleth ran that these children of Jamaica were going "home" to be educated in England.

With its extremes of opulence and bankruptcy, of sudden death and neglect, and the social conflicts inevitably embedded in miscegenation, blinded by love for their unfortunate mulatto offspring, parents sent their Jamaica children of color, as well as their white children "home"—the boys for a classical education in Great Britain; the girls, for music and for French. Westminster and Eton among other famous English public schools received the mulatto boys, and Chelsea, among other schools for English girls, accepted girls of color. But was it "home" for them? In Jamaica many of the mulatto children had been bred up under the same roof with their white half sisters and brothers. Delicate, sensitive, often beautiful, of a remarkable cleanliness of person, with manners of definite charm, and of exceptional tenderness, the predicaments and conflicts of their position are not difficult to see. Nevertheless, travelling together, both the white and mulatto boys and girls, perhaps of the same father, went their way to England to the same schools.

The pages of education are darkened by the horrible records of shipwreck and of explosions, and of the captures by enemies which, eventually, meant the killing or long-drawn-out suffering and death of multitudes of children. And pitiful, too, the death of many of these little ones in Great Britain itself, where in some of the schools they were brutally used and neglected. Generation after generation, these poor little rich children of the West Indies, white and dark, travelled "home" for an education.

For the Hersey Barrett children, those first centuries after the Conquest, dim race memories of their lives in Cornwall, England, and the West Indies must have been stored up. Generation after generation, some of those memories must have remained linked together by Hersey's children, Hearcey Junior's children, his brother Samuel's children, Samuel Junior's children, Edward Barrett's children, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton's children.

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Habits from the past coupled with the succeeding generations must have been stamped like calcimine on the surface of each succeeding era of time called the present: types of struggle to obtain wealth become part of the family trend; the uses to which instinctively they put their wealth; patterns of courage which they repeated, patterns of love, and Barrett dominations over others become part of Barrett use and wont.

If there was a touch of separation about Edward, it had its cause somewhere in the past or in that Cinnamon Hill home in which he lived till he was ten. To restore again the life, in particular, of this poor little rich boy whose name was Edward Barrett Moulton and of his younger brother Samuel, and of their cousins John Kenyon and his brother Edward, there remain traditions of the past, some fragmentary records covering one hundred and fifty years and Barrett Deed Book E. And there remain some traits set down in love letters which E.B.B. under an overpowering passion was to write when she was about thirty-nine years old.

How much, and how unforgettably, was Cinnamon Hill,—a home with defenses of loopholes in the walls, with muskets, with cutwind,—to come to seem a fortress to be defended at all costs from the enemy within and without? However pleasant and natural the ways of their grandfather with whom these Barrett-Moulton children lived, he was nevertheless the center of a legend of fabulous power and wealth on the Northside,—a kindly monarch in the midst of a kingdom. And they, little rich boys and a little rich girl, for reasons whispered but not spoken, knew that some day they would become his heirs. And their love—the almighty experience in every child's life—became coupled inseparably with the family, with its position and its wealth. If Pinkie was all love, drifting about light as cloud or thistledown, it was because in the “chemistry” which was Pinkie she caught the love and feather-joy somewhere in those around her,—perhaps from Treppy as much as from anyone.

When he was a boy eight or nine years old Edward's thinking was dreaming and in part was to remain so to the end.

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In pain or grief Edward never spoke and never cried. Perhaps there were those who said either that he was brave or that he was an unnatural child. The fact that, even as a little boy, he may have scraped away on a fiddle, saying nothing, but made him, probably, seem all the more unnatural to talkative adults. Possibly Sam asked for comfort and in his way gave comfort. They in the Cinnamon Hill family well knew that Edward did not shake off grief as grown-ups say children should. If what he wished was interfered with, Edward became obstinate,—Barrett obstinacy. Was he sometimes most hateful to those he most loved? All the Moulton-Barrett children were self-willed. Sam's self-will found its satisfaction through the events of every day. It was merely the kind of self-will Sam had which made him easier than Edward to live with.

Strangers Edward eyed askance, but those he loved he served by every generous act within the physical or mental grasp of a child. They were good, Grandfather and Grandmother, Mother and Treppy, Pinkie and Sam, his uncles—not his Father—they were the whole good of life to him. People who stayed away from home, as some fathers did, were not good. Sometimes Edward must have spoken out angrily exactly what he thought. At those times Tom Robins turned violet ash in color and answered "Iss, Massa, iss, iss!" and ran to do his bidding. Or just as unexpectedly did Edward burst into laughter, sudden, hearty, then gone. Slaves had price ratings since they were stock. And since children were paid for, they, too, were stock. Money was needed to buy them and love to rule over them,—whether they were slaves or children. Money and Love—that was all that mattered. And both Love and Money belonged to the Barrett family. The Barretts had many possessions. From the cotton tree the Barrett-Moulton children could see these possessions: sugar works, carts crawling to and fro, whole armies of slaves, a wharf and its barquedier, sometimes ships loading or discharging cargo, with canoes making up or down the Caribbean shore. When they took their Grandfather's place all these things would be theirs, and the slaves would have to do as they said.

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Did Tom Robins come gradually to understand, as he played with Little Massa, that slaves had no grandmothers and no tutors from England, and therefore they had no learning and what they thought was no matter? Slaves had no money and were poor, and that must be why they were wicked and stole what they wished to have and told lies. Slaves were vain and ungrateful because they were slaves. Queer ladies like Mrs. Scarlett read the Psalter and the Bible to children and talked about the duty of the white people to their slaves, about the wickedness of the slave trade, and the unhappiness of the slaves. But in 1785, the year Edward was born, Mrs. Scarlett had sent her son James off to England for an education and to keep him out of the way of these black people. She said she never wished her children to be with those who spoke the broken English of slaves. And Mrs. Scarlett implied that their thoughts and their morals were as broken as their English. Eight years had passed and James had not come back. Nor did he ever come back!

But there had come to Jamaica by February of 1792 one who was to act as tutor to the grandchildren of Edward Barrett. While Edward Barrett was in England in November of 1791 with his sister Margery in Portman Square in the parish of "Saint Mary le bone," he had engaged Francis Murphy to be in his service as tutor to his grandchildren during four years

to begin and be accounted from the Day of the arrival of him the said Francis Murphy in the said Island of Jamaica.

In the document in the Deed Book, an article of agreement or indenture, such as was made for all bond servants, Francis Murphy was to be provided with

Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging during the said term of Four Years,

and to be paid

Forty Pounds Sterling money of Great Britain for the first year of the said Term & the Sum of Fifty pounds like Sterling money for each other Year of the Remainder of the said term.

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By the eighth day of February, 1792, Francis Murphy had arrived, for on that date Alexander Ricketts, one of the London witnesses for the indenture, appeared in Jamaica before George Goodin Barrett in his official capacity and made oath that he had seen Edward Barrett and Francis Murphy sign the indenture.² At Cinnamon Hill Great House he was at work tutoring Pinkie and Edward and Sam, for in April of that year Francis Murphy witnessed a deed for his employer,—the purchase of thirty-eight acres of land adjoining land which the Barretts already owned.³

The indenture is definite. The name and something of the conditions surrounding Francis Murphy are known. Known, too, is the name of the tutor the grandson Edward Barrett Moulton (Barrett) engaged for his son Edward and with whom E.B.B. studied Greek and Latin. Four generations are represented in the transition from Francis Murphy to the Scottish tutor "Mr. McSwiney." It is, maybe, because the life of Francis Murphy at Cinnamon Hill as tutor to these gifted, sensitive and difficult children was successful that nothing more of his history appears in the Deed Book. Dates would seem to confirm such a possibility, for it was at about the close of the indentured four years of Francis Murphy that the Barrett grandchildren went to England to continue their education.

II

Twelve miles distant from Cinnamon Hill in a direct line, some little cousins of Pinkie, Edward and Sam had their home. Their great-grandmother was a daughter of Sam Barrett,—Elizabeth Barrett who had married Ezekiel Lawrence. John Kinnion or Kenyon was both the agent for the estates of Admiral Knowles in Jamaica and a member of the Colonial Council. The name of John Kenyon, father, and, it may be, grandfather, had had a responsible history in the Colonial Council of Jamaica before John Kenyon the *litterateur* was born there in 1784. The wife of John Kenyon, Sr., brought with



Edward Moulton-Barrett

By permission of his grandson, General Sir Edward Altham



Samuel Moulton-Barrett

*From a water color sketch in the possession of Arabel Moulton-Barrett
of Jamaica*

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her the estate of Chester in Trelawny. Chester was less than two miles distant from the Barretts' Cambridge Penn (known then as Chamber's Penn) where Samuel Barrett, the brother of Edward Barrett the Builder, had lived and died. In due course the wife, whose substantial "dower" seems to have been Chester, and whose father John Simpson was a close associate and friend of the Northside Barretts, presented her husband John Kenyon with three sons: John Kenyon born in 1784, and then Edward and Samuel. . . .

There are in a volume of verse by John Kenyon, of which Wordsworth said: "I cannot say it is precisely *poetry*, but it is something as good,"⁴ lines which bring not only the sense of children at play but also vivid pictures of that Northside Jamaican home of the Kenyons. In 1789, the mother of the Kenyon children had died, and her husband was faced with the problems of three little sons ranging in age between five years and infancy. Believing that those problems could be better solved in England where his sons must be educated, it was not long after Mrs. Kenyon's death in 1789 that John Kenyon, Sr., took ship in one of those vessels which carried the Colonials and their children "home" to England. And there three years later John Kenyon, Sr., died, leaving his property to the care of his brother Samuel, and making him sole guardian of his three sons. He, John Kenyon, Sr., made a curious specific bequest to his son John Kenyon, Jr., of a slave by the name of Joe Sheldon. Also John Kennion, Sr., made bequests to Hannah Kennion, the child of a mulatto woman named Ann Cooper, and to another child of color, born in 1789, the daughter of Ann Williams of Montego Bay. To his sister-in-law Fanny Kenyon, wife of his brother Samuel, he left money for a mourning ring. Many years later, during the years when John Kenyon, Jr., was beginning his distinguished career as a literary man and as the friend of literary men and women, there are records in the Givings-In of the Jamaica Almanacks of the property left to his half-sister of color Hannah Kennion, and to others who were the result of "custom of the country."

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In the care of the uncle, two of the sons and the property prospered. Somewhere in England, like little Susanna Guy who was sent home to be educated, little Samuel Kenyon lay buried. John Kenyon, Jr., at the time of his father's death, was eight years old. No doubt it was at that age he was sent to Fort Bristol School, or Sayer's School as it was often called. There his companion and friend was Robert Browning, the father of the poet. These lads shared in school a liking for acting out Homeric battles in which with swords and shields they hacked away at one another, exciting themselves by roaring insults quoted from the Homeric original.⁵ Both boys had a West Indian background, and their mothers were Creoles. And both boys were lonely, for their mothers had died. The mother of John Kenyon, Jr., was of Barrett and Lawrence origins. The mother of Robert Browning was Margaret Tittle, the granddaughter of old Edward Tittle, cordwainer of Port Royal and Kingston.

About the time that the two Creole boys, Edward and Sam, from the powerful Barrett family were making their first acquaintance with England as "home," this other Creole boy, Robert Browning, three years older, was making his first acquaintance with the West Indies and the family of his uncle Edward Tittle in St. Kitts. Young Browning was sent out to St. Kitts to work on his mother's plantation. Gifted with his pencil, he drew from the St. Kitts days on, grotesques of negro heads. Sensitive, impulsive, lovable and devout, he was soon in trouble in the midst of the cruel and loose life of St. Kitts. When, against the law, Robert Browning had attempted to teach a negro how to read, this attempt at justice was not without the precedent of other humanitarian work with the blacks in St. Kitts,⁶ for James Stephen, the barrister, had been a successful attorney there. Among the aspects of Stephen's liberal and humane attitude towards the slaves was his refusal to have any except free negroes in his service.⁷

Margaret Tittle's son came to know something about his grandmother's family: the St. Kitts Strachans, father and son, surgeons, through whom may have been inherited, quite as well

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as through the Tittles, the “dash” of the tar brush of which Dr. Furnivall wrote. Something of his own grandfather, John Tittle’s involvements with the S.P.G., William Coleman and Ferdinando John Paris he must have heard. Young Robert lived and worked on the prosperous Anderson plantation which John Tittle had managed for William Coleman and himself. And he cantered out to beautiful St. Mary Cayon by mountain waters and through deep ravines. In Basseterre, two miles from the plantation, he worshipped probably in St. Peters, for which his grandfather had kept some of the records and where John Anderson and his grandfather had conducted services. So dark was this grandson of John Tittle that the beadle asked him to come away from the seats of the white people and sit with the colored people. . . . By the 1780’s, the Tittle family group had begun—even as the Barretts were reaching the apex of their power—to lose the ground they had won in St. Kitts and Jamaica. Into these losses had played unfortunate temperaments, fate, mistaken social ambitions, and natural death and murder. While in St. Kitts young Browning suffered in more ways than one. Perhaps the climax of the trouble for Margaret Tittle’s son came when his uncle was murdered on his own plantation. Young Browning would not be party to what he considered the cruel treatment of the slaves, and gave up his position on his mother’s plantation, supporting himself in some other way until his return to England and to an indignant father who considered that his improvident son was “born to be hanged.”⁸ But he was not “hanged.” He followed in his father’s footsteps as a clerk in the Bank of England. He married and had two children, one a daughter Sarianna Browning, the other a son, the poet Robert Browning. It was to this son that a pair of cuff links taken from the body of the murdered uncle on the St. Kitts plantation was given. It is not improbable that the story connected with these cuff links played its part in the poet’s aversion to psychic phenomena.⁹ Seymour Kirkup tells the story of Count Giunasi holding the cuff links in his hand, exclaiming, “There is something here which cries out in my ears, ‘Murder! Murder!’”

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III

As the boys John Kenyon and Robert Browning were fighting out their Homeric battles at Fort Bristol School, the Barrett children were preparing to set sail for school in that mythical place called "home." No one of the children had seen "home" and many must have been the questions they asked their tutor, their grandmother and grandfather. No doubt they were convinced—as children always are—that they had already been provided with too much education by Francis Murphy rather than with too little. Their cousins John and Edward Kenyon were already in school in England. John had been two years in the Fort Bristol School under Dr. Sayer. And Thomas Peters, their Uncle George's quadroon son, was in the care of Mr. John Graham-Clarke at a school in or near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Boys from the Island went to England because there were no public schools in Jamaica. The Barretts said it was to be Harrow for Edward.¹⁰

The moment came when for the last time, Pinkie, Edward and Sam stood upon the Cinnamon Hill verandah, looking down towards Little River and off into the Caribbean. Pinkie was almost twelve, Edward almost ten, and little Sam eight lacking two or three months. Some sense of the wideness of the sea may have been theirs, and of an inscrutable future. As children they were never to pause there again with wonder about the Caribbean and the distant, tremendous Atlantic Ocean into which they would sail and upon which they would reach that English paradise called "home." From the verandah westward they saw the whaleback of the hurricane cutwind jutting out. Their grandfather had built that.

Then at the call of voices, as all children do, they raced or lingered before they went their way through the house to the south door where, beyond the old gateway, the coaches and horses, the ox carts and pack mules were waiting. Once more on their way out they passed the cotton tree and near it looked back upon the cutwind, the sea and Cinnamon Hill Great House

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and up to their attic windows. Then came the farewell kisses for those who were not going even as far as Falmouth. Probably they were packed into the coach with their grandfather and grandmother, while their young mother and Treppy accompanied by Uncle George Goodin rode in the long cavalcade which was to make its way to the port of departure.

The moment came. At the word of command horses started forward. Postillions shouted, whips cracked and wheels turned. They were off. The day which had seemed distant and incredible slid into its place in the present, while chiming negro voices and slow-speaking white voices cried out farewells. As the cavalcade moved off to the King's Road and the port of departure, dust rose in a cloud. No doubt Pinkie and Edward and Sam turned again and again to look back on Cinnamon Hill Great House with its rambling units of stone and wood, its cut-wind and its cotton tree; and upon the faces of their slaves become shadows among shadows with nothing but the colors of their garments still to be seen.

And those who were left? Only the littlest chicken lef' at Cinnamon Hill. Dere's dat Tom Robins bawlin'! Stop dat! Shake him up! Hi! Hi! hen nebber mash him chicken too hot.

Down hill the procession of horses, carriages, mules and slaves travelled over the gravelly soil, through droves of patient white bullocks, past groups of other waiting slaves, many scores in each, and all calling: Howdye, Massa! Me Massa, goodbye! Missy, chile, farewell!

On that day it was certain to have been confusion, orderly, inexorable confusion, in which the parts of the confused whole, whether man or beast, baggage or freight, moved in the midst of jiggling black bodies, forward to one end. Above it all sounded the shrill whistle of the boatswain and the creaking of the winch. And through it all drifted and mingled odors of pig and tar, sugar and sweat, earth and sea. Within an incredibly short time significant events came and went, were met, accepted, passed through, but always with some sense of waiting for another moment.

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Were there on that day small groups of friends assembled at the wharf at Falmouth to bid Elizabeth Barrett Moulton and her children farewell? They were embraced, each of them. A little frightened, the children clung, but were loosed, and stood alone upon the ship's deck. There below on the wharf stood the only uncle they had left, smiling and waving!

The slaves of the trunk fleet suddenly began to shuffle their positions: they waved, they shouted. Massa an' Missus, good-bye! Little Missy, farewell, chile! Miss Pinkie, goodbye! Little love, goodbye! Farewell, sons, little Massas,—goodbye, goodbye! And they broke into a song, a weird wail of parting some of them had sung long, long ago when, shackled, the coast of Africa had slipped behind them into the distance.

The ship was moving. Figures on the wharf diminished, rearranged themselves and faded away. The rigging tightened as the ship's canvas filled with wind. While the children, their mother, Treppy, their grandparents, looked back on the mangroves which came down to the shore line of Falmouth, a bright green band of color with the lofty mountains rising in hills to summit after summit behind the shore line, Gunhill became fainter as their ship increased the distance between themselves and Falmouth. Was that speck on the shore line Cinnamon Hill? Would the cotton tree be there when the children came back?

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IN LONDON one street to the west of Wimpole Street lies Welbeck Street. Running east and west between Welbeck Street and Thayer Street is William Bulstrode Street where Edward Barrett's older sister Amelia Pepper Thompson lived. Not much more than a square away to the west of Bulstrode Street lies Portman Square, off which on Portman Street Edward Barrett's youngest sister, Margery Barrett Lawrence, had her residence. Southeast of that is Barrett Street within a stone's throw of Oxford Street. . . . Three streets bear the name of the family of the Barretts: two in Jamaica and one in London. Barrett Street in Spanish Town was first named for them at the close of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. Perhaps about the middle of the eighteenth century Barrett Street off Oxford Street in the West End of London received their name. Probably it was no accident that in Kingston, Jamaica, at the end of Oxford Street, now called Upper Oxford Street, in what was then the Hannah Town district, is a street called Barrett Street.¹ Directly south of Oxford Street, London, a block away, is Mount Street off Grosvenor Square, where lived Wisdom Barrett, Edward Barrett's older brother, and his family.² It might never be possible to establish how far back date the residences of some three or four of the Barrett family groups in this West End of London. It is conservative to set them at 1760 or a decade earlier.

At the close of the eighteenth century, much robust social life went on in the privileged West End of London. There lived

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John Wilkes in Grosvenor Square; there lived William Beckford with a collection almost as valuable as that at Fonthill; at the house next to Beckford's dwelt Lord Derby and Miss Farren; and there lived Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thrale, Samuel Johnson's friends.

Was it from Margery Barrett Lawrence's eighteenth century mansion that Edward Barrett Moulton, Pinkie and Sam first knew and tolerated and then loved London? Were these the mansions and memories which sent the poor little rich boy, grown up and with a family of his own, back some forty years later, to Portman Square and 74 Gloucester Place? And when he moved from the rented and none too comfortable house to the house which he bought at 50 Wimpole Street, did he settle there because it was near the dwellings which had first been "home" to him in England and because other Jamaican families, such as the Longs, lived on Wimpole Street, and in Bishopsgate Street not far from Grosvenor Square? The Longs, even as the Scarletts, represented much that was best in Jamaica.

Expecting her brother and his family for days, perhaps even for a few weeks, had Margery Barrett Lawrence been ready to receive them far in advance of their arrival? Had her corps of London servants, John Slater, butler, Elizabeth Cole, house-keeper, Edward Wood, under-butler, Mary McGibbon, housemaid, and Alice Alcock, kitchen maid, hurried faster and faster, preparing rooms, preparing food? Had Edward North, coachman, and Joseph Fuller, footman, polished the coach and groomed the coach horses till they shone like mirrors? Did Elizabeth Wesson, Mrs. Lawrence's lady's maid, freshen up this, that and the other garment? And was it "Wesson, this!" and "Wesson, that!" as Margery Barrett awaited the coming of her trusted and beloved brother? If that had been possible, would she, to greet him, have looked younger? Did she wish that cheeks sagging a little, despite all that Wesson could do, had been fresher? In the loss of Captain Sam Barrett who had made his London home with her in Portman Street, Margery Barrett Lawrence had lost not only a nephew but also one who had



Sarah Goodin Moulton ("Pinkie" by Sir Thomas Lawrence)

By permission of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery



James Scarlett, Lord Abinger

Engraving by S. Thomson

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been as a son to her, for she had had no children of her own. When George Whitehorne Lawrence was thirty-seven and they had had thirteen years of married life comes a record in his own words—the words of his will—that he was “sick & weak in body.”³ The early university matriculation, the early holding of responsible political posts, the early death, suggest brilliance. George Whitehorne Lawrence was fair-minded and generous. In the event of Margery’s remarriage or death, practically all his estate went to his disinherited brother and brother’s son. So in behalf of an unfortunate older brother born out of wedlock did he attempt to cross swords with fate. Nor was there any attempt on Margery’s part to subvert the intentions of her husband. In provisions which she carried out and in her independent manumitting, whether for the advantage of Running Gut or her convictions, her brother Edward Barrett and Robert Scarlett the Elder were her attorneys.⁴

A fortunate voyage meant two months of sailing. One not so fortunate was of indefinite duration. Although Edward Barrett and his family group, including the tutor Francis Murphy, were people of importance, yet they had hardships to bear in ship’s quarters which seem now unbelievably restricted and primitive in their arrangements. To them the homes in the West End of London on Mount Street and Bulstrode Street and especially on Portman Street seemed like home.⁵ Despite their crude drainage and lighting and dangers from fire they were in that day the final expression of comfort and convenience.

However the children reacted to it, there must have been general satisfaction among the grown-ups that the Barrett-Moulton children were to be educated in good English schools, with Harrow already decided upon for Edward. . . . Perhaps before they left Jamaica the Barretts had made the arrangements for Coxhoe Hall. Now in London, after entering Edward at Harrow they would be on their way northward for a visit with John Graham-Clarke and then on to Coxhoe. Coxhoe Hall had belonged to the Burdons. It was about fifteen miles from

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Newcastle, a three hours' journey at the worst, and the roads good.

What was all this agitation about slavery? The West Indies seemed to be a point of attack both in Parliament and the Journals. Parliament was mad to admit the discussions of such dangerous sentimentalists as Clarkson and Wilberforce, for that matter even Pitt. Not quite mad, said or thought Margery Lawrence! Had she not manumized her slaves on Running Gut! At least one University had become a hot bed for impossible ideas about the blacks and that was Cambridge, where the Vice-Chancellor Dr. Peckard had been active.

It was that summer probably that there were sittings for two portraits: the Hoppner portrait of Edward Barrett and the Lawrence portrait of Pinkie. Hoppner had West Indian connections. West Indian opulence had been a godsend to the artist, and he had painted many Jamaican portraits.⁶ Through the Hoppner portrait is seen again the pleasant kindly man of sixty years, clad in his dark coat, about his neck the white stock. The deep-socketed eyes and high cheekbones suggest the generations of West Indian Barrett backgrounds. Well-shaped, and of medium height, with a tendency to be fat, shown in the suggestion of a double chin. It is not only possible to see Edward Barrett again, it is almost possible to hear once more the agreeable, wise and cheerful conversation which he shared first with his family and then with the outside world and which made him welcomed by all and beloved among his own people. For wherever he was there were new confidence and new zest in the business of living.

Both as a patron of art and a grandfather Edward Barrett must have taken pleasure in having the remarkable and brilliant young portrait painter, Thomas Lawrence, paint Pinkie's portrait. Though in 1795 Lawrence was but twenty-six years old, already he had painted many notable people.⁷ Was it while her brother Edward was at Harrow that Pinkie was taken by her mother and Treppy to Piccadilly opposite Green Park? In a new house "furnished in good style" the young artist Lawrence

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worked with intense concentration over long hours, for to the skill of the boy had been added a phenomenal capacity for hard work. The painting of this world-famous portrait does not bring with it associations of school so much as it does of a family lately come from a background of personal loss and the wish to perpetuate the loveliness of joyous beauty. Delicate, imperishable youth—childlike in its quality—is one of the dominant features of the Lawrence portrait. Pinkie was twelve when it was painted, but she might have been only half that age.

II

Margery Lawrence's nephews, Sam's sons, were talkative and handsome and comfortable to be with, but Elizabeth's son Ned made you self-conscious and ill-at-ease. The fact that Sam and Pinkie loved Edward was the best thing Margery Lawrence could see about the boy. And it may have been her conclusion that no matter what treasures life poured upon him, Edward would *not* get on.

Whether Margery Barrett Lawrence did or did not go over to Jamaica at the time of Sam's death, undoubtedly the house of his young great-aunt Margery was the house from which Edward Barrett Moulton set out for Harrow-on-the-Hill. Mrs. Lawrence's was probably the coach in which Edward was driven to the school where for the first time he was to be away from those whom he had never before left. Probably when he stepped into that elegant eighteenth century coach of his aunt's of which she thought enough—including the harnesses—to set it in her will, his mother and his grandfather were with Edward in this first adventure of his into a big and unknown English world. Probably the Lawrence coach on its way into the village of Harrow-on-the-Hill passed the "Butts" on the left of the London road. Back of the Butts was the historic high knoll covered with great trees.⁸ Then came the first view of the school, the single academic building till 1820, when an addition was made. This plain building of red brick was built by John

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Lyon's Governors from 1608 to 1615. For more than two centuries all the school work was done in its quaint three storeys. There Rodney and Sheridan, Palmerston, Peel and Byron were educated.

Something over three hundred pupils there were at Harrow when Edward Barrett Moulton went there. Down the ancient street they and others must have gone, as all lads and their parents did, past the Inn with its swinging sign, to call at the Head Master's House, where not only Dr. Drury but also a large number of the boys resided. Successfully and wisely Dr. Drury led Harrow for some twenty years (1785-1805). An accomplished scholar, the head of an unusual group of masters, he was himself one of the best of the teachers. It was this man, remarkable for his sympathy, his wise management and his devotion to the education and success of his pupils, under whom Edward Barrett Moulton entered Harrow, as the following retroactive Trinity College, Cambridge record, though confusing, states:

Barrett, Edward Barrett Moulton, son of Charles Barrett (sic) of Jamaica. School, Harrow (Dr. Drury). Age 18. Fellow Commoner, October 15, 1801. Tutor, Mr. Jones.⁹

And, if statements are to be credited, it was under Dr. Drury's leadership of Harrow that Edward Barrett Moulton came to grief.

After that call came the goodbyes, followed by some hours of that freedom which is distinctive of the great English public schools. With one or more of his new acquaintances he went out—as all boys did—to see Harrow-on-the-Hill.

With his large gentle blue eyes, the childlike mouth, the dreamy forehead, and the delicate round contours of his cheeks and chin the new boy suggested nothing to the bullies except a good time to be had at his expense.

“What's your name, you fellow?” the little lad was challenged again and again.¹⁰

And each time, growing more and more tired, did he politely

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answer those bigger upper form boys with an "Edward Barrett-Moulton, sir"?

It would be his third quarter before he would have the right to ask an incoming boy for his name. He saw that he was being kept in his place,—for him a new experience. If he had ever thought about money and social position—and I think he saw early the power money gave over the lives of others—he was to learn that Harrow was a democracy in which neither riches nor rank could purchase esteem or be made a substitute for manly qualities which a boy himself did not possess.

The next day there was Edward's first experience of work at Harrow. School began at half after seven, and from that time on until six their classical education went forward, Latin and Greek year after year. There were three school rooms in those days when Edward Barrett Moulton went to Harrow; among them the Fourth Form Room was the most important. And it is there that the name "Barrett" is carved on one of the forms in the southeast quarter of the room.

The brutality of the stronger boys from time to time made life worse than Hades. It is true that some delicate lad of the upper classes might become the "prefect" of a hulking young brute who could have tossed him over his head if the "brute" had even dreamed of resisting an accepted authority. But at Harrow "fagging" was officially unorganized, with the result that the bigger and stronger boys assumed authority over the weaker and smaller boys, and maintained it by violence.

Unquestionably "fagging" was at times an ordeal and unquestionably bullies were at Harrow in the days of the poor little rich boy. The monitors and the whole of the sixth form were entitled to "fag" the boys from the first shell downwards. A passerby, then and now, might hear from any Master's house the prolonged cry, *forte*, *pianissimo*, of "Bo-o-oy!"—a summons for the fag on duty. Perhaps lemonade was wanted or a book; news of the cricket match or delicacies from a nearby tuck shop. Or possibly crumpets and buttered toast were to be prepared or boots blacked. In those eighteenth century days maybe

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the little fag's head had already been broken by hard breakfast rolls hurled at it, or numbed fingers were black from cleaning a young master's boots by taper light. There were day boys and night boys as fags, and their duties ranged all the way from boots and buttered toast in the early morning—for the Sixth Form breakfasted in its own rooms—to care of the beds at night.

History and imagination mingled suggest broken glimpses of the misery of one boy: a little boy running with a taper, fingers black as Tom Robin's; or crouched shivering over a coal fire cooking food for his young master; later a little boy bringing the cleaned boots he had forgotten to bring before breakfast, and dodging, as thanks, part of the breakfast hurled at his head; and a little boy who would have died rather than be found sobbing. It is not likely that any Jamaican lad, unaccustomed to the simplest forms of domestic skill, waited on night and day by his parents' slaves and by his own black page, could have understood at first the values of such menial services as those required by the monitors, or in the second place have had any particular skill in such duties.

In the Prefatory Note to E.B.B.'s *Poems* Browning wrote of this little boy:

He was sent to Harrow, but received there so savage a punishment for a supposed offence ("burning the toast") by the youth whose "fag" he had become, that he was withdrawn from the school by his mother, and the delinquent was expelled.¹¹

It would not be difficult to restore again that "dark" morning and the characteristically brutal boyish event of whopping or caning a little fellow. It was one thing to flog Tom Robin and another for Tom Robin's master to take a beating and young Moulton cut up rusty. He had seen slaves flogged and he knew what his West Indian mother, Elizabeth Barrett, would think when she heard that her son had been beaten like a slave.

No good, actually, could a mother do by taking her son out of school. Yet Edward was withdrawn from Harrow by his mother and the boy who flogged him expelled. It might well be

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that from this event—probably a climax in a long history of similar, if not so important, events—were derived some subsequent ideas that whoever injured him should be in some sense “expelled”—punishment to be visited on the second and third generation of those who, as he thought, had used him spitefully.

At Harrow there was a rough and manly court for the settlement of just such difficulties. It was the school “milling” ground. Any boy, big or little, had the right to challenge his bully to a fight on that milling ground, and the bully had no right to refuse the challenge. Young Moulton, like other little boys in Harrow, might not have been able to walk off the field from such a “mill.” But, had he fought out his troubles there, he would have been carried from the milling ground a free boy who had won his title to valor and who would from then on have been admired for his courage and protected by the bigger boys.

CHAPTER XVII

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GEORGE GOODIN BARRETT was considering and had still to enter the most extraordinary clause entered in any of the Barrett wills:

Lastly I nominate constitute and appoint my Friend Thomas Burke of the parish of St. Marys in the Island aforesaid Esquire and Mr. Thomas Peters (now a minor residing at or near New Castle in Great Britain) when he attains the age of Twenty one years Executors and Trustees jointly with those named and appointed in and by my last will and Testament.

Thomas Peters was a boy about eleven years old. His mother Elissa Peters was still legally a slave, and had been "lately conveyed" by Edward Barrett to George Goodin Barrett. This direction means simply that George Goodin Barrett's oldest son by Elissa Peters, whatever the handicap of color or the laws of Jamaica, was when he came of age to have with his grandfather Edward Barrett his place as executor and trustee in his father's will. What would be the outcome? That they might try to determine. Newcastle-upon-Tyne was far away, and in the distance from Jamaica there seemed a kind of safety! For the time being what harm could come to the boy while he was under the oversight of John Graham-Clarke? The future seemed as far away as that north country English city!

Late in June must have come the message which told George Goodin Barrett that Pinkie was dead. Shortly after the painting of her portrait, the child had died on the 23rd of April, 1795.¹

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Did her uncle read again and yet again letters which his sister Elizabeth and Treppy sent him about the painting of the portrait? When he was at Cinnamon Hill, did he hear the children playing in the attic rooms again? Or hear the drone of their voices as they recited to Francis Murphy? In the fields beyond the windows and the cotton tree did George Goodin see Pinkie drifting peacefully along, forever looking for flowers in the thin grass?

The Barretts who were in Jamaica had scant time to dwell on their accumulating sorrows and the losses which death had brought to their home, for the menace of warfare was at their doors. Late in June or early in July a letter had reached Thomas Harper, Esquire, of Montego Bay from his friend Robert Campbell of New York. In this letter written on the 18th of May, 1795—the same date as George Goodin Barrett's codicil—Campbell said that a mulatto General of Santo Domingo had declared to a gentleman who lodged in his house and often dined with him "that the cap of liberty would be put up in Jamaica this summer." ² If war came, it would be war of the sort in which there might be massacre of women and children, the torture of all whom the Maroons vanquished, and the burning of the plantations. What is more, it would be war at their very doors, for the cockpit country of the Maroons, where these descendants of the Spanish slaves were secure in their rocky fastnesses, was but a short distance from either Cinnamon Hill or Falmouth, and their reserve called Trelawny Town but fifteen miles away in the hills behind Cinnamon Hill.

A few days before the 18th of July, 1795, two Trelawny Town Maroons had killed and stolen two tame hogs belonging to a poor man. The Maroons were caught, were sent to Montego Bay, were tried, were found guilty, and it was ordered that at the tail of a cart they were each to receive thirty-nine lashes on the bare back. This was done in the usual way at the Workhouse by the usual person, who was the black overseer. The punished Maroons, insulting and injuring every white person they met, returned to Trelawny Town. Here was a situation which could

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have been no "academic" question for Edward Barrett and his son George Goodin. The fat was now literally in the fire. And the fire would not be less hot because the object was one of two things over which a barbaric society usually fights: women and pigs.

On the 18th of July a letter had been sent the Barretts' Cinnamon Hill neighbor, John Palmer, Custos of St. James, advising him in detail of the situation and asking him to call out the troops. On that same date the Maroons received word that four Magistrates would be sent to parley with them. On the 19th of July the Horse Militia in which George Goodin Barrett had the rank of Colonel assembled in Montego Bay. A Maroon armed with a lance appeared before the commanding officer, Colonel Gallimore, demanding a conference in Trelawny Town with John Tharp, then Custos, two members of the Assembly, Stewart and Hodges, and James Gallimore himself. The invitation of the Maroons to proceed to Trelawny Town was accepted. Accompanied by Colonel Thomas Reid of the Militia, a relation of the Barretts, and according to Bryan Edwards a man of the highest character, they set out the day following. In Trelawny Town they were received by three hundred painted Maroon warriors who behaved insolently. But with courage and coolness, the English group proceeded with the conference, from which they discovered that the Maroons had resented the disgrace of their punishment rather than the punishment itself.³

For the Barretts it came closer than a neighbor's responsibilities, with George Goodin Barrett Colonel among the officers of the Militia ordered out; and his father heavily involved by the discontent being fomented on three of the Barrett family estates: Content and Tryall, both close to Cinnamon Hill, and in Hanover, Anchovy Bottom, which Captain Samuel Barrett had bought shortly before he died.⁴ In a long letter by Samuel Vaughan to Lewis Cuthbert, written from Montego Bay on the 28th of July, Vaughan said that the negroes of several estates had within these few days made complaints against management, although they belonged "to estates that are understood to be

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managed with great clemency." He stated that he had been on the bench that day with the Custos (John Palmer) and another magistrate,

when a complaint of this kind came from all the negroes at Content estate, in this parish. Mr. Barrett tells me he goes this evening to Anchovy-Bottom, to quiet a complaint of a similar nature. Tryal negroes have done the same yesterday.⁵

Probably one or more of these Barrett estates were among the "particular estates" from which the Maroons expected the slaves to join them.

To make a long and brutal story short, the Maroons asked for a conference which proved to be part of a treacherous plan to create a favorable impression while they carried out their work towards an uprising among the slaves throughout the Island and waited for the departure of the English fleet with troops homeward bound for England. With the departure on the 29th of July, the actions of the Maroons became overt. An adverse wind had kept the fleet from making favorable headway. It was overtaken off the northeast end of the Island, put about and landed troops to the number of one thousand men in Montego Bay. Lord Balcarres immediately placed the Island under martial law.

The second week in August the struggle began, the first attack of the Maroons falling upon the St. James Company of free people of color, of whom two were killed and six wounded. So began the war in August, 1795, which was not over till the following March, 1796, and in which the last living son of Edward Barrett, Colonel George Goodin Barrett, fought. It was on the 12th of August orders had been given to Lieutenant Colonel Sanford to march with a detachment of the 18th and 20th Dragoons and a party of Horse Militia. In this engagement George Goodin Barrett was colonel of the Horse Militia. The road between New Town and Old Town was bad and narrow. The Regulars were in the vanguard, the Militia in the centre, and the Volunteers in the rear. They had covered about half of the dis-

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tance between the two Maroon towns. The English soldiers pushing too fast and too far, the Maroons by a retreat drew them into an ambushade and opened a heavy fire upon them. Colonel Gallimore, the commanding officer of the Horse Militia, and Colonel Sanford were two of thirteen slain outright and immediately. This was merely the prelude to weeks of murder, torture and the torch. In this bloody encounter Bryan Edwards tells the story of George Goodin Barrett:

Among the officers of the militia who escaped on this occasion, was my . . . friend George Goodin Barrett. He was attended on that day by a favourite negro servant; of whom it is related, that during the first attack, perceiving a Maroon from behind a tree present his gun at his beloved master, he instantly rushed forward to protect him, by interposing his own person; and actually received the shot in his breast. I rejoice to add that the wound was not mortal, and that the poor fellow has been rewarded as he deserved, for such an instance of heroic fidelity as history has seldom recorded.⁶

No doubt all responsible men and women were bound at that time to their posts of duty. For Edward Barrett that was St. James. For Judith Goodin it was the "key" Barrett estate Cinnamon Hill. In August, at a time when their duties and anxieties were increasing, their friend Job Dale, who had taken over Oxford Estate with George Goodin, died. Except for such cooperation as he received from his father, George Goodin must have carried on alone at Oxford Estate the manufacture of sugar and rum.⁷

George Goodin had been, it may be, with his father and mother before he went with the Militia the short distance up into the hills behind the St. James and Trelawny Barrett estates. And he was, perhaps, with them again after his miraculous escape. By comparison with the nearness of Cinnamon Hill, the estates of St. Ann—Retreat Penn and Thatchfield—were far away. It is not impossible that the servant who took the shot intended for his master was nursed back to health at Cinnamon Hill. Nor is it impossible that that servant was James Goodin or

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Samuel Smith—one of the two “negroes” mentioned in George Goodin’s will.

II

George Goodin Barrett had escaped in the worst massacre of the Maroon War, and yet in less than two months he was dead. Not wounded but probably ill as the result of the Maroon War, he had gone to St. Thomas in the East, famous for its “cure” in the hot mineral springs of Bath. In those days a figure almost as famous as the Springs was Dr. Thomas Dancer, for many years physician to Bath, Island Botanist for the Botanical Gardens in Bath, and author of the *Medical Assistant or Jamaica Practice of Physic*.⁸ Mighty were Dr. Dancer’s dosages, almost invariably weighted with opium in some form, but George Goodin Barrett did not recover. The last document signed by his hand was drawn the day before he died and witnessed by Thomas Dancer and William Dickson, Jr. This “paper,” recorded in Barrett Deed Book E, was also his last manumission: the freeing on the 7th of October, 1795, of Elissa Peters and her issue:

Be it known to all Men by these presents that I George Goodin Barrett Esquire of the parish of Trelawny and Island aforesaid for and in consideration of the long and faithfull Services of my Housekeeper Eliza alias Elissa Peters, living at Oxford Estate in the parish and Island aforesaid and for the further consideration of the sum of Five Shillings Current Money of said Island paid to me by M^r James Boggs of the parish of Saint Thomas in the *Vale* East Planter, do hereby manumit herself, her Issue and Offspring and make the same free from all servitude whatever to me, my Heirs and Exors for ever from the date hereof—As Witness my Hand and Seal this seventh day of October in the Year of our Lord One thousand Seven hundred and Ninety five

George Goodin Barrett⁹

When the end came he was at Cambridge Penn in St. Thomas in the East—perhaps with cousins. It was a “short illness.” His business affairs were in excellent order, his will in its final shape. On the 8th. of October, 1795, four months before

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the Maroon War was ended, George Goodin Barrett, thirty-four years old, Colonel of the Militia in the Island, was laid to rest in the Point Morant Cemetery "with every possible mark of respect and attention." In the *Royal Gazette* of Kingston on the 17th of October, 1795, appear these sentences:

The public and private character of this Gentleman is so generally known, that the channel of a newspaper cannot add to it, but it is requisite to say, that his close application to the real interests of his country, had rendered him of that consequence in the Senate, that he was looked up to as the first source of intelligence, in whatever aided to the general welfare. In private, the dutiful character of the son was always united to the dignity of the man; and the power and influence that he possessed by his extensive connections in business, were by him made use of to promote and reward the industry of those he employed; who with many others acting under his encouragement, have to add to the universal regret of those who knew him, the loss they sustain by an event that has deprived them of their friend and benefactor.¹⁰

On the 6th of March, 1797, almost two years after his son's death, Edward Barrett, and Edward Barrett alone, proved his son's will. And in this fact lay the nucleus of the greatest financial disaster which ever overtook the "Family of the Barrett." Two weeks later, on the 19th of March, their neighbor John Palmer died, leaving a young wife. General Palmer, worn by the responsibilities and tragedies of the Maroon War which had come to a close in 1796, had been failing in health. He died on the 19th of March, 1797,¹¹ a man much older than Edward Barrett, yet bringing one more proof to Edward Barrett where none was needed that work upon the will must not only be revised but also should be finished. For a while at Rose Hall all was change and turmoil, while Rebecca James Palmer was packing to go to England, never to return. In two months, late in May or early in June, she was gone.¹²

On the 1st of June the lease of Oxford Estate, which had been given to his son and to Job Dale, expired, and from then on until his death Edward Barrett continued in possession of the

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estate where his son's quadroon family resided. Within a few months—that is, in February, 1798—he asked Thomas Reid, Jr., and Robert Bell to appraise the value of the ninety-two slaves on Oxford Estate, and also the thirty-nine slaves on Cambridge Estate, these being the survivors and increase of the females purchased by George Goodin in 1789 and placed on Cambridge Estate. The total value of the one hundred and thirty-one slaves was appraised at £11,230.¹³ . . . In March one of his trustees, his old friend Robert Scarlett, died, and he appointed his friend Thomas Reid to take his place.

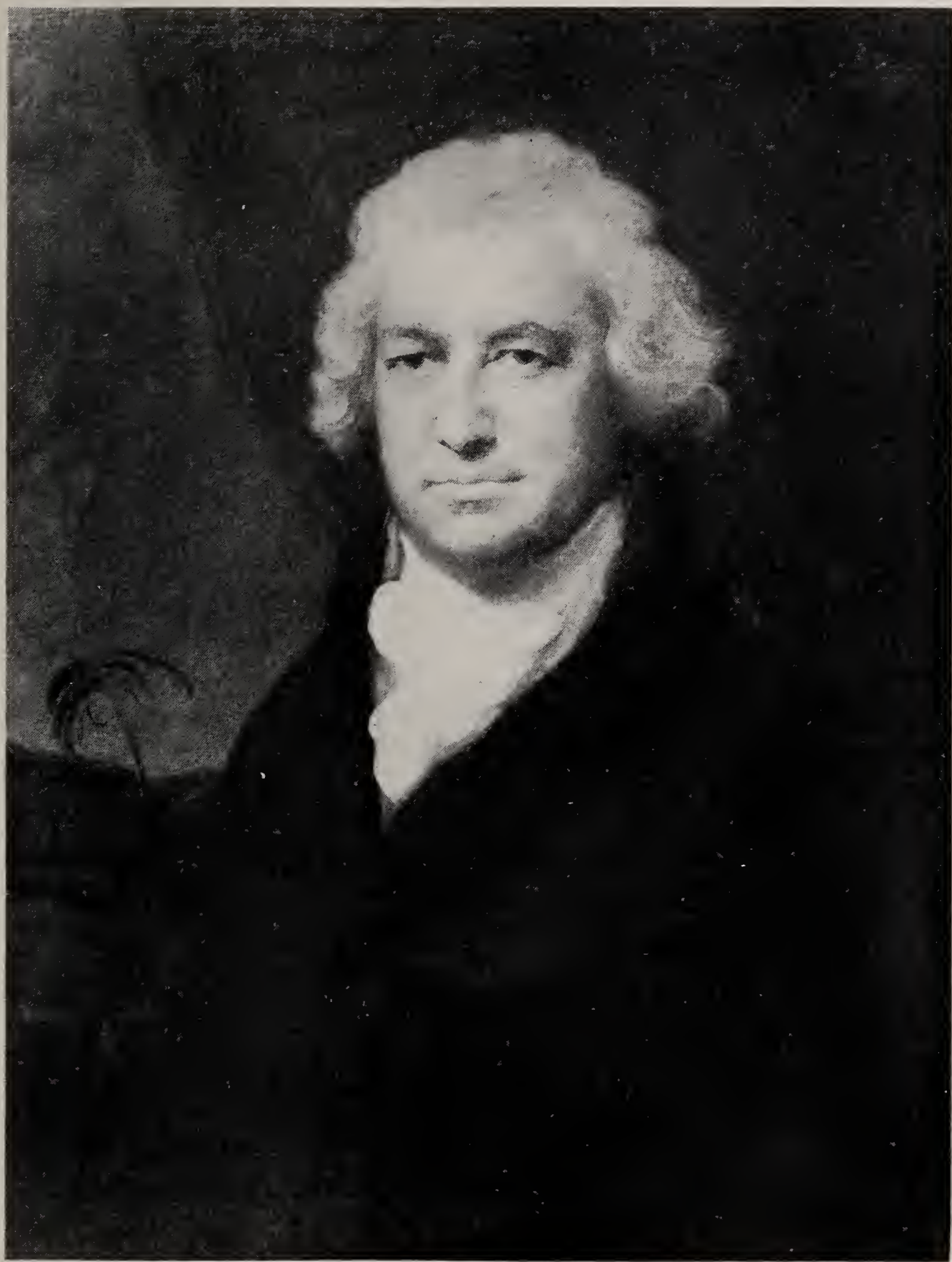
The last and most important of the Edward Barrett sons was gone. The primogeniture which the Barrett wills had emphasized from the first of the pioneering days in Jamaica must now be secured through the sons of their daughter. There was much to be done for the children, for their daughter and their daughter's sons in England: a name to be added by Royal authority to the names of those grandsons; estates, George Goodin's Spring, Goodin Park, and Thatchfield and Retreat in St. Ann, to be set in order legally for Sam's children, and a will, covering immense properties, to be worked out in its final form.¹⁴ His will makes it plain that Edward Barrett sought succession through his "right" heirs. The succession to those vast Northside estates was based first on the sons of his daughter Elizabeth, Edward Barrett Moulton and Samuel Barrett Moulton, and the heirs of their bodies legally begotten, but with the requirement that by Royal License the heirs should add the surname of Barrett to that of Moulton.

Through John Graham-Clarke, though the will does not reveal this, Edward Barrett had come to some agreement with Charles Moulton—then a merchant in New York—to apply to the King for the addition of the surname of Barrett to his grandsons Edward Barrett Moulton and Samuel Barrett Moulton. George Goodin Barrett had been the first to urge the addition of the surname of Barrett to Moulton for the Barrett-Moulton children. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there is no evidence that the family of the Barrett attached any value

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to "honourable verdigris from the Herald's Office."¹⁵ The provisions of the wills of George Goodin Barrett and his father tell their own expressive tale, and make it plain that the family had struggled with the problems surrounding Charles Moulton. To E.B.B. and her brothers and sisters in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century Treppy and others were to intimate that the true story of the nature and behavior of their Grandfather Moulton was not as excellent as the quality of the "verdigris." What those successful Barretts did value was not the verdigris upon some other name but the plain continuity of their own name. And this through application to the King they had taken pains to secure. If Edward and Samuel failed to produce the specified heirs, then the succession should fall to other and younger sons—if there were any—of Elizabeth Moulton. Failing such issue, Eliza and the issue of Eliza's body legally begotten became the heirs. As a base for all satisfactory plans the importance of the Harrow School boy, Edward Barrett Moulton, is evident.

Through all the legal terminology of this long and important will, some of the clauses of which had evidently been thought out by father and son together, shines the light of Edward Barrett's love for little Eliza Barrett Barrett. Within a year of Henry's death, Eliza's mother had married Dr. Charles Smith of Falmouth.¹⁶ Possessive, protective and tender, are the clauses which surround little Eliza from beginning to end of her grandfather's will. Thoughts of this child were dominant yet did not turn him aside from the ways of his ancestors and their wills. In one place in the will he stated simply: "the eldest Son and his lawful issue is always to be preferred." The much-loved little Eliza Barrett Barrett is one of a group of seven "grandchildren" to be maintained, clothed and educated: Edward Barrett Moulton and his brother Sam, Eliza, and the four sons of Elizabeth Waite Williams and Captain Samuel Barrett. He was concerned that, as children, they should have adequate care and education. In considering the annual rents, issues, and profits of those properties which he was leaving to his grandson Samuel Bar-



Bryan Edwards
Portrait by Lemuel Abbott



Trelawny Town
History by Bryan Edwards

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rett Moulton, he directed that the trustees use what seemed adequate for "the Education Clothing and maintenance of my Dear Grandson Samuel Barrett Moulton" during his minority. Towards the close of this will, in which not one word of complaint or even regret is set down but through which the weight, the weariness and the tragedy in the loss of all his own sons are revealed, there is—following generous provisions for Captain Samuel's "barred" sons—this direction:

I direct and appoint that the above mentioned Children Samuel Barrett Richard Barrett Edward Barrett and George Goodin Barrett as also my two Grandsons Edward Moulton Barrett and Samuel Moulton Barrett and my said Grand Daughter Eliza Barrett Barrett be respectively maintained Educated and Clothed until their respective Legacies and Bequests become due and payable. . . .

It was probably but three days before he died that he surveyed for the last time the problems of their adequate care during those years when all that a child as man or woman can hope to become is in process of being shaped up. No one reading the will could fail to note not only the generous thought surrounding the seven "grandchildren" and the special tenderness for Eliza, but also—though not stated—Edward Barrett's preference for his grandson Samuel.

His will contains an unstated acknowledgment, too, of his wife's power, not only in the fact that he appointed Judith Goodin executrix during her widowhood but also in his attitude towards her. During widowhood Judith Goodin was to have Cinnamon Hill and everything that went with that dwelling house:

with the Garden Orchard and such other appendages as appertain to the same Together with the use of all and singular the Household Furniture Plate Carriages saddle Carriage Horses with Grass and Pasturage for the same as also the Services and direction of those Domestick or House Negroes that are now attached or belonging or which may hereafter belong to Cinnamon Hill Mansion House with the same priviledges and authority as she my said Wife possessed or enjoyed in my life time.

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To Judith Goodin he left also an annuity of one thousand five hundred pounds sterling. And to her at the close of his will, as at the end of his life, he turned once more with this final statement:

Lastly I nominate constitute and appoint my beloved Wife Judith Barrett Executrix during Widowhood only.

Finishing his life work must have become for Edward Barrett finishing the work on his will, on which he had spent some four years. To make what he believed he had made wholly secure doubly secure, Edward Barrett chose five trustees, three of whom could not have been bettered anywhere in Jamaica. They were all connected with the family and with one another. Three of them were Robert Scarlett the Elder of Duckett Springs and his two sons, Philip Anglin Scarlett, who was to become Chief Justice of Jamaica, and James Scarlett, then some twenty-eight years old, the rising young barrister in England who was Edward Moulton Barrett's guardian at Harrow and afterwards was to become Lord Abinger. There were also Henry Waite Plummer and George Crawford Ricketts.

III

The months could have passed not otherwise than heavily upon that hillside for Edward Barrett and his wife. All about Edward Barrett and Judith Goodin and that Cinnamon Hill slope had been the flying shuttle of marriage, birth and death. Old friends and young had died, and young friends had married. Four years later *en tour* Governor and Lady Nugent stayed in Falmouth. Yet not a Barrett was mentioned! The fact that no Barrett was mentioned in the Nugent tour through the Northside and during the visit in Falmouth is eloquent of what had happened. Two generations of adult, Northside Barretts had been practically wiped out by death. There remained only the grandchildren averaging in age from ten or eleven to fifteen or sixteen,—the heirs of the property their great-grandfather

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and grandfather and great uncles had acquired and developed. In school, most of them in England, they were too young to figure in the social life of Falmouth which had sprung out of their family background. Within Cinnamon Hill Great House there was quiet, the stillness of waiting, broken only by the running steps of little Eliza Barrett Barrett and the soft Creole patois of the house servants saying now this, now that to Little Missy. Then came one answer to the sense of waiting. It was probably late in April or early in May that a letter from John Graham-Clarke reached Edward Barrett telling him that the license to add the surname of Barrett to the names of his grandsons Edward Barrett Moulton and Samuel Barrett Moulton had been obtained. Securing the surname of Barrett for these grandsons had become, probably, the great objective of Edward Barrett's closing years.

With little loss of time after John Graham-Clarke's letter reached him Edward Barrett went on with the workmanship of his will and included the following clause:

Where as since writing the Antecedent parts of this my Will my Grandsons Edward Barrett Moulton and Samuel Barrett Moulton have attained his Majesty's Royal Licence to take and use the surname of Barrett it is therefore my Will and Pleasure that all such of my Heirs as may hereafter inherit Cambridge and Oxford Estates Trelawny Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall Estates in Saint James in pursuance of this my Will shall use the surname of Barrett and obtain his Majesty's Licence lawfully to take and use the same.¹⁷

So, characteristic of those wills from the first of the Thomas Barrett and Hearcey Barritt documents, was achieved the quiet domination in the succession of the family property.

IV

Had there been any foreshadowing of the death of Wisdom Barrett in April, 1798, and of the death of his sister Margery which was to come two months later in June? In Wisdom's will Edward Barrett was made executor and trustee; in Mar-

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gery's he was not only executor and trustee but also chief legatee. More property and more care! When the letters reached them at Cinnamon Hill, the stillness in Portman Street, Portman Square, and in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, was over.

Again Edward Barrett returned to the will on which he was at work. The news of Margery's death in June had reached them in August. It was getting late. It was September. In that document which is his history over the last years of his life he set down the following words:

Item I give and bequeath unto Richard Barrett reputed Son of my Deceased Son Samuel Barrett by Mrs Elizabeth Barrett Williams and the issue of his body lawfully begotten All the Lands Negroes or other slaves with their future issue and increase given and bequeathed unto me in and by the last Will and Testament of my Sister Margery Lawrence Deceased.

Although for Edward Barrett the end must have been in sight, there was—as the records show—no abatement in his usual capacity to carry forward profitably the Barrett estates.¹⁸ He was still resolutely cheerful, still pleasant to meet, still able in business, and still capable of jest as he passed through the last months, and then the last weeks, and finally through the last days. The barriers he had sought to erect against Sam's sons by Elizabeth Barrett Williams, Margery's love and Margery's will had broken down. At some time after receiving the news of her death and a copy of her will, he not only turned over all of Margery's property to these "barred" grandsons, but also in leaving his own property he reversed his decision with regard to the Falmouth property:

now it is my Will and Pleasure that in default or failure of all the issue of my said Grand Daughter Eliza Barrett lawfully begotten that instead of Said Penn and Barquedier devolving unto my right heirs as hereinbefore mentioned that the same premises shall be for the use and benefit of all and every of the reputed Sons of my said deceased Son Samuel Barrett by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Williams.

CRISIS

Whatever the facts were behind the long continued hesitation, and no matter what Edward Barrett did or did not think about the legality of Sam's sons, nevertheless in the end the family bonds, curiously and deeply interwoven in the family life, transcended all current questions of ethics. It was not to Sam, however, reputed eldest son of Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams, but to Richard her second son, that he left most of his sister's property.

He was now on the last page of his will and in the last days of his life. On the 13th of November, with his friends Robert Bell and Henry Thornhill Gibbes and his young relation William Plummer, Jr., beside him, he signed the will on which he had begun his work before the spring of 1794 and the death in 1795 of his son George Goodin Barrett.

v

Massa was ill. The house slaves shuffled noiselessly to and fro on bare feet over the shining, fragrant floors of Cinnamon Hill Great House and spoke in low voices. Was Massa going to leab dem? What would Ol' Missus do? What would any one do widout Ol' Massa? All centered about Edward Barrett now, and for the last time. Then on the 16th of November, 1798, Edward Barrett died,—a man so kind that even today fragments of his memory still toss about upon the sea of negro as well as white tradition,—one who made peace where discontent had been, one who was honest, whose strength gave direction to whomever or to whatever he touched; a friend whose judgement was sought by all, who had succeeded in all that he did, one who was honored by all who knew him and loved by children.

Upon that day, in the Cinnamon Hill Burying Place his father "Sam Barrett" had left the family, a spade struck into the gravel. All of Edward Barrett's sons lay dead, Sam in the Spanish Town Cathedral, Henry in the Cinnamon Hill Burying

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Place, George Goodin at Point Morant. Edward Barrett was to lie where his son Henry and his little daughter Sarah Goodin were buried. Even as his life had been given to Jamaica, so would his body lie with his kin within that hillside graveyard.

CHAPTER XVIII

ATTORNEY

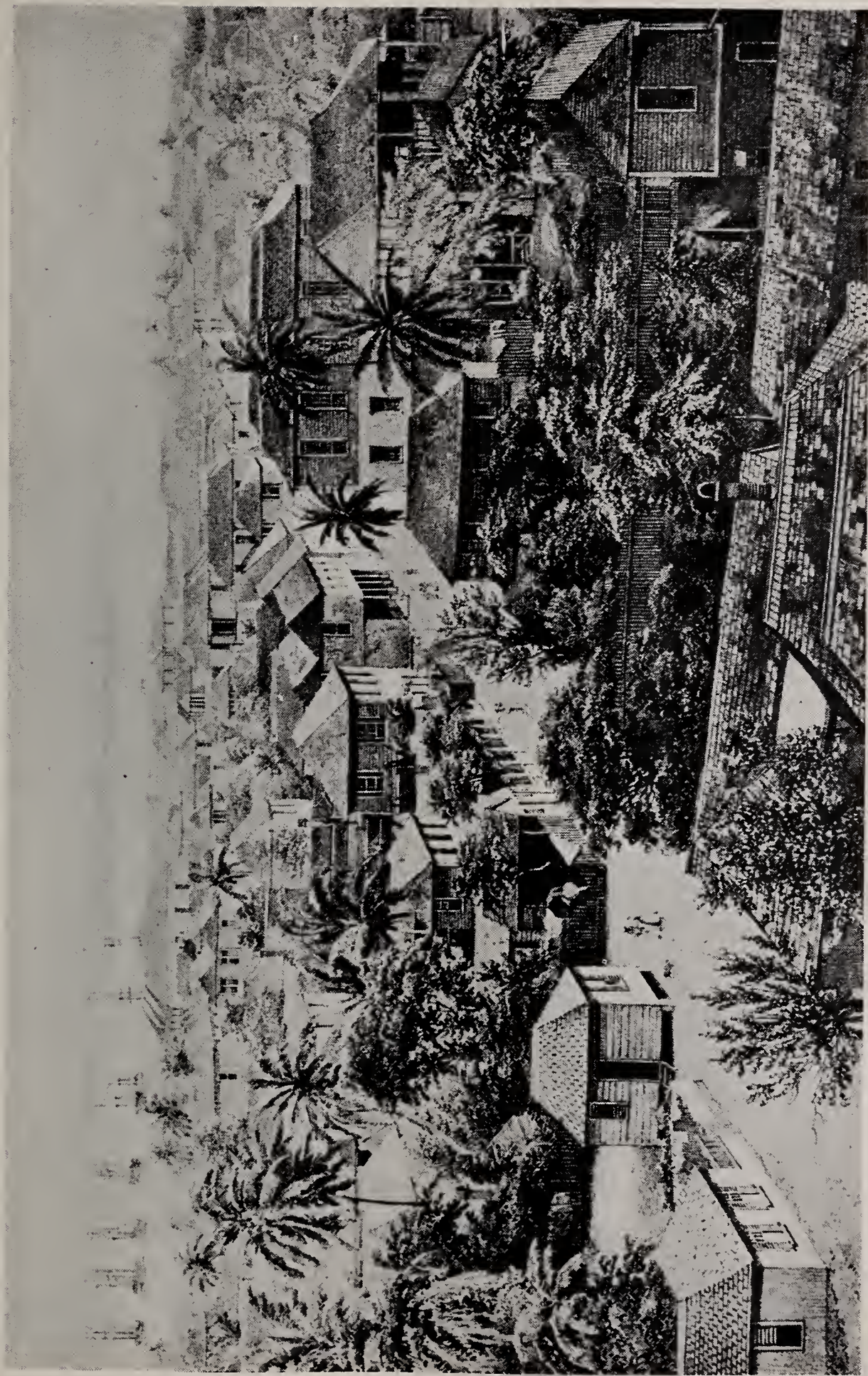
WEAVING and interweaving, spinning a thread here, throwing a shuttle there, the pattern emerges of men and women, practical, successful, conservative, humane, with marriage after marriage reinforcing some of the dominant traits of the family. It was not a family of students, certainly not of scholars. It was not a family of professional men or women. Although throughout two hundred and fifty years the Barretts held political positions of increasing importance in Jamaica they were never dominant in its political life. Nor were they, although many Barretts were officers of high rank, in any sense dominant in the military organization of the Island. But the time came towards the close of the eighteenth century when they owned upwards of forty thousand acres. Even until the year 1838 the Barretts owned 33,000 acres in Jamaica. Unquestionably there were several generations when they were among those foremost as planters. The more these backgrounds are studied the more will it become evident that the Barretts were merchants and planters with a flare for politics and the military life.

By the close of the eighteenth century they had developed a patriarchal form of family organization. In a sense, therefore, the individuals of the group were submerged for the "good" of the organization, and that "good" became wholly dependent for its expression and results on the character and temperament of the head of the family. In the abilities of Edward Barrett the family found its climax in material wealth. All the members

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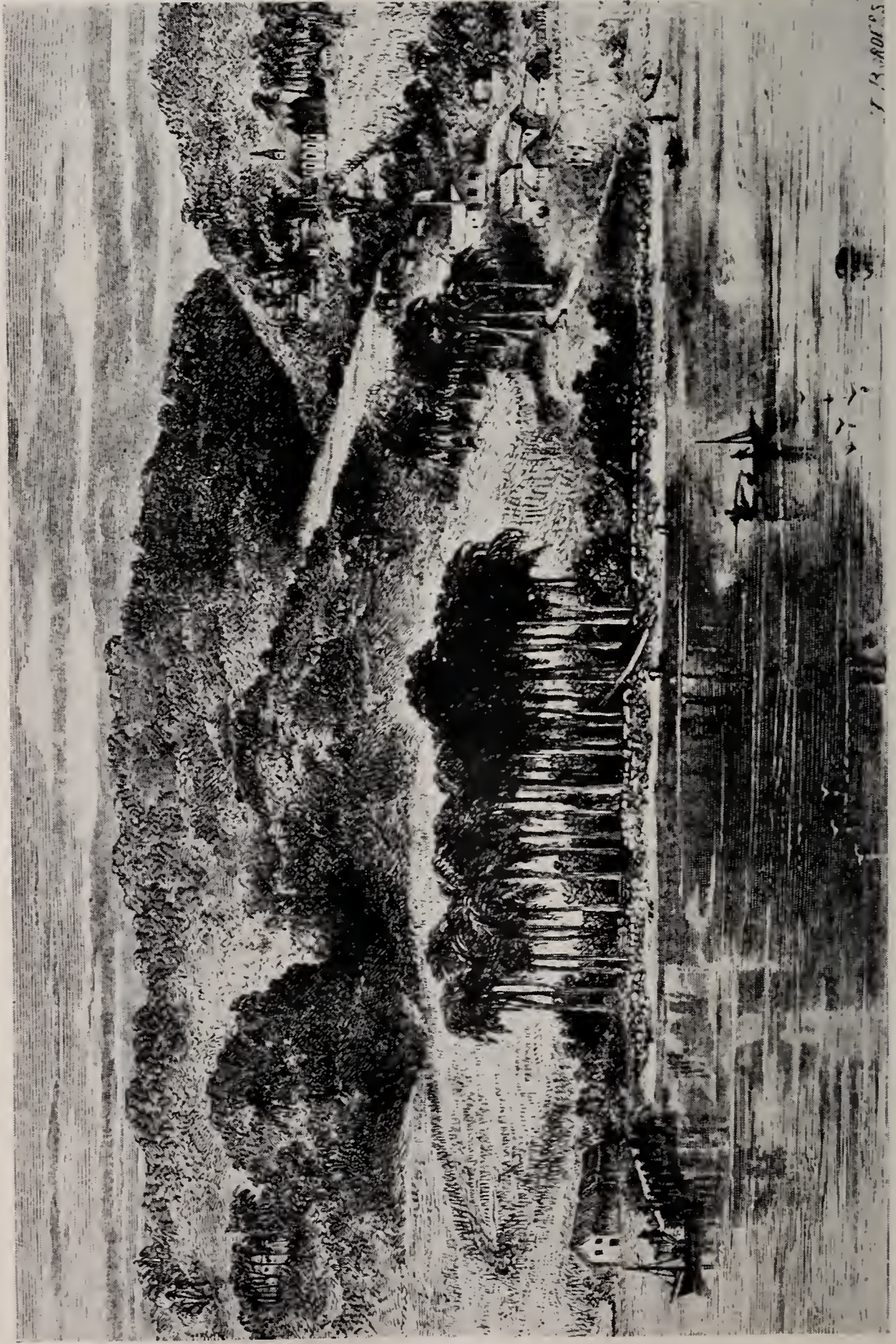
of the family of the Barrett had turned to him, and all had centered their confidence in him. In most of the existing wills of the immediate family—those of Sam Barrett, Northside, the father, Edward's brothers Samuel and Wisdom, and his sister Margery and in the wills of his son George Goodin—Edward Barrett is set down as executor or trustee, or in both capacities. In his own will, and for the last time, were the members of the family gathered together. If Edward Barrett had any wish apart from the good of that family, there is no evidence of it. All was left to them and in such a way that his effort to close up or seal a possible widening cleft in their corporate life is evident. There is only one bequest—and that a modest one—whose connection with the family is not entirely clear,—that to Elizabeth Hilpia. Neither to the poor nor to any institution in Jamaica or in England is a public legacy made. Even to a servant neither a penny nor an acre, except to Elizabeth Hilpia—whichever she was—was left outside the family. In this will there is not even the record of a manumission.

In the earlier "pioneer" Barrett wills there had been what was, it may be, a natural childish valuation of silver and gold and land. In some of those wills there had been also an assumed self-consequence. With such traits the austere simplicity and tender family consideration and generosity of Edward Barrett's will stand out in marked contrast. With something added, Edward Barrett had the directness and simplicity of his father, who had taught his sons much they never forgot. An illustration of this fact lies in the will of Edward's brother Wisdom, which emphasized the necessity for keeping Spott Valley "in a good state of Cultivation" and of purchasing from "time to time" for that plantation "Slaves Mules and other stock and utensils." Years of the feudal grandeur of Grosvenor Square had not erased from Wisdom's mind the lessons his father had taught him. In his will Edward Barrett emphasized the double necessity for improving his property and for keeping it free from debts. Three words might be said to cover the intention of Edward Barrett's will: development, economy, continuity.



Falmouth from the Church Tower

Daguerreotype by A. Duperly



Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill

Sketch by J. Borders

ATTORNEY

The charges which surrounded sugar settlements were heavy and unceasing. Money interest in Jamaica was high. In a sense, while sugar was king it was a despot industry, forcing the labor, skinning the soil, shaping the lives of white and black alike, free and slave. In the course of these demands, it became all too often the business of the planting attorney to skin the estates, and not infrequently to their advantage to throw them into debt. Hopelessly in debt, estates would become in many cases a good purchase later by the attorney who knew their values. The plain fact of the case was that the absentee proprietor of a sugar estate had to put up with the planting attorney he could get.

Until the close of the eighteenth century the Barretts did not take the risks—and then only because of the death of Edward Barrett in 1798—which have to be encountered by absentee ownership and representation by a “planting attorney.” After that for some twenty-eight years (1798-1826) and the arrival of his second grandson, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, the Barrett estates were subjected to many of the hazards of the attorney system. These hazards were increased by the fact that Edward Barrett died at a time when, the world over, vast changes in the industrial system were drawing nearer. One of these changes revealed itself in an altering attitude towards the blacks. Slowly, both in England and in Europe, another force against continued prosperity in slave-owning had been massing itself. This was the movement towards abolition of the slave trade and of a more and more widely diffused anti-slavery sentiment.

Everywhere in Jamaica the slaves were beginning to state their position to their masters and to plead for mercy. Under the cart whip, at the whirl of the lash, blood springing from their backs, from their lips came the cry, “Think me no man?” Everywhere in Jamaica the negroes were beginning to pray. There was one in heaven who would take the lash off their backs and the price from their bodies. To Him they turned to pray:

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O Lord, let dy word run from sugar-work to sugar-work, and from coffee-mount to coffee-mount, dat de whole earth may be filled with dy glory. Amen and amen! ¹

Everywhere in village and town and upon hill and plantation, at the close of the eighteenth century, the negroes were beginning to chant songs of an equality to be, songs of freedom:

One, two, tree,
All de same;
Black, white, brown,
All de same;
All de same.

One, two, tree,
All de same!

Everywhere in Jamaica, at the close of the eighteenth century, might have been found human material, human story, for the Wedgwood design, carried out by Hackwood, and in 1792 engraved at the expense of Wedgwood for a pamphlet by Clarkson. In the design a slave is seen kneeling on one knee, his hands and feet chained, and about the black basalted intaglio these words: "AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?" ² Teaching these black men and women to cry out to their white masters for mercy, to pray for their own freedom in the coming of the Lord upon earth, and to chant songs of brotherhood, were white men coming from England to Jamaica to struggle, to work, to suffer sickness and persecution and death that the black man might be free. These were the missionaries, in time to be cursed throughout Jamaica as the "saints."

It was not on the basis of any tyro plantership that the Barrett estates had been developed and had reached their dominant position. But death was in a half century to alter the seeming impregnability of the Barrett estates which it had taken a century and a half to build up. After power of administration was granted James Scarlett, there was one year and one year only in which problems connected with the family of the Barrett

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seemed to be taking their natural course. . . . Despite the fact that the whole intention of Edward Barrett's will was to make strong the hands of his family, that will was to become over almost four decades the subject of time-wasting controversy and money-wasting litigation. And that controversy began almost immediately with queries which Samuel Romilly of Lincoln's Inn answered on the twenty-third of November, 1799, about the arrangements for the care of the seven grandchildren.³

The primary cause for the bill of complaint was the disposition Edward Barrett had made of some ninety-two slaves and fifty steer. All the weariness of possessions and difficulties in residence this suit created for Judith Barrett as executrix will never be known. That she was surrounded by friends, among them Captain Michael White Lee of the 55th Regiment of Foot, could not have removed every difficulty. On the 2nd of July, 1801, began the thirty-six years of wrangling which was centered in the value of these ninety-two slaves and fifty steer. It was claimed that Edward Barrett had removed this property from the penn of his "testator" George Goodin Barrett to his own penn. Yet, in the closing days of his life, he had in his will made every effort to forestall any difficulty which might spring out of human greed. This was not a case which could be ended by a just statement and a clear choice. Had the intention of Edward Barrett's will been as honored as the testator was in his lifetime, no "case" could have arisen. The origin of the complaint lay in the psychology of the "prochein ami" and not in a group of young people.

II

With all that Edward Barrett was and all that he did, no surprise can be felt as in that simple burying-place of the Barretts at Cinnamon Hill one looks down on the monument Judith Goodin had erected for her husband. She placed her husband's monument side by side with their son Henry's, and the stone is a replica of the one which, together, they had chosen for

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Henry. Then in her own words she wrote upon that stone that she thought her husband a man upright, sincere, most honorable, in the plans which he undertook judicious and steadfast, by nature and by practice a keen thinker, in his wit and humor a delight to his friends.⁴ These are the words and hers had been the life suitable to the character and achievements of Edward Barrett. Judith Goodin Barrett in her life alone at Cinnamon Hill Mansion House was surrounded by a multitude of “domesticks” or house negroes. She was subject not only to the cares which such service brings—and they were many,—but also to the demands of the estate. The house servants were in a sense familiar “objects,” as also must have been the “beautiful furnitures” of her day. Yet she could not have escaped being lonely in the midst of many beings and many familiar possessions.

Of Mrs. Barrett’s own family, the Goodins, few were left.⁵ The suggestion based on the few available records is that of a deepening and unwelcome solitariness. In these lonely years among those who came to Cinnamon Hill was Michael White Lee of Bristol, a Captain in His Majesty’s 55th Regiment of Foot, stationed in St. James. The life of this young officer, who was about thirty-two, had been full of adventure, as the return which he himself rendered to the British War Office in 1810 shows.⁶ Sometime between the years 1801 and 1803 the young Captain became a familiar and welcome figure in the life of Cinnamon Hill. In Jamaica all distances are relatively small. At the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the roads of the Northside were few and at that badly maintained, and in several areas the mountains wild and impenetrable. But the actual distances within the Parish of St. James are small: from north to south about twenty miles and from east to west about seventeen. To be stationed among those hills, as Michael White Lee was, somewhere between Montego Bay and the upland southern boundary, was to be “near” Cinnamon Hill. At Cinnamon Hill was to be found a quiet, unostentatious home, in its order and simple dignity suggestive of England. And in that home was a woman gifted, direct, loving.

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III

Judith Barrett in her sixtieth year and Michael White Lee in his thirty-third decided to be married. As the indentures show, Judith Barrett's emphasis was no more centered on the wealth which was still hers than in time her daughter's was to become. She was entitled to an annuity of £1,500 for life. She had, too, a "Considerable Personal Estate." Judith Barrett was to maintain the independence which Edward Barrett had established for her. . . . Sometime between the 11th and 23rd of March, 1803, Judith Barrett married Michael White Lee. Was it at Cinnamon Hill Great House? She was bound by the place of her birth, by the dead, by the living, by her slaves, by her property, to the Parish of St. James and to what must have been to her the most beloved spot on earth: Cinnamon Hill Great House. Who shall say what to her eyes or in memory was the curve of the branches of the frangipani tree leaning upon the graves of those she loved?

Sometime in October of 1803 Captain Michael White Lee and his wife Judith had set out from Jamaica. They had seen for the last time her beautiful shore lines and stupendous mountain summits fade into the haze of the Caribbean. Captain Lee was on a six months' leave. They arrived "home" either by way of Portsmouth or the Bristol Channel,—probably by the Bristol Channel, into which not only the Avon but also the Wye and the River Severn flow. For centuries Bristol had been one of the richest ports of commerce. There a West Indiaman, for example, might unload its cargo of sugar and in exchange take back as cargo to Barbados or St. Kitts or Jamaica a shipload of slaves.⁷ Bristol was a well-known slave mart, even greater in its way than the Jamaican marts of Kingston and Montego Bay. Many slave ships came and went with their cargoes of slaves. In Bristol were shipyards of importance, where big ships were built which the world over would sail the high seas.

In 1804, adjacent to Bristol on the southwest side and upon the east bank of the Avon, was a famous and fashionable Eng-

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lish water cure: Clifton or the Hotwells. For people of wealth and fashion Clifton was admirably placed. There, as at every "cure," were those whose ills were largely imaginary and whose chief ills were riches which their possessors believed had secured them from all obligation except the pursuit of their own vagaries. And there were those whose ills were not imaginary and who were wasting with tuberculosis and other diseases. Under the windows of the Pump-room the tide ebbed and flowed in the River Avon, at low tide leaving mud and slime with their nauseous odor. In the Pump-room above, the visitors to Clifton, whether fashionable followers of the latest impulse or wretches sick unto death, drank the waters from St. Vincent's Rock in a *cameraderie* which would send the average health board nowadays into collective nervous prostration.

According to the age statistics of the year 1804, Judith Lee at sixty was an old, old woman. In those days a man was ready for death at forty-five. For a woman, whether it was or was not, life was assumed to be "over" at a much less advanced age than forty-five. This "old" woman, who at sixty had married a young man, was ill and dying in Clifton. All the closest members left of her family were in England,—among them her daughter and grandsons. While something of the silly world of fashion surged about them, was this Barrett family group, in the past so marked for its simplicity and sincerity, drawing together once more for a little while and for the last time? In any event it was in Clifton, on the 8th of June, 1804, that Judith Lee died.⁸

COALS AND CANDLES

IT is probable that Newcastle was—as it still is—a town of challenging vitality either passionately loved or passionately hated by those who lived in, or came to its midst. This extreme in reaction is amusingly illustrated by the violent dislike of Newcastle expressed by Mrs. Montagu in letters written in 1758. The families of both this London “blue stocking,” Elizabeth Montagu, and her kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortly Montagu, owned estates outside of Newcastle in Kenton where they had lands, houses and collieries, and where young John Graham-Clarke, the grandfather of Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett, was to own Kenton lodge, a coal mine and several mills. In one of the letters to her sister, Mrs. Scott, Newcastle is described and damned as follows:

The town of Newcastle is horrible, like the ways of thrift it is narrow, dark and dirty, some of the streets so steep one is forced to put a dragchain on the wheels and I do not know how it happened that I have not yet caught a coach full of red herrings, for we scrape the Citty wall on which they hang in great abundance.¹

One of the Elizabeth Montagu letters about Newcastle is to Benjamin Stillingfleet, who lived with Robert Price at Foxley near Hope End. Robert Price was the father of Sir Uvedale Price who in 1809 was to begin a friendship with little E.B.B. which was to last to the end of his life. Mrs. Montagu, sending her letter in care of Robert Price, wrote Stillingfleet:

The river here is broad and of a good colour, and we have a very good turnpike road to the sea-side, where I should pass a great

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deal of my time if it was not all engross'd by company, but we are in the midst of the largest neighbourhood I ever saw, and some of these gentlemen by means of coal mines have immense fortunes.²

During the eighteenth century life in Newcastle might have been remarked for its simplicity as well as its herrings. Merchants and tradesmen, however important or wealthy, lived above their shops,—among them Aubone Surtees, the banker. The homes of this Newcastle where the great lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, stayed for a few days with the Scotts, were large and roomy but the equipment was simple. There was no gas,—nothing but oil lamps and candles. Mosley Street was first lighted by gas in 1818, four years after the earliest recorded visit of little E.B.B. There were no lucifer matches, no steel pens, no telegrams, no railways or steamboats. Sedan chairs, suspended on two poles and carried by two men, were the common means of travel between house and house. If one lived on a ground floor, one entered the sedan chair inside one's front door and got out of it, possibly, inside the front door of one's destination. At Killingworth, near Newcastle, George Stephenson was working on the steam engine; but there was no railway travel until Elizabeth Barrett was a young woman. In 1818 by the coach of a fast mail the journey southward could be made from Newcastle to London in about two days and two nights. That was considered phenomenal "express."

It was into the midst of this Newcastle with its herrings, its turnpike, its beautiful river and people of wealth, that in the 1760's young John Graham (to become John Graham-Clarke), an officer in his Majesty's army, came. He was neither a stranger nor without influence. Resident there in the same chapelry of St. Andrew³ were his cousin "Thomas Clarke of Newcastle upon Tyne Merchant" and the sisters of this cousin: Mary, Ann, Elizabeth and Margaret.⁴ Not very long afterwards John Graham-Clarke married Mrs. Rutter, the widow of John Rutter, took over the brewery business on Pilgrim Street, and prospered. His marriage to Mrs. Rutter adding to his commercial importance, he started the Chamber of Commerce. In the



Gosforth Parish Church
By permission of the Rector Francis R. Hedley



Carlton Hall

By permission of the Rev. A. W. M. Close



The Old Façade of Fenham Hall

Courtesy of the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Fenham

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will of Thomas Mowld of Kingston-upon-Hull, one of whose principal legatees John Graham became, he is referred to as "Mr. John Graham of Newcastle upon Tyne common Brewer." In 1786 John Graham by royal license took the arms and name of Clarke.⁵ This he did, the royal license stated, in order that he might comply strictly with the directions of the testator, Thomas Mowld.⁶

Pilgrim Street on which John Graham had his first home is one of the historic streets of Newcastle. Pilgrim Street Gate was one of the strongest and gloomiest of the Gates or buildings in the town wall which from earliest times had surrounded Old Newcastle. Various adjustments in this massive clumsy building had been made before John Graham-Clarke took up his residence in Pilgrim Street,—the wagon passage widened and the building repaired. After he had been in Newcastle for several years, foot passages through the Gate were opened out on either side. Finally in 1802 the entire structure was torn down and the stone used in building a sewer in Blckett Street.

Although there had been no children, John Graham-Clarke's marriage with Mrs. Rutter had been a success. On the death of his wife in 1771 he succeeded in his own name to the brewery on Pilgrim Street.⁷ Coming, however, into possession of Mrs. Rutter's property was not coming into possession of it peacefully, for John Graham had to struggle for his property rights. After he had taken over the brewery business in his own name, the Corporation of Newcastle was about to take action against him as a non-freeman, when John Graham pointed out to them that according to law, as an officer in the King's Army, trade and speculation were open to him in any part of his Majesty's dominion.⁸

The year following his wife's death had come the bank panic. During the panic John Graham had been present in Surtees and Burdon's Bank to sign the promissory notes which he had been authorized to sign for the Bank by seventy-seven of the leading merchants of Newcastle. That was a hard year for the banker Aubone Surtees both in his personal and his business

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life, for that was the year John Scott, the younger son of the coal fitter William Scott, had eloped with the banker's daughter Bessie. Upon hearing of this elopement John Scott's older brother William, a brilliant figure at Oxford University and the friend of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, referred to his brother as "the lost young man." But the "lost young man" found himself swiftly, becoming Sir John Scott and Attorney General, and within a few years was made Lord Eldon, Chancellor of England.

Despite bank panics John Graham had continued to prosper. Among John Graham-Clarke's friends in Newcastle were the Cooks, the Hedleys, the Scotts, and the Surtees,—all four families with whom the Graham-Clarks intermarried or were connected by marriage.⁹ Graham-Clarke became one of the two promoters for the Assembly Rooms, the center for the social life of Newcastle. Cuthbert, a Newcastle lawyer, and Graham-Clarke were among the original proprietors of the year 1774, of whom there were one hundred and twenty-nine.¹⁰ According to the scale of that day was the atmosphere of these new Assembly Rooms in Westgate styled "grand," more commodious and impressive than any other building in the Kingdom except the House of Assembly at Bath. That the "best society" took some simple comfort in all the splendor is affirmed by the following reminiscences of John Scott's shared with his great-niece after he became Lord Eldon:

At the Assembly Rooms at Newcastle there were two rooms and a stairhead between them, so we always danced down the large room across the stairhead, and into the other room. Then you know, Ellen, that was very convenient, for the small room was a snug one to flirt in.¹¹

In June, 1780, at Islington, London, John Graham married again, Arabella Altham of Islington, a daughter of Roger Altham of Doctors Commons and granddaughter of the archdeacon of Middlesex.¹² She was the sister-in-law of Bessie Surtees, and twenty-four years younger than John Graham. Wil-

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liam Scott, become Sir William Scott and Advocate General, signed the register when John Graham and Arabella Altham were married. Their first child, Mary Graham, to be famous in the annals of Barrett backgrounds as the mother of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was born in the home on Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, on the 1st of May, 1781. The next child born to John Graham-Clarke after Mary was a son, John Altham. There was, too, another son, James, and four more daughters, Jane, Charlotte, Frances, Arabella,—in all seven children.

For many years John Graham-Clarke lived on Pilgrim Street in the house adjoining the brewery which he had “married.” This house is now known as the “Bible House.” Later he built a large new mansion next door, today known as the Constitutional Club. About this mansion there were grounds which, planted to formal gardens, extended down behind the house to a brook called Erick Burn. Beyond Erick Burn in what was named Carliol Croft, the Clarkes owned considerable property. Two acres of this holding were purchased for the new prison from the son James in 1823 at a cost of £2,000. But during his father’s lifetime this neighborhood was used for quite a different purpose. There on the footpath next to the wall of Carliol Croft, with a view of the gardens on the west and of the Windmill Hills, the gentry of that part of Newcastle strolled on a summer’s evening. From the doors of his spacious new home on Pilgrim Street the ladies of his family went to and fro in their sedan chairs. Within these doors were the candelabra and the lamps lighted at dusk. And through the windows did the Graham-Clarkes hear the cry of the watchman at dawn, “Past four!” and coming quickly thereafter, “Past five o’clock, frosty morning!” At the breakfast table the Graham-Clarkes read their newspapers, following the thrilling exploits of Lunardi the balloonist or the tragic incident when Lunardi’s balloon was released accidentally, carrying up with it young Ralph Heron to his death. Or some two months earlier, after they themselves had been through the whole sordid tragedy, they read the account of the death of their own servant, Joseph Smith. He

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had been killed on the other side of Pilgrim Street by a boar in the narrow lane between High Friar Street and the town wall, while he was attempting to drive the boar back to the pen from which it had escaped.

Numbered among John Graham-Clarke's homes was a Lodge in Kenton, where, too, he owned the colliery and the mills. Kenton Lodge stood at the southeast corner of Gosforth, not far west from the Grand Stand of this village which was to become before long a suburb of Newcastle. The neighborhood was so pleasant and healthful that many well-to-do Newcastle residents had homes there. Strangers, too, from other parts of the country who came to Newcastle would settle in Kenton or somewhere else in the Parish of Gosforth. When she was but nine years old and was known as Anna Murphy, Mrs. Anna Jameson, the friend of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, was in Kenton. Anna, one of the four little daughters of Murphy the miniature painter, and her three little sisters, all younger than herself, were left for a short time in 1803 alone in Kenton with a governess by the name of Yokeley. Apparently to them the name was more than merely suggestive, and the children, while their governess was off on a visit, decided that they would run away to their parents in Scotland. With that idea in mind they stowed away all the bread and butter their little stomachs could hold, stuffed the pockets and fronts of their frocks with more bread, and then with tiny bundles which contained a "change" for Sunday, off they started. They were well on their journey out of the village of Kenton when some wretched grown-ups had their suspicions aroused by the quaint procession and brought the children home again. One little bundle was dropped in a ditch and one little red shoe was never again recovered.¹³

In the Gosforth neighborhood John Graham-Clarke was proprietor not only of flax spinning mills at Stannington and on the Ouseburn, but also of glass works at Bells-Close and Leamington.¹⁴ When it was decided on the 14th of May, 1799, to tear down the South Gosforth Church and to put up a new

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Church, Graham-Clarke was on the committee which made the decision.¹⁵ Between the estates he owned in Jamaica, but did not occupy, and the estates which he owned in England and among which he dwelt in rotation in true West Indian style, vanished were the simple ways of an Edward Barrett, for these homes in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and elsewhere, were centers of considerable luxury. At these dwellings were private cellars well-stocked with wine, spirits and malt liquors. There were coals, candles and other household stuff in abundance. There were carriages and carriage horses in the many stables.

In his time and in his neighborhood, the commercial and social influence of John Graham-Clarke is beyond exaggeration. Among his various properties were slaves. Not unimportant in relation to that was the fact that he was the proprietor of a fleet of ships trading between Newcastle and Jamaica where were his sugar plantations. Only less important were the background circumstances which constituted the "key" to the indispensable services of John Graham-Clarke to the Barretts in his uncle Jacob Graham's properties and residence in the Parish of St. James. It was John Graham-Clarke, the life-long friend of the Scotts, whom George Goodin Barrett made the guardian of his quadroon children.

Unquestionably the "property" sense in Newcastle was abnormally developed by a community given over almost wholly to commerce and trade, based on coal mines and manufacture. More than a glimpse can be caught of the "solid" emphasis on slaves as property in William Scott's (Lord Stowell's) judgments.¹⁶ In 1804 Wilberforce wrote of Eldon in his Diary:

The slave trade was opened by the Chancellor in a very threatening speech, because overrating property, and full of all moral blunders, yet amiable in some views.¹⁷

Stowell's brother, John Scott, did not believe that slavery was contrary to the genius of the British constitution. In fact he said that it was "almost instituted" by it, and cited Lord Somers.¹⁸ When in 1807 the Slave Trade Abolition Bill was

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“finally” read in the House of Lords, Eldon (then Chancellor) appealed to authority by insisting that

The slave trade had been sanctioned by parliaments, in which sat the wisest lawyers, the most learned divines, and the most excellent statesmen.

II

For more than a quarter of a century John Graham-Clarke, the friend of Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, signed documents for the family of the Barrett. His influence upon the Barretts was wide-spread and his control over the Barrett estates was far-flung. It is not an unimportant fact in Barrett backgrounds that at home or away from home John Graham-Clarke was the type of man to whom others turned for assistance, whether in a bank panic or to manage Assembly Rooms, to be a guardian for quadroon children, to secure a royal license or to help in leasing Coxhoe Hall for the Moulton-Barretts.

Coxhoe Hall in Kelloe Parish, where Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett was born in 1806, is about fifteen miles distant from Newcastle. But the Kelloe Parish of today is not the Kelloe Parish the young Moulton-Barretts knew. Once in days much earlier than the close of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth centuries when the Barretts were there, the village was a collection of clusters of cottages, occasional farmsteads and imposing halls. In 1801 Coxhoe numbered one hundred and seventeen inhabitants. Now it numbers something over three thousand. Stone quarries, lime and basis works, coke ovens, collieries, provide employment for the population.

It was towards the close of the eighteenth century that Kelloe Manor was sold by Basil Forcer to John Tempest, Esq. who in due course devised it to his nephew Sir Henry Vane Tempest, who, later was to sell Hope End to the Barretts. Sometime before 1725, Coxhoe was sold to John Burdon, Esq. of Newcastle. He had extensive repairs undertaken and the interior of the Hall redecorated by a group of skilled Italian workmen. I believe that it was about 1794 that the Barretts,

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through the influence of John Graham-Clarke, leased Coxhoe Manor as a home during the education of the Moulton-Barrett sons.¹⁹

On that day when Elizabeth Moulton, Treppy and the Moulton-Barrett children,—including not impossibly for that first year Pinkie,—found a *piéd à terre* on this high ground of Durham, they wound upwards in their carriages through grounds which had been terraced in Roman times to the crest of a ridge. Facing southward in the distance the Cornforths and the marshlands of Mainsforth, their new home was built in the castellated Gothic style. The Mansion which in the history of the Barretts was to be their home over epoch-making years was three storeys in height, surrounded by beautiful walks and terraced gardens. Before the spacious low steps of the front entrance, the Barretts came to a halt.

Through the doorway they passed into a hall opening out into reception rooms in which were fireplaces ornately beautiful, decorated with carved wood figures and wreaths, in their midst a squirrel,—the Burdon crest. Fruit, stalks, flowers, squirrel, stand out in relief in the intricate and florid Italian carving. Upwards led a highly decorated and noble stairway, far finer than anything these West Indian Barretts had known in their neighbor's estates of Rose Hall and not even to be compared with the low, sweet homeliness of Cinnamon Hill Great House.

Happily for one link in the history of adventure and of love Kelloe Church and Coxhoe Hall are little altered. It is possible in imagination not only to enter with the young Moulton-Barretts the Mansion of Coxhoe which for many years was to be their home while Edward was at school and at Trinity College, Cambridge, but also with them one may go again into the little church and with them in memory take communion from the old cup which is still in use and bears this inscription: THE CHALLICE OF KELLO PARISH 1681. There, too, in Kelloe Church one may look up again at the west end of the interior to the place where the young Barretts sat in the gallery which was one of the perquisites of the occupation of Coxhoe

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Manor. Since then the gallery has been torn down. With Edward and Samuel and Pinkie it is possible to scramble along the small trout stream, Kelloe Beck, beyond the Church, separating Kelloe Manor from the Glebe and from other lands. With them one may gather again the dusky purple water avens growing beside the stream. . . . As the years go on it takes little effort to see Edward Moulton-Barrett and his brother Sam riding to and fro on good mounts the short distance between Coxhoe and Newcastle, the guest of John Graham-Clarke at the spacious mansion built on Pilgrim Street, not infrequently their guardian James Scarlett with them.

It was John Graham-Clarke who, having had the experience of a royal warrant to add a name, became in February, 1798, the motivating force behind the following grant:

WHEREAS His Majesty by Warrant under His Royal Signet and Sign Manual bearing date the second day of January last signified to the Most Noble Charles Duke of Norfolk Earl Marshal and hereditary Marshal of England that he hath been graciously pleased to give the Grant unto *Charles Moulton* of New York Merchant His Royal Licence and Authority that his two Infant Sons Edward Barrett Moulton and Samuel Barrett Moulton (by Elizabeth his Wife daughter of Edward Barrett of Cinnamon Hill in the Parish of Saint James in the Island of Jamaica Esquire) and their Issue respectively may assume and take upon him and them the Surname of *Barrett* in addition to their present names and henceforth be called and write themselves *Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett* and *Samuel Barrett Moulton Barrett* and also bear the Arms of *Barrett* (for which the said Charles Moulton had by John Graham Clarke of Newcastle upon Tyne in the County of Northumberland Esquire most humbly prayed His Majesty in compliance with the particular request and desire of their said Grandfather Edward Barrett. . . .²⁰

Two brothers could have scarcely been more unlike than were Edward and Sam. Although in the volumes of Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett letters edited by Sir Frederick Kenyon, in the volumes of the love letters which passed between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, and in the letters of E.B.B. to her sister Henrietta, the name of Edward Moulton-Barrett's

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brother Sam is not even indexed,²¹ yet like a daguerreotype with all its quick silver clarity Sam is seen a loving and beloved figure in the midst of the family of the Barrett. Sam had, as his older brother never had, the quality of endearing himself generally to those with whom he came in contact. His was a never-to-be-forgotten friendship, whether it was with his niece E.B.B. or with some missionary he had befriended in Jamaica. Sam's was a bold, courageous and genial personality, and he did naturally and well what his brother could never have done. These brothers must have been brilliant figures, even as lads "figures" potentially important in Newcastle and its neighboring villages and towns, and coveted escorts for the balls and festivities of the Assembly Rooms of which John Graham-Clarke was a founder and the treasurer and at other social gatherings. Nevertheless Edward was already shaping the "shell" which was to shut him away from many of the actual facts of the lives about him and the significance and values of human struggle. . . .

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IT WOULD be difficult to determine what was the deciding factor which sent Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett in 1801 to Trinity College, Cambridge.¹ Both his uncles George Goodin Barrett and Captain Samuel Barrett, had been Oxford men. Any one of several influences may have settled his course: some trend at Harrow, the fact that his cousin John Kenyon was already in Cambridge, or that his guardian James Scarlett was an alumnus of Trinity College.

Among the Fellows of Trinity College were two men of importance in the life of Edward Moulton-Barrett: Thomas Jones, the tutor of Edward Moulton-Barrett; and the great Richard Porson, famous Greek scholar and Tutor at Trinity between the years 1785 and 1808. Look again and then down into the Hall, for there at dinner sits young Moulton-Barrett who, from his features, might be the son, not of Charles Moulton but of Richard Porson! Resemble him, too, did young Moulton-Barrett in what might be called a currency of traits. Porson's college mate and friend William Beloe wrote of Porson that there were blended in him very opposite qualities, for in some things he appeared to be of the most unshaken firmness, but in others he was wayward, capricious, and discovered the weakness of a child.² And like this son of the Barretts Porson's laughter was quick. These traits find their record in the portrait by T. Kirkby now hanging in the Master's Lodge.

What influence did his famous tutor, Thomas Jones, the

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tutor also of Lord Byron, have upon Edward's life? A great influence Jones had upon Trinity from about 1781 on through 1807, placing himself on record as opposed to both slavery and duelling,³ helping to remove from Trinity all corruptions due to the Bentley system of favoritism, restoring the traditions of the College, improving the moral standards, and introducing entrance and annual examinations. A Welsh face, in its curve of the mouth with a touch of both the sweet and the sardonic; a handsome face, moreover, as the Gardner portrait reveals, with eyes large, penetrating, direct. The nose and chin both suggest force of will and capacity for holding to a cause, while the wide-flaring nostrils show the spiritedness with which Thomas Jones followed a purpose. A stern antagonist, too, he must have been, as the brow and eyes, despite their humor, reveal. . . . Were it possible to trace the leadership of Thomas Jones in young Barrett's life, it seems probable that it would be found to have been above the average.

Thomas Jones "was remarkable for the attention" he gave to his pupils and his "kind and guardian like interest" in their welfare and conduct.⁴ His lectures were so highly valued that some students asked permission to be present at them a second time. The only publication by Thomas Jones which remains is *A Sermon Upon Duelling*, preached after a tragic event between two Cambridge students.⁵ The curse of college and university communities at the close of the eighteenth century was not their radicalism but their conservative, even reactionary traditions. In an era when duelling was fashionable, the "valor" of Kings and the boast of young bloods, quietly did Thomas Jones take up the "causes" of duelling and quietly dispose of them, revealing as he did so the unreason and the absurdity in the assumption that because of an unproved aspersion any man should have the right to pierce another "to the heart," and goes on quietly to show that "courtesy of behaviour" arises from

the improvement of the understanding, and the enlargement of the social affections, and not from the terrour of the duel, which appears from history to have been much more connected, in its rise

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and progress, with ferocity than gentleness, with barbarism than civility.⁶

Thomas Jones closes this essay on duelling with an invocation, which must have been as unwelcome to the fashionable of that day as a similar denunciation of war would be to the barbarous and the greedy today:

Strip this phantom of honour of the false glare with which fashion and folly hide it's deformity: detest this monstrous relic of gothic barbarity, this horrible compound of suicide and assassination.⁷ . . .

In the 1770's two men of remarkable personality and power went up to Cambridge University, both becoming members of St. John's College. One of them was the son of a family long established as landed gentry in Yorkshire. This was William Wilberforce. The other was the son of a headmaster in Cambridgeshire. This was Thomas Clarkson. Through the position, singular eloquence and wealth of one; and the intellectual power, incorruptible integrity, and capacity for the hardest and most laborious forms of work of the other, there sprang out of Cambridge the nucleus of an anti-slavery movement. From this movement came the political drive which resulted in the abolition of the slave trade, and, finally, in the abolition of slavery. A decision here, a decision there, with regard to the slaves on the Barrett plantations in Jamaica suggest that the deeper interests of Cambridge University had played some part in the life of Edward Moulton-Barrett.

II

Once again during those first two or three years of the nineteenth century one may share in the pleasures of John Kenyon and Edward Moulton-Barrett: sailing on the Cam, horseback riding through the country, walking, bathing, dinners, reading, music, talk, and the score or more of trivial events of importance which make up the student's (sic!) life, or with

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them watch the dusk fall over the waters of the River Cam, and hear again not only the pealing organ of the Trinity Chapel but also the porter's bell at nine summoning lads to their college quarters and to sleep.⁸ Through John Kenyon's actual words it is possible to know what Cambridge meant to one of these two lads:

Granta! beneath whose midly-cloistering bowers
Swift years I passed, made up of idlest hours;
Ere yet on hearts, in flowing frankness bold,
Unfeeling Time had fixed his freezing hold;
For still this praise be thine, gone spirit of youth!
Thy very vices had their touch of truth—
Granta! for thee though wreath I never won,
Granta receive again thy world-tired son;
Pleased as of old, by thy calm stream to stray,
And where youth smoothly sped, dream age away.”⁹

By the middle of the eighteenth century music had become somewhat popular at the universities. It was gradually added to the equipment of a young gentleman. Not infrequently were fiddling and foppery bracketed together, and there were complaints of the “*scraping* Cacoethes.” There were not only “music meetings,” there were also concerts for which the fellow commoners could give tickets to the young ladies, and at which the Commoners played fiddle, harpsichord and other instruments.¹⁰ Probably at one or more of these musical, social events young Moulton-Barrett fiddled, displaying to Mary Graham-Clarke, come down from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a slender boyish arm and a white hand, encircled by a ruffled lace cuff, in all the curves and motions inseparable from the use of the bow. There can be but little doubt that Edward Moulton-Barrett was a bookish lad, a studious boy playing his fiddle,¹¹ and as devoted to unworldly dreaming as he was perhaps incapable of an orderly advance in educational development,—a wayward boy loving virtue and following it.

At Cambridge Edward did not matriculate and he did not graduate. There was, it may be, too much that was impersonal

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or not enough that was personal to center Edward Moulton-Barrett's life at Cambridge. Probably he came and went for as long as he wished, with his self-centered emphasis finding little need to conform to the educational plan as a whole. During the years between 1801 and 1805 there was some close association with James Scarlett, with whom he drove about the country.¹² Edward Moulton-Barrett's wealth gave him both a terrible freedom and a terrible power. For mere survival had Edward been bound to cooperation with others he might never have believed himself so wholly possessed of those rights which, later, he used to bind others. His "chapel" tendencies were, probably, already pronounced, and also belief in the added authority which such non-conformist strength can give. If in the cotton tree at Cinnamon Hill he had seen visions and dreamed dreams, Cambridge was but a larger Kingdom! He was perhaps always the same from little boyhood to the end: aspiring, tyrannical, practical, passionate in his emotional reactions of whatsoever kind, and brittle.

Before the only passion of his life found Edward and shook him through and through, as the generations of Barrett backgrounds made it inevitable that it should, how long had he known Mary Graham-Clarke? When in the overwhelming days of his intense youth did he first turn to her for sympathy? In his dream-world this was to be the first and the last "love" of man for woman.

Very natural, if he had not a subtle knowledge of his ward, that James Scarlett might have thought this passion but an early attack of boyish sentimentality and have objected to the disparity in their ages. Meeting opposition from Scarlett, was it only the dinner party at which young Barrett arranged that his guardian should meet Mary which overcame prejudice? It has been said that when Scarlett met Mary Graham-Clarke at a dinner party and escorted her out to dinner,—probably in the Assembly Rooms at Newcastle—he exclaimed: "I hold out no longer—she is far too good for him!"¹³ Probably two of the reasons why James Scarlett gave in so easily

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were the invariable good nature of the man with the round, jolly, rubicund face, and that he had himself early fallen in love—in fact at sixteen—and wooed the woman he loved seven years before he was financially able to marry her.¹⁴

Soon there were preparations for a wedding in Kenton Lodge near the Grand Stand for the race course, where John Graham-Clarke owned a colliery and some flax-spinning mills on the Ouseburn. The new Parish Church had been built on the foundations of the old, and the curate of the new church, J. T. Fenwick, had held his office since 1802—three years in all. No doubt he had on that Spring day a sense of the importance of this marriage between the youth of nineteen and his patron's daughter who was twenty-five, as he signed the following entry in the Parish Register:

Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett and Mary Graham Clarke both of this Parish were married in this Church by Licence this fourteenth Day of May 1805

By me J. T. Fenwick Curate

This marriage was } E. M. Barrett
solemnized between us } Mary G. Clarke

In the Presence of us } John Graham Clarke
} S. M. Barrett
} Jno A. G. Clarke¹⁵

III

To Kelloe Church within the sound of Kelloe Beck on Sundays and other special days did young Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett go, taking his bride and accompanied by his mother and Treppy and by his brother Sam? On one of those days, bold, ribald, honest Sam had scratched with a diamond on a pane in the window in the south wall which lighted the gallery these words:

Charming Mrs Barrett
Coxhoe beauty !!!
Pead Ned¹⁶

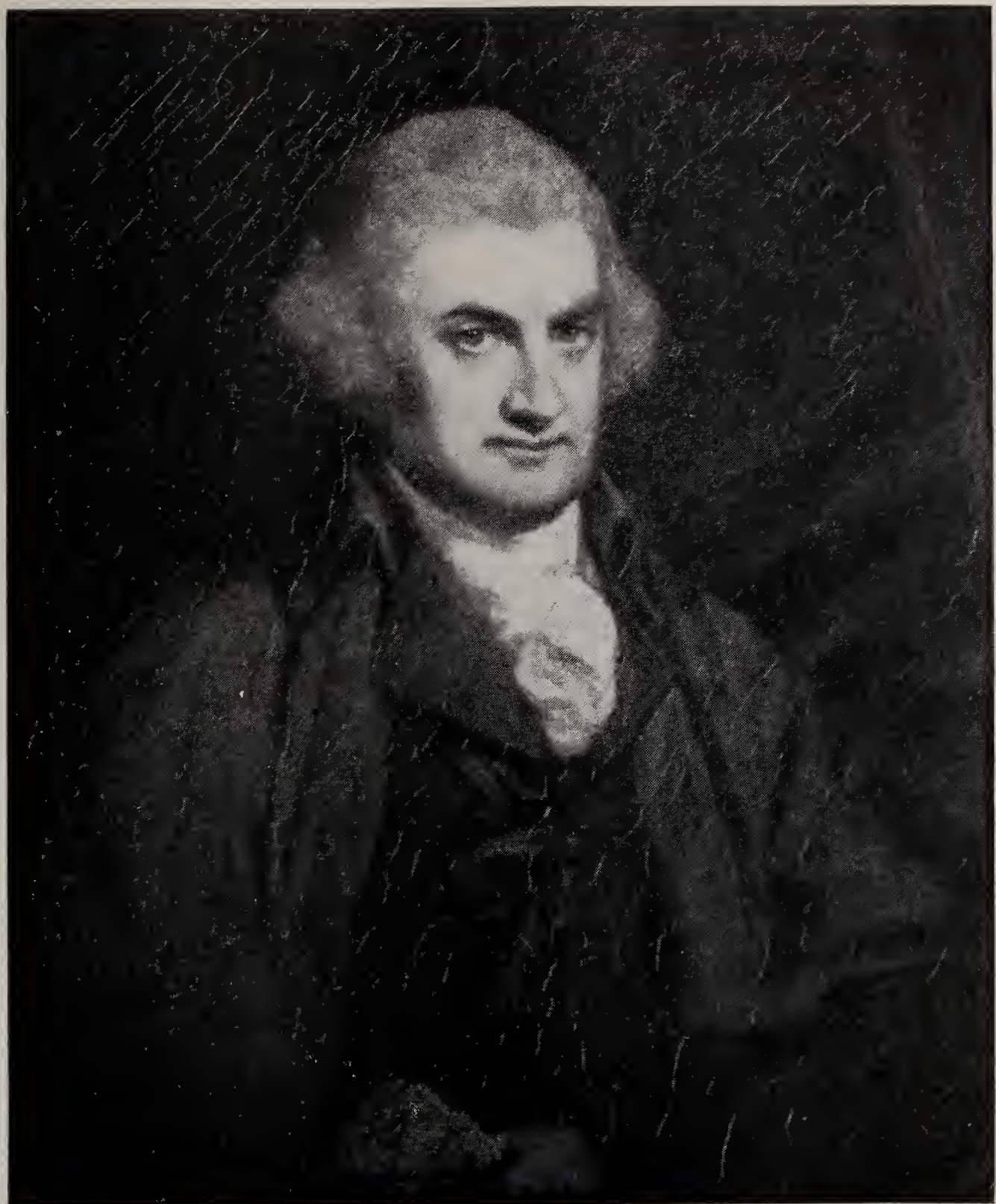
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Had that taunt of "one-eyed Ned" been flung first by Sam up into the cotton tree at Cinnamon Hill? Had Edward ever been able to see with more than one eye?

Multicolored the hours and the weeks passed with the only mate Edward had ever known or was ever to know. He and Mary Graham-Clarke were seeking to make the first of their children. He would build a new family in a new place: be their source of power as deity was his, shape them all, provide for them all, and love them all,—many sons and many daughters over many years. Out of the history centering around Newcastle-upon-Tyne—a northland—, and the Northside Barrett backgrounds in Jamaica, was this little one to spring for whom all waited at Coxhoe Hall on the 6th of March, 1806.

So far as is known not a negro servant was in that house nor in any of the subsequent Edward Moulton-Barrett households. For Mrs. Moulton this was to be her first grandchild—the child of her own beloved Edward. About seven o'clock on that evening of the 6th of March, 1806, the matter was decided. "The little Portuguese" was born,—tiny, fragile, dark complexioned, dark haired,—the vivid, Creole flower of many generations of Barrett backgrounds.¹⁷ She was not the male heir to the entailed estates for whom her father must have hoped! The father was still lacking something over two months of being twenty-one. The mother of the child was twenty-six, and the grandmother forty-three. According to the entry in the register of Kelloe Church she was Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett, born the 6th of March, 1806, first child, a daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett, native of St. James, Jamaica, and Mary his wife, late Clarke, native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. She was named after her grandmother, Mrs. Moulton, as Elizabeth Barrett had been named after her grandmother Elizabeth Wisdom Barrett.

Another year sped on in the restless life of a restless father and another child was born, this time the son for whom he hoped. It was on the 26th of June, 1807, that Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett was born at Coxhoe Hall. Half a year went



The Gardner Portrait of Thomas Jones

By permission of the Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge

Coxhoe Hall Looking West
By permission of John Wood, Esquire



Kelloe Church
Etching by J. Halson

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by, and then the young father and the mother decided to have Elizabeth and Edward baptized in Kelloe Church. It was almost two years since Elizabeth was born and she was yet, according to the religious customs surrounding infants at that time, to be received into the Church. The probability is that on that bleak morn, 1806, of her birth old William Longstaff, the aged vicar of Kelloe Parish, had gone to Coxhoe Hall there to give the little one either his blessing or the baptism of the Church.¹⁸ It was his successor, George Stephenson, who on the 10th of February, 1808, baptized these children jointly, according to the record set down in the Parish Register as "1st child" and "2nd child."¹⁹

Meanwhile the months went by, and Elizabeth, a two year old child, spoke a little language to the baby brother. From Coxhoe Hall must have dated the first memories of that one brother among many who was later in memory to become so obsessively her own. Other and many first memories, too, must have come from the Coxhoe life. It was there, perhaps, that the tiny Beth, or Ba, picked the first of those purple flowers whose color throughout her life dominated her poetry. On the banks of Kelloe Beck, the little trout stream which flowed south of the Church, there bloomed in May, then as today, the purple water avens (*genus rivale*) with its dusky drooping head.²⁰

Concerning the three years spent at Coxhoe Hall, the time came when this little one recorded of herself:

My hair is very dark indeed, and always was, as long as I remember, and also I have a friend who makes serious affidavit that I have never changed (except by being rather taller) since I was a year old.²¹

"Dark brown, almost black" others recalled it.²² There were other ways in which, if she changed at all, according to this record of her own she changed slowly:

I was always of a determined and if thwarted violent disposition. My actions and temper were infinitely more inflexible at three years old than now at fourteen. At that early age I can perfectly remember reigning in the nursery and being renowned amongst the ser-

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vants for self love and excessive passion.—When reproved I always considered myself as an injured martyr and bitter have been the tears I have shed over my supposed wrongs.²³

In these statements there is a suggestion of what the child was like physically and mentally during the years they resided at Coxhoe Hall. Like in name, both mentally and physically she was like those Barretts of the Northside, and strikingly like her father.

The young father dreamed dreams as he beheld the unfolding rich beauty of his wife and the delicate loveliness of these his children. Towers and turrets of his own must he build, greater than those of John Burdon, and for these children there must be a nursery rich as no nursery had ever been for children. He would seek and find an estate of his own to continue and develop the life of the Family of the Barrett. Sir Henry Vane Tempest, who in his own right held Kelloe Manor, through his wife held an estate called Hope End, in Ledbury near Hereford. Now since the son for whom Edward Moulton-Barrett had wished had come—the son on whom a vast fortune was entailed—why should he not purchase the Hope End Sir Henry was willing to sell, why should not the ground plan for a great future be laid there in Ledbury?

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PARK, Gold Acre, Lanterns, Loxter Field, Clover Orchard, Hopesfield, Eales's Orchard, Cockshutt, Old Wordley, Grottes Hill, New Leazows Hop Yard, Great Dumbleton, Sharper Shoe, Hope End Field, Breakheart Field, Ferney Dole, Hoffcomb Meadow, Turnpike Orchard, Lower Cloyty Meadow, Rye Furlong, Suffield, White-lands,—these, in their order, are a little less than a third of the names, and—amounting to some two hundred acres—somewhat less than one half of the extent of Hope End estate by a survey taken in 1791.¹ Poetry of nomenclature which any poet might have loved! Hope End estate lay within the parishes of Colwall, Coddington and Ledbury and covered some 477 acres. In 1862—less than thirty years after the Barretts had relinquished it—a valuation on this estate was set at £25,951. In concluding the valuation the unknown recorder wrote:

There then remains to be valued the Timber on these Lands and the Land of the Park Mansion House gardens & the Timber in No. 1 that is the Park I conceive if the Bricks Lead Timber marble Mahogany & other doors of the Place were pulled down would produce £1,200.

There are letters from Edward Moulton-Barrett chiefly to his solicitor S. Rickards of Rickards and Nankins, Solicitors, Ledbury, about a variety of business matters, written in a clear hand as characteristic as his terse style. It is a significant fact that he wrote all his own letters.

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With the obligations and cares of the Northside Jamaican estates inherited by him and his brother Sam from their grandfather, he was meeting, too, the estate problems of his new English home. Although as far as Jamaica was concerned Edward Moulton-Barrett was and remained an absentee proprietor, with the exception, possibly, of one year; although he struggled in vain on his Northside estates of Oxford and Cambridge, among others, to mitigate the evils of absence from Jamaica, he was never long absent from Hope End. To these cares he must have added responsibility to some degree for the sale of his sugar and rum from Jamaica.

Edward Moulton-Barrett possessed a form of ambition based on his sense of the power inherent in property and circumstance. In his mind property and circumstance—tools to which Barrett hands had long been trained—were means by which he might make himself and those who belonged to him secure, using these forces, if necessary, as weapons of defense. Part of this “pride of life” was his desire to secure for himself and his family the right to use the Moulton coat of arms for which exact proof was wanting. In the Royal license which was granted him on the 4th of July, 1815, it was stated:

that for want of Family Evidence he is unable at this Period to prove the actual connexion between the two families with that strictness which the Laws of Arms require in order to authorize him to bear the said Arms without some distinction. . . .²

Certainly the Barrett family in the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth to Charles Moulton had not—if deeds and wills speak with any accuracy—been considered fortunate. Whatever the facts behind this act, one of the important events in the business of Hope End during the second decade of the nineteenth century was Edward Moulton-Barrett’s application to bear the arms of Moulton.

During the early years at Hope End he worked indefatigably at the enfranchisement of certain pieces of the land. As early as the 18th of April, 1814, it becomes evident from the

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following letter that this young man of thirty-one suffered from afflictions which, usually, attack only the middle-aged or the old:

Mr. S. Rickards,
Ledbury

Hope-End

April 18, 1814

Dear Sir,

The Day has turned out so bad that being a Rheumatick Subject I dare not venture to Ledbury. Enclosed is Mr. Hockins Petition to the Bishop, which give(n) to Mr. Watkins at Hereford. You will observe it is neither filled up or dated. It will of course bear a date antecedent to all the transactions dependent on it.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
E. M. Barrett.

This is the earliest of the records of illness or indisposition—of which there are several later—following a personal loss. A month before their little Mary, born at Hope End in 1810, the first of the children to be born there, had died on the 16th of March. Nowhere in the manuscripts or published books of E.B.B. is there any reference to this little sister, who died at the age of four when her sister Elizabeth was eight. Almost unrecorded, it is Mary and Mary alone who lies with her parents in St. Michael and All Angels beneath the slab within the Ledbury Church.³

A few months after Mary's death, from Fenham Manse, which had become John Graham-Clarke's home in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th of July, 1814, Edward Moulton-Barrett wrote his solicitor in Ledbury about his admission to the Gorwall lands. Something there must have been in the Barrett strain which made the Barretts letter-writers beyond the average, capable of vivid picture and living phrase from the "surfeycatted negroes" of Thomas Barrett of Port Royal in 1671 on down to the terse letters, some one hundred and forty years later. His letters are those of a young man whose phenomenal daughter

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might well have inherited some of her executive ability and her persistence from her father.

To all the vexations of financial matters, large and small, and to estate matters, inescapably large in both Jamaica and England, true to the patterns of the family, Edward Moulton-Barrett added public duties. Busy with road responsibilities in 1814, as his grandfather and uncles had been in Jamaica during the last half of the eighteenth century, as well as many centuries before in Cornwall, Edward Moulton-Barrett, as Sheriff, served a notice on the inhabitants of Ledbury for failure to repair part of a certain Highway between Stoney Hill and "a certain Tree called the Gospel Tree."

Whether he himself wished to hold public office or not, he continued his public interests. It might seem from the way in which Edward Moulton-Barrett begins one of his letters that when it was written he and his brother were together in London. This letter is of further interest on account of its address, 63 Baker Street, Portman Square, which shows the tendency he had to reside in those streets which had become, since Harrow days, his London Barrett backgrounds. His mother and Treppy made their London home at 63 Baker Street. The letter is also of interest because it shows that, even in the care of the poor, with Edward Moulton-Barrett a fool and his money were not soon parted. He objected to being unfairly saddled with two apprentices as his share of the poor to be supported in Ledbury. Yet in his defensive and aggressive financial ability he remained kind, for it was his preference to pay an unjust fine rather than have the apprentices suffer. He wrote:

Should the Majistrates persist pray see the Fine paid, as in a large Establishment the poor apprentices suffer much in being obliged to do more than they are physically [hole in paper] of.

Much more of that kindness, even of courageous and selfless generosity, were both he and his brother to show in the conduct of their Jamaican estates.

These daily commonplaces of business and of care are the

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stone and straw and mortar by means of which he built up a domain at Hope End and believed he secured safety for those he loved and for himself. When he was a boy nine years old, as in 1794 the Barrett estates and fortunes were reaching their climax, he had been daily in contact with the vigorous, hard-working, sagacious personalities of his grandfather and uncles. Years later Edward Moulton-Barrett's oldest child E.B.B., then a woman, was to write of her father:

Poor Papa! He attends just to those pecuniary interests which no-one cares for, with a scrupulous attention.⁴

II

About the time of the abolition of the slave trade in 1807, there was living in the Walworth district of London a young man who caught up into his personality and into the social conditions of his family group many of the problems of slavery in the last two decades of the eighteenth and the first two of the nineteenth century. This was Thomas Peters, George Goodin Barrett's oldest quadroon son. Under the guardianship of John Graham-Clarke, Thomas Peters had received his early education in or near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Whether his later education was academic or in a trade does not appear. Because of the "Esquire" set after his name, it seems probable that it was academic.

On the drawing of the codicil to his will on the 18th day of May, 1795, his father George Goodin Barrett had nominated his quadroon son Thomas Peters when he attained the age of twenty-one an executor and trustee jointly with those who had been named. In his will he had appointed as executors and administrators his father Edward Barrett, his brother Samuel, and his friends Leonard Parkinson, Thomas Reid, Bryan Edward, John Simpson and Job Dale. He had made John Graham-Clarke jointly guardian with the seven executors appointed of the persons of the Peters children. By 1810 six of these executors out of

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ten were dead. Leonard Parkinson, John Graham-Clarke, Thomas Burke, and Thomas Peters were left.

The year before Edward Moulton-Barrett left Coxhoe Hall with his wife and son and daughter, the cause of the Barrett estates in Jamaica had, on the 21st of May, 1808, come on to be tried with Thomas Peters in the forefront of the legal battle. Edward Moulton-Barrett's struggles in these estate matters of the "family of the Barrett" covered the last year at Coxhoe Hall, the transition from Coxhoe Hall to Hope End, and all the years of the Hope End life until 1832.

On the death of Edward Barrett in 1798, Leonard Parkinson had taken over the administration and management of George Goodin Barrett's estates in Jamaica. George Goodin Barrett had been dead six years when in 1801 Thomas Clutton of Pensax sold Kinnersley Castle near Hope End to Leonard Parkinson. A closer bond for the Hope End Barretts than this connection with their Uncle George Goodin Barrett lay in the fact that in 1812 Mary Graham-Clarke's brother John Altham Graham-Clarke married Leonard Parkinson's daughter. Not only must John Graham-Clarke have shared his visits between his daughter at Hope End and his son at Kinnersley Castle, but also brother and sister must have been often together at Hope End and Kinnersley Castle. In these brief records is traceable a clear line of direct connection of events. . . . Parkinson's administration was unquestionably *not* for the benefit of such as the Peters sons and daughter, or, for that matter, for the Goodin-Barrett nephews or even the legitimate Moulton-Barrett sons. Kinnersley Castle flourished, and while it did so apparently John Graham-Clarke was lending sums for the support of the Peters children, William, Ann, Samuel and Richard.⁵

Suddenly in 1808 out of this nebulous and troubled past, steps a dark, youthful figure. It is that of Thomas Peters, who was living in Walworth, a London district near the Thames. He stands out clearly and for the purpose of challenging the maladministration of his sire's estate. £6,200 had now become

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due Thomas Peters on his legacy and the interest on it and for the expenses which he had incurred as an executor for George Goodin Barrett's estate. None of the legacies and annuities given by the will and codicil of his father had been paid. Six days after Christmas Day in the year 1810, Thomas Peters probably went up Walworth Road, then along the Thames, crossing by London Bridge, then northwards—perhaps past Saint Paul's—to Charter House Square. Already there, or to come, in the offices of William Robinson were Leonard Parkinson himself, Samuel Goodin Barrett (the son of Mrs. Williams), Samuel Barrett's young brother George Goodin Barrett, a cornet in the Fourth Regiment of Dragoons, who was there as a witness, John Graham-Clarke, Martin Williams, and Charles Nicholas Palmer. That Thomas Peters was on that day present in Charter House Square admits of no doubt.⁶

To say that the Barretts remained untouched by, even if they accepted, the injustice inherent in slavery, would be far from the truth. It was in the last decade of the eighteenth century, which made a Toussaint L'Ouverture possible, George Goodin Barrett wrote concerning the education of the Peters children that he wished them not to "fix their abode in Jamaica" but to settle in countries where "distinctions respecting color" were not maintained.

III

Hope End was beloved by all the Barretts. There Elizabeth Barrett Moulton, cherished as "Granny," came and went from Carlton or from 63 Baker Street with her faithful Treppy. There Uncle Sam was at home. And there almost all the Barrett children were born to Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett and her young husband. It was from Hope End that E.B.B. looked out upon the Malvern Hills and became a poet, and where she thought her "father's land was worthy too" of being Shakespeare's.⁷ These were "the folded hills striped up and down with

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hedges." When she wrote *Aurora Leigh* this was the lawn around Hope End she remembered:

Past the lime, the lawn
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream
Of tender turf.

This was the Hope End of *The Deserted Garden*, where no one entered but this little girl to dream about its trees of white roses and the song of its solitary thrush. This was the Hope End, described in *Aurora Leigh*, where she got up early to

hear the silence open like a flower
Leaf after leaf.

There, too, indoors were "Books, books, books!" She had found her way to the garret, which was piled high with cases bearing her father's name where

Among the giant fossils of my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box.

Vanished, except for Barrett Deed Book E and the documents in record offices, so far as it is possible to know, are these "giant fossils,"—these Barrett records—of an ancient family background, but not the records of the little girl's love for "Books, books, books!"

While E.B.B. was still a child her father, when in the library, was in the habit of saying, "Don't read Gibbon's history—it's not a proper book. Don't read 'Tom Jones'—and none of the books on *this* side, mind!"

"So," she adds, "I was very obedient and never touched the books on *that* side, and only read instead Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and Voltaire's 'Philosophical Dictionary,' and Hume's 'Essays,' and Werther, and Rousseau, and Mary Wollstonecraft . . . books, which I was never suspected of looking towards,

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and which were not 'on *that* side' certainly, but which did as well." 8

Orthodoxy, whether of reading or religion or relationship, was not her way. One of her earliest plans was to cut off her hair, dress as a boy, and run away to be the page of Lord Byron. Perhaps the chances for this plan seemed the better because Lord Byron's tutor, Thomas Jones, at Trinity College, Cambridge, also had been her father's tutor.

At ten Elizabeth's emotional self-willed expression took the form of hatred of convention. This "hatred" Mrs. Barrett's quiet sense of humor is much more likely to have been able to overlook or ignore than was her husband's.

One morning when she was about ten she fell over her Uncle Sam's foot and inconvenienced him.

"Beth," he asked, "why do you not beg my pardon?"

"Because," she answered, "I did not mean to do it, it was an accident—why should I beg your pardon?" 9

When she was about the same age, one day, she met her father on the Hope End stairway. She smiled at him but did not speak.

"Not a word?" asked her father.

"No," she answered, "I have nothing to say."

"Will you not ask me if I am well?"

"No—if you had been ill, you would have told me."

Angrily her father took her by the hand and led her into the breakfast room.

"Here," he said, "is a little girl who thinks it too much trouble to ask her father how he is."

In her heart she was recording that it was not too much trouble but too much falsehood. . . . The passionate admiration and love which she had for her father from infancy to the hour of her death was always coupled with conflict. They were too much alike! With her father she was not at ease, but with mother and brother and Uncle Sam she played on untroubled in her world of fancy, composition, reading, and love.

Undoubtedly with the earnestness and over-seriousness

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which, in the midst of good fortune, went far towards turning his life into tragedy Edward Moulton-Barrett sought, as they grew older, to control his sons and daughters. He had lacked the presence and influence of the right sort of father, and at thirteen he had lost his grandfather. He and his brother loved their mother tenderly. She had been able to find freedom only in escape from Charles Moulton. His children should never lack, as long as he lived, the guidance and presence of the father he had missed. And they never did! In some of the unpublished birthday letters from the Hope End children to their father and mother is one to their father bearing the inscription "To the Monarch." Such he was and such he remained, in his seemingly impregnable power a pledge of security to all about him. But to assume that the superscription had in it any tyrannical connotation would be carrying a conclusion too far. The Barrett children were fond of using the words "monarch," "king," and "queen," and in that fact merely resembled English children in a nation which has been singularly fortunate in its royal family. The truth of the matter is that Edward Moulton-Barrett was the best of playmates with his children and as jolly as his full round cheeks suggest he was. Septimus wrote him on his birthday:

My dearest Papa

You are a very funny old fellow, & I hope you will be as funny when you are a nice old man & play with me at Grand Mufti. I wish you joy,

Your dear boy
Septimus

May 28, 1827.¹⁰

In a more *macabre* mood, not without forecast for the future, Sam wrote his father:

To dearest Papa
on
his birthday

This happy day at last has now appeared,
And you have beauteous grown by your black beard,
Years may you pass in this delightful way,
Until in earth your chin shall turn to clay.

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But this is not the proper time to write
About your bones and *chin* becoming white,
A brighter subject I will now pursue,
And wish this day may oft return to you.

This is the happiest day of all the year,
And many a pot of nut brown home brewed beer,
I'll swig on this the twenty-eightth (sic) of May,
To drink your health, and pass the time away.

Your ever affectionate
Sam.

Shakespeare. Hem!!!!!!¹¹

Their sense of freedom and their familiarity with their father in those years, as with one another, knew no check. Henry's letter was addressed

To the genteel Farmer
Monsieur Barrett

Two letters from that is one from Storm whose envelope bears only this superscription: "Optimo patrum."¹²

Although the registries of Edward Moulton-Barrett's marriage, the death of little Mary, and the birth of all his children, are recorded in the books of the Church of England, this was a nonconformist family. There can be no doubt that there were over-serious, even abnormal, religious influences in the Hope End household. For him one of the greater influences in his life had been religion. Unquestionably religious experience had come to him first through the emotionalism of the negro servants by whom Edward and his brother Sam were surrounded. His dream of salvation and safety expressed itself in fears and prostrations and conflict. Despite the "curse" which he believed hung over the Barretts from generation to generation (a belief which his daughter shared with him)—a curse which must be propitiated by altars, sacrifices, and prayers—it devolved upon him to be the means of "saving" those he loved. . . .

To a degree now lost sight of in a nebulous past was the mother of this family, Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett, dear to her

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children and indispensable. These beings were hers and not hers. She saw the fine brow and strong eyebrows of her husband, the kindly, honest deep blue eyes, the long nose of the Barretts, about the upper part of the face a look both of power and of impatience or temper, the plump, boyish, benevolent cheeks, the heavy mouth with its upturned corners and the weak chin, and above all the curious aspect of clean immortal youth. She saw, too, that Elizabeth was like her father in massive head; like, too, in the look of power. The dark hair and the dark skin resembled his, but not her lobeless ears. She was like him, too, in the odd mouth and receding chin. Also she had about her to an unusual degree the lustre of the Barretts; on her dark cheeks color of the wild rose; and, flashing from the irregular mouth when she smiled, teeth white, polished and strong,—the teeth of the Creole and not of the English girl. Henrietta's face was different, structurally better, broad, carefully moulded, her short-cropped hair parted as her sister's was in the middle, above earnest eyes often lifted pleadingly. From these two the oldest brother, Edward, or "Bro," was inseparable, and, for a boy, selfless in his devotion to them. His eyes were reflective beyond his years, his mouth over-delicate and grave. There were times when these three were as mad as leaves struck by a sudden wind, and times when their adolescence was heavy with apprehension. To the children as they came along one after another, Elizabeth, Edward, Henrietta, had devoted themselves. There was Stormie with the impediment in his speech showing itself as soon as he began to talk, and Sam with his ways unaccountable even in babyhood. There were Arabel and George and Henry, and now Alfred already scribbling pictures with a pencil. Finally there were Septimus and Octavius. These, with Mary buried in the Ledbury Church, were the count of Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett's children. . . . One name "since time" among the Barretts conspicuous in both the Cornish and West Indian records was not among the names of these Moulton-Barrett children. It was that of "Richard." It had been given to many of the Barretts and was borne by Richard Barrett of the House of Assembly in Jamaica,

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several times Member of Assembly and twice Speaker. Although the final tragedy connected with that name in the family of the Barrett was to take place years after Octavius was born, already it was ill-starred by tragedy and death: the accidental shooting in 1718 of Richard Barrett, the brother of Sam Barrett Northside, and the death while young of Sam Barrett's first son, Richard, named after his brother.

To her children Mary Barrett was "mother," carrying with the nature of that relationship not only self-effacement but also patience and humility. In that she was "all" to her children, did she become "nothing" and the accepted and invisible medium of their days. There must have been many moments when this mother felt herself a stranger in the midst of these delicate, loving, perverse, brilliant creatures: their father whom she loved and suffered and his children whom she had borne. Did she stand among them speaking a moderate language as unintelligible to her loved ones as their Greek and Latin, their emotionalism, tyrannies, and "religion" were to her? These Barretts, gentle and modest, neither forgot themselves nor allowed others to forget them. Where they were, there was interest as well as inexplicable tension. Life in their midst was above the level of average existence, with a curious sense of drama or of narrative running through it.

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ON the 24th of July, 1815, it was decided to pay to the Edward Barrett heirs £1,000 for the amount of their land which had been taken up in Falmouth for the Court House. On the 7th of August of that year work was begun on the Court House.¹ Distant must have seemed those days of one hundred years ago when Sam Barrett coming into the Northside about 1715 had settled not far from the Palmetto Point Penn lands of the Wisdoms and had married their daughter Elizabeth Wisdom when she was 14 years old. To his sons Samuel and Edward had been passed the interests and responsibilities of what in time ceased to be called the “Point” and ceased to be called “Barrett Town” but was known familiarly as “Barrett lands,” and, finally, with its substantial, well-built houses and shops became Falmouth and one of the few ports of importance in Jamaica.

There for the use of the inhabitants of Falmouth had been developed a Reservoir Water Company. There two news presses ran busily, printing the *Cornwall Chronicle* and the *County Gazette*, which were distributed throughout the Northside, and also, east, west and south.² There annually about this time thirty merchantmen were sailing out of Falmouth Harbour freighted with sugar and rum. Most of these cargoes would be landed on the West India Docks in the Isle of Dogs, East London, to be sold in Mincing Lane, where sometimes in the sales one cargo would change hands four or five times.³

On the 7th of April, 1817, Falmouth gazed with admiration

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on the completed Court House which had cost Falmouth and the Parish of Trelawny some £20,000 and which had taken all-told some eighteen years (1799-1817) to plan for and to bring into existence, only two of which had been given over to the actual construction. At last it stood literally foursquare, eighty feet by eighty feet, and thirty feet high, with its portico and columns facing the north and the sea, its walls of cut stone, two and one half feet thick, and equal—if anything is!—to those northers and hurricanes which whirled in from the sea. On the first floor were eighteen windows and on the floor above the same number. Within shone what they called “picked furnitures” of mahogany and cedar, chandeliers as elegant as any to be found in late eighteenth or early nineteenth century London. In place of the usual mouldings gilt had been used. In time the ballroom and other rooms became enriched with full-length portraits and the *objets d’art* of a wealthy community.⁴

Up the steps of the Court House and to and fro within its walls had passed many of the Barretts of the Northside: Samuel Moulton-Barrett, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton’s second son; and Samuel, Richard, Edward and George Goodin Barrett, Mrs. Williams’s four sons; thither in time were to go five of E.B.B.’s brothers, Edward and Sam, Charles John and Septimus and Alfred; and there within the spacious ballroom with the sense of the sea beyond its embrasures and the stone columns, must have gathered from time to time many of the wives, the mothers, the sisters of the family of the Barrett, among them to be the “excellent lady of Cinnamon Hill,” and the little Eliza Barrett grown to her full womanhood, and the unhappy Betsy Morris, and, finally, the gifted Georgina Elizabeth Goodin Barrett, General Moulton-Barrett’s mother. There to and fro on business bent went some of the executors of the Barrett estates, among them perhaps Leonard Parkinson, Thomas Bourke, and in the stead of John Graham-Clarke it may be one of his sons. And up those steps travelled some solicitor acting in behalf of Thomas Peters. There, too, acting in an official capacity was Robert Moulton, the younger brother of Charles Moulton, and

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the uncle of Edward and Samuel Moulton-Barrett.⁵ And thither from his estate in Wakefield to this center of the legal and social life of the Northside, and to Cinnamon Hill but ten miles further northward, came Charles Moulton for conference with his brother Robert and to see his younger son Samuel Moulton-Barrett, for Sam had begun that shuttling to and fro between England and Jamaica which was to make him the indispensable custodian of the Moulton-Barrett interests.

The multiplicity of sales of land in or near Falmouth made in the name of Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett in the year 1811, and packed chiefly into the months of May, June and July, creates a reasonable degree of likelihood that in that year he had gone to Jamaica. Besides the land sales in Sam's name, an added indication that he was there lies in the fact that in Falmouth near the Marine Hospital on Charlotte Street, under date of 1811 on an old map which escaped Falmouth's destruction by fire, was set down the gift of a piece of land by Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett to the Churchwardens.⁶ There was another good reason to take at least one of these grandsons back to Jamaica, and especially to Falmouth. The beloved little Eliza Barrett, so intimately dear to their grandfather Edward Barrett, was being married on the 20th of October, 1811, at Falmouth to William Stirling of Content.⁷

The available documents suggest that the oldest son of Captain Sam Barrett and Elizabeth Barrett Williams, Samuel Goodin Barrett, was throughout these years which surrounded the "building" of the Falmouth Court House being slowly drawn into trouble.⁸ The second son, Richard Barrett, unlike his brother Samuel, neither followed nor gave advice. He had physical, emotional and mental characteristics which, for a considerable time, were to make him the dominating Barrett figure in the life of Jamaica. For some twenty-eight years the continued and "public" life of this family in the Northside of Jamaica seemed to pivot on the career of Richard. He was described by one who met him at his town-house in Spanish Town as "one of the handsomest and most agreeable men I ever saw."⁹ Talented,

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influential, he charmed those who met him and was beloved by his slaves.

In 1811 Richard Barrett, then an Ensign in the St. James Militia,¹⁰ was engaged to his cousin Elizabeth Barrett Morris—sometimes called Betsy or Eliza Morris—the second daughter of Philip Anglin Morris and Amelia Barrett Waite, and the granddaughter of old Sam Barrett.¹¹ On the 5th of August of the year 1811 Richard married Betsy Morris. The “business” connected with this marriage—a custom deeply imbedded in those times when a woman was both more important and less important than she is today—was finished on the 1st of August when “Richard Barrett & al” conveyed to Philip Anglin Morris marriage settlement land called Barrett Hall, consisting of 836 acres of land in St. James.¹² One child was born to Richard Barrett and Betsy Morris in 1812.¹³ These were years of brilliant promise on the part of a young man whose personal attractiveness, unusual ability and imperturbable good nature drew towards him those with whom he came into contact. Richard, though of very different stuff from his grandsire, was like him in that the center of his life and work lay in the Island of Jamaica. The estates on which Richard Barrett resided in the early nineteenth century, Barrett Hall and Greenwood, are still in a good state of preservation. They lie midway between Falmouth and Cinnamon Hill, about ten miles equally distant from each place. Exactly, Barrett Hall is eight and one half miles west from Falmouth on the Coast Road.¹⁴

From beginning to end of Richard’s career he proved himself an astute business man, possessed of much of the family shrewdness which spelled success where others, lacking that shrewdness, found failure. Nor was Richard Barrett’s shrewdness—in contrast with his older brother Samuel’s steady involvement and failure—important solely because it was a family characteristic. It was important because it led the way for the success of the Goodin Barretts over the one hundred years during which the Moulton-Barretts lost ground, literally as well as figuratively! Nowhere is the astuteness of this young man more evident than

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in his Election Letter which was published in the *Cornwall Chronicle* for Saturday, the 17th of February, 1816. Without assuming any responsibility except pleasing those constituents for whose votes he had asked for the second time, without a word too much, and without boasting he pointed to the "interests of the Island" which he had successfully maintained, and begged for a continuance of patronage:

*To the worthy and independent
Freeholders of the parish of St. James.*

Gentlemen,

I Beg leave, a second time, to solicit your Votes in my favour at the approaching election. During the short period in which I have had the honour to be one of your Representatives, I have, to the best of my judgment and ability, maintained the interests of the Island, and particularly of my Constituents; and I confidently rely on the continuance of your support.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble servant,

Richard Barrett

Montego-Bay, February 16, 1816.¹⁵

It is unnecessary to say that his "appeal" was rewarded and that in the twenty-three years following this letter, Richard received abundant patronage on his own "political" terms. On those terms he was twice given what was in those years practically the highest office the Island had to give. During some of Jamaica's most desperate years in a fantastically eventful history, the Island "knew its man" and was to make full use of Richard Barrett.

II

In 1781 Charles Moulton, as the climax of the Barrett possessions and powers was being reached, had married Elizabeth Barrett in St. James. Seven years later in 1788 he was a Lieutenant of the Trelawny Militia.¹⁶ In 1797, when the climax in the Barrett fortunes was reached, Charles Moulton was probably in New York, for Edward Barrett referred to him in 1797 as "merchant of New York." What the interests of Charles Moul-

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ton were in the United States is not known, probably slave sales. But the journeys of Charles Moulton also included Great Britain. In the County of Cambridge, England, was Frances Petite who bore him two children, Henrietta and Charles Washington. After Charles Moulton “quitted England,” with his approval they went by his surname and became Frances Moulton and Henrietta and Charles Washington Moulton. In England he had another mistress whose name was Louisa Cohen of Portland Road, County of Middlesex. His two sons by her were named William and Samuel. There, too, in Great Britain, living at Carlton Hall, eight miles north of Richmond, Yorkshire, with her son Samuel and her friend and companion, Mary Trep sack, was his wife Elizabeth Barrett Moulton.

At some time within the first half of the second decade of the nineteenth century, he purchased Wakefield, Jamaica, and settled down.¹⁷ Wakefield is in the hills, at the sources of Stony River, between two and three miles back from the coast and the old Sevilla Nueva of early Spanish days, which in the lifetime of Sir Hans Sloane had been Captain Hemming’s farm. As the bird flies it is ten miles from Retreat Penn and the St. Ann “Gibraltar” estate of the Barretts taken out in 1670.

The time came, after Charles Moulton quitted Great Britain, when Jane Clarke of St. Ann, a free woman of color, bore him a son, James Moulton. One of the last of Charles Moulton’s records is that he “had great reason to suppose she is pregnant by me of another child.” In the following words, either because it was so or because he wished it to be so, Charles Moulton assumed that he could have the cooperation of his Moulton-Barrett sons:

not doubting in the least my Sons dispositions will be found the kindest and most liberal towards the above named Frances Petite now called Frances Moulton I trust the abovenamed Jane Clarke will equally receive their kindnesses & attention.¹⁸

Almost any family of any size and importance has had from time to time a member lingering on who, had he departed this

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life early, would have remained unwept and unsung. The vital records for the living Charles Moulton continue, many years after the Barretts were content to have it understood that he was dead. Charles Moulton's good nature—a quality inculcated by the moralists—was apparently endless, and there is no suggestion that he resented anything. Nor to be questioned either was his generosity to those for whom he had any responsibility (and they were apparently many), or his quaint and affectionate dependence on his Barrett sons Edward and Samuel. Charles Moulton did what many whose lives have been more favorably reflected from the mirrored surface of their family group do not do: he provided for those he had made happily or unhappily dependent on him.

That E.B.B. refused to be impressed, as her brothers were, by the "honourable verdigris" on the name of Moulton may or may not, as this passage reveals, prove an added "record" for her grandfather:

My true initials are E.B.M.B.—my long name, as opposed to my short one, being Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett!—there's a full length to take away one's breath!—Christian name . . . Elizabeth Barrett:—surname, Moulton Barrett. So long it is, that to make it portable, I fell into the habit of doubling it up and packing it closely, . . . and of forgetting that I was a Moulton, altogether. One might as well write the alphabet as all four initials. Yet our family-name is *Moulton Barrett*, and my brothers reproach me sometimes for sacrificing the governorship of an old town in Norfolk with a little honourable verdigris from the Herald's Office. As if I cared for the *Retrospective Review*! Nevertheless it is true that I would give ten towns in Norfolk (if I had them) to own some purer lineage than that of the blood of the slave! Cursed we are from generation to generation!—I seem to hear the "Commination Service."¹⁹

At the time of Charles Moulton's death, his granddaughter Elizabeth was thirteen years old and able to form definite and lasting impressions. The context and suggestion of the passage in the Love Letters are bewildering. The transitions pivoting on the name of Moulton are inescapably suggestive. E.B.B.'s state-

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ment might explain the following statement from *What the Negro Thinks*:

It is carefully recorded that highly creditable (sic) records associate the names of Pushkin, Dumas, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and even our own Alexander Hamilton with the Negro race.²⁰

Dumas and Robert Browning, yes! Elizabeth Barrett, no! On the Barrett side she inherited, so far as the documents show, no blood of the negro. Indeed Charles Moulton's own connections may have helped to build up this idea about his granddaughter Elizabeth Moulton Barrett.

Charles Moulton's offices of trust were increasing. He became Vestryman of St. Ann in 1818, Assistant Judge of the Court and also Custos of the Parish of St. Ann in 1819—all Parish positions of dignity. Then suddenly on the 20th of July, 1819, at Wakefield came the end. As the head of the family of the Moultons, said to have been among England's greatest, the scantiness of the one reference to him in the Jamaican newspapers is as strange as his seemingly solitary position. There was not even the obituary usual for anyone of any position in the Island life. There was this statement from the *Postscript to the Royal Gazette*, for July 17th to July 24th, 1819:

At Wakefield estate in St. Ann's, on the 20th inst. Charles Moulton Esq. owner of that property.

No doubt there was lamentation by the slaves at Wakefield. A master known to them must be exchanged by Massa's will for one unknown—Massa's reputed son Charles Washington Moulton. Master had signed his will, three gentlemen about him to witness it. Should this reputed son die, all was to go to Charles Moulton's legitimate son Samuel, provided he paid the sum of £1,000 per annum to his father's reputed daughter Frances Petite.

In his will he had referred in other ways to his two legitimate sons: Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett and Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett, making them his executors and saying that he

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did not doubt in the least that his sons' disposition would be found the kindest and most liberal. The context reveals that he had in his mind his other "family" arrangements. In his will Charles Moulton states:

Whereas my Son Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett has distinguished one of his children by the Christian name of Charles in consideration of which I give the aforesaid child named Charles John Moulton Barrett the sum of one thousand pounds Sterling to be paid him by my Executors on attaining 21 years of age.

It is not beside the point to call attention to the fact that Charles Moulton did *not* say that Charles John Moulton-Barrett had been named for him! In the clauses of this will there is not even the suggestion of a reference in any connection whatsoever to his wife Elizabeth Barrett Moulton. Her name, like her presence, is conspicuous by its absence.

III

A profound "home" influence at work upon the little girl who was Charles Moulton's granddaughter was that of their Hope End neighbor Uvedale Price and his wife Lady Caroline of Foxley. A man who wrote and spoke trenchantly, who was the literary friend and several times the host of Wordsworth, who loved the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton, whose delight was—as that of his father before him had been—in landscape gardening, who wrote many books on that and other aesthetic interests, was no mean influence.²¹ He knew, too, his Aristotle and the classics; he knew the art of his time and of the past. Uvedale Price's importance in his own day appears in the statement by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review* that Price "had converted the age to his views." For his father, Robert Price, landscape gardening, sketching and painting, music and literature, had been dominant interests. With Robert Price and his wife and children had lived Benjamin Stillingfleet, the "blue stocking" of Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Vesey's literary gather-

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ings.²² In this *bas bleu* of the ladies of the 1750's and '60's, brilliant, modest, poor, independent, highly born, the Bluestocking Ladies found their leadership.²³

Both as little girl and as young woman Elizabeth Barrett was on terms of affectionate intimacy with Sir Uvedale and Lady Caroline. As skilled a musician and gifted composer as his father had been, Uvedale Price must have sat many times playing upon the great organ Edward Moulton-Barrett had installed in the hall at Hope End. And at Hope End, or Foxley, or Newcastle, many and thrilling to her were the anecdotes of famous literary men and women, including Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Montagu, and Wordsworth, told by this kindly gentleman, gifted, versatile, good—as his father had been—and by others, to the child and the woman whose ambition was fame in literature. She was but four years old, a little creature in the beautiful Hope End nursery, when Wordsworth first visited Uvedale Price at Foxley, which is a short distance west of Hereford, near Kinnersley Castle. Wordsworth's record of this visit is unpleasant, both in the relentless light it focuses on the poet and his willingness to write to Sir George Beaumont of a host in the way he did, and in the suggestion the letter carries that at Foxley not all members of the family were as fine in personality as Sir Uvedale. The only picture there is of the daughter who so antagonized Wordsworth is harmless enough, for we see her eagerly competing with her father for first chance to read Madame de Stael's *L'Allemagne*.²⁴ Out of humor on this visit, Wordsworth found Foxley “too extensive for the character of the country” and wanting in variety.²⁵ In 1824 it would seem that Wordsworth was again at Foxley, an added reason for his presence there lying in the fact that his wife's brother was changing his residence “for a farm close by Foxley.”²⁶ In the autumn of 1827 when Wordsworth came once more, E.B.B. was twenty-one. Of this third visit Wordsworth wrote:

. . . When in Herefordshire I passed a few days with Sir Uvedale Price, one of the late batch of baronets. He is in his 81st year, and as active in ranging about his woods as a setter dog. We

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talked much of Sir George Beaumont, to whom he was very strongly attached. He has just written a most ingenious work on ancient metres, and the proper mode of reading Greek and Latin verse. If he is right, we have all been wrong; and I think he is. It is a strange subject to interest a man at his age, but he is all life and spirits. . . .²⁷

As the events of those lives, in part ignored, and long forgotten, are revived, the birthday ode which the young woman of twenty-one wrote the old man of eighty takes on new significance. Elizabeth Barrett is seen reading the poems and essays, perhaps the manuscripts, of her friend. Perhaps in this friendship between the little girl and the elderly man is to be found one of the seeds of her devotion to Greek. The translator of *Pausanias* from the Greek, Uvedale Price in his essays dwelt repeatedly on the theme that the Greeks seized on the true points both of beauty and grandeur in all the arts.”²⁸ In addition to the first impressions made by the Italian workmanship and decorations in Coxhoe Hall, it may be that through Sir Uvedale, too, and his eager love for Italy did Elizabeth Barrett find the inception of her passionate love for that country. In the remodelling of the interior of Foxley, Price had expressed his love for Italian art and decoration. The elderly squire’s love for Italy was not shared by any member of the Moulton-Barrett family, except Elizabeth.

Unmistakably in the lines of E.B.B.’s ode to Sir Uvedale is found record of the child and girl who carried her own compositions to him for comment. When the death of this dear friend came, and as she wrote her memorial poem, she was thinking of his kindness to her, of the wise friend who had given her courage when she faltered:

Ah friend! thou speakest not!—but still to me
Do Genius, Music, Nature, speak of *thee!*—
Still golden fancy, still the sounding line,
And waving wood, recall some word of thine:
Some word, some look, whose living light is o’er—
And Memory sees what Hope can see no more.²⁹

“HONOURABLE VERDIGRIS”

Among the friends of the Barretts was numbered a man of both scholarly and public-spirited life, “R. Scudamore.” In one of his letters Edward Moulton-Barrett is found “electioneering” for him among his acquaintances, for he wrote Rickards:

I need not say how obliged I shall feel to them, if they should consent to support my friend on this occasion.

These were the Scudamores of Hom Lacy, one of whose past members, an early John Scudamore, because of his noble devotion to his Royal Mistress, Spenser immortalized in the Fourth Book of the *Faerie Queen*.³⁰ Even nearer neighbors to Hope End than the Uvedale Prices and the Scudamores the Barretts had in the Martins of Colwall. The Manor of Colwall adjoining Hope End had in times past contained Barton Court, the residence of the Paytons, direct descendants of the Lamberts, who were familiar friends of the Barretts, as a hoax played upon them many years later by Alfred Barrett reveals. While E.B.B. was growing to her full womanhood, Mr. and Mrs. James Martin became an intimate part of her life. So continuous and so close was this friendship to be that, until the Martins died, at every critical moment of Elizabeth’s life there is record of Mrs. Martin’s constant understanding of the gifted child and of the woman of genius.

Already young James Scarlett, the guardian of the heir of the Moulton-Barrett family, was mounting the steps of his high career, marked for his good taste, tact and sagacity. He had need of these qualities, for he was to become known as the friend of reform, and true to the influence of his fearless, good mother, “most firmly an adversary of the West Indian interest” in the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery.³¹ About the same time that Scarlett was making progress in his brilliant career, the cousin of the Barretts, Thomas Hearcey Barritt, resident at Garbrand Hall, Ewell, Surrey, was drawing his will. In this will were provisions for the efficient management of Paradise, Mile Gully and other estates. One of those provisions was the following:

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to sell and to dispose of such Lands and Buildings as they shall judge superfluous for the said Estates and expedient to be sold and also to sell and dispose of all such Negroes and other Slaves as shall be incapable of performing the duty of a slave to advantage on my said Estates.³²

In such seeming ruthlessness by Barrett and other absentees, was matter enough for the indignation of those who had worked for the abolition of the Slave Trade and were continuing in their work by organizing the movement for the emancipation of the slaves. Yet it should be stated that in this same will Thomas Hearcey Barritt made generous provision for the education and maintenance of a mulatto daughter: Elizabeth Grant Barritt. Other provisions for other colored children of his are also careful and generous. It would be far from the truth were the Barretts to be called either brutal or dissipated, for they were careful and generous in their arrangements for those for whom they were "responsible," and hard-working and orderly in all their ways. This was, rather, a mode of life which had been acceptable in their day. . . .

IV

Although Jamaica's reputation had come increasingly into disfavor with those who were working for human rights, it might be stated truthfully that not only was the problem of slavery overwhelming in its economic issues alone, but also that Jamaica was sincerely, because selfishly, concerned for the welfare of the slave.³³ In 1807, after twenty years of work in strengthening public opinion, the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain decreed the abolition of the slave trade. This was one year after the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett in 1806, the daughter of one of the greatest slave owning families in the West Indies. Supposedly, no longer could fellow human beings be seized like the cattle the negroes sometimes neglected, branded, and brought by ship from Africa and elsewhere under conditions of cruelty and filth and disease to Jamaica or Bar-

“HONOURABLE VERDIGRIS”

bados or St. Kitts or some other island or country, there to meet the planter's need for labor. Yet for several years the conditions of slavery seemed to have been made more brutal rather than improved by this act. Fresh supplies cut off, the slaves had to be more overworked than ever. And those forces which increased the suffering of the negro increased the bitter obligation of the white employe who must get for his master, too, somehow, the same amount of work out of diminishing numbers of slaves. It was not alone the negroes who needed protection!

For the first time in their history the absentee plantation owners found themselves on the defensive against mounting public opinion. Both kind and intelligent but thoroughly conditioned by his background in Jamaica, it became possible for a Bryan Edwards to say sincerely to Wilberforce and to his groups:

Unhappily acquainted with the manners of the Colonists, the term *Slave-holder* conveys to them an idea of everything that is oppressive, rapacious, remorseless, and bloody-minded. Persons of this character it is our duty and our interest to set right; for, next to the secret approving testimony of our own hearts (the *mens sibi conscia recti*) it is the greatest enjoyment of a good mind to possess the approbation and esteem of men of sense and virtue.³⁴

During the one hundred years from the close of the seventeenth to the opening of the nineteenth century, the Barretts had been their own managers, resident in Jamaica and in charge. Probably as long as they were themselves their own managers on their Jamaican estates there, by means of this known clemency did they continue successfully to solve their own labor and group problems up to the close of the eighteenth century. They did this, so far as the available facts show, without conflict with the West Indian theory, as expressed in George Goodin Barrett's will, that the policy of the West Indies rendered distinctions respecting color necessary.

The island was not only the place where Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his older brother Edward Moulton-Barrett were born, it was the source of their income as well as the center for

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most of their memories—some of them powerful inhibiting memories which were to control one of them to the very last day of his life. Edward Moulton-Barrett must have been conscious, as he built up Hope End, that over there on the North-side of Jamaica bit by bit not only the place of the Barretts but also of the West Indies was being redefined. Both brothers were for more than a quarter of a century in sentiment with the anti-slavery convictions which were mounting rapidly in power in Great Britain, but in practice they were two of the great slave holders of the West Indies—contradiction and conflict enough.

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MARY GRAHAM-CLARKE BARRETT had the power of observation often to a marked degree characteristic of background figures, and "saw" those about her in Hope End in clear and just proportions. As they took their mother for granted, little could Mrs. Barrett's children have guessed that she was observing them closely. To their mother the Barrett children came to intercede for them, to give them the shillings they thought necessary for their little pleasures, to copy their letters and their compositions, and to do any piece of work they themselves were too young or too impatient to accomplish alone. Although only one paragraph of Elizabeth's comment on her mother remains, it is by means of E.B.B.'s expressiveness about her home life, from the years when she was a tiny child up to middle age, that it is possible to restore again something of the Barrett daily life.

In the restless drive forward on virtue, truth, God, and on education, whether Greek for "Bro" or "Ba's" singing lessons, Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett lived in the midst of the "violence" of these exhibitionist children of hers, which it was no easier to bear because its synonym was "virtue." She saw her children in their hysterias of relationship as well as of imagination. There was about them at all times a blinding truthfulness which was and was not the truth. Did she know that something which had more of the nature of truth in it would have been neither so exact about itself nor half so "honest"? These children did not "say" their prayers, they "composed" them. The religion

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to which their father introduced them became part of their "play" as they dramatized an unknown god made in Great Britain. These speeches to deity were, according to E.B.B.'s own statement, "full of figurative and florid apostrophes." It was imagination which rode her children, suspending them at times almost in the mid-air of unreality. One of these emotional excursions Elizabeth has herself chronicled:

One day I omitted a prayer wholly through forgetfulness but having afterwards remembered the neglect I was so imprest with the idea of having offended the God of my salvation that I hardly hoped for pardon. My whole mind was tortured and my prayers that night bespoke the anguish of my heart. It was not the humility of a sinner suing for pardon at the throne of mercy but the violent entreaties extorted by despair from my heart. The next morning I renewed with tenfold ardour my agonising prayers. My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me I repeated in a tone of anguish. The morning was dark and a dingy mist floated in the mid air when on a sudden a flood of light rushing from the benignant sun thro' that veil of loneliness beamed on my prostrate form and seemed to smile upon my prayer! ¹

No doubt E.B.B. slept well between the prayers in which she had dramatized Christ's agony in the Garden. Such records would be almost amusing were it not for the fact that multitudes of highly sensitive human beings have similar memories which bring with them a baffling anguish never to be forgotten. . . . Among the most religious of these children was, and remained, Henrietta. Some years later, in 1814, when Henrietta had become Ba's age, she wrote a letter in the third person to little Septimus which achieved this figure:

My prayer is, that, like the rose bud, he may be protected from the frosts of life, & that his sweetness may expand to perfect bloom by the growing sun of virtue, which has hitherto watched over him.²

It is evident that Mary Barrett must have witnessed, during the early years of her children and their life with their father, the slow preparations for the hysterias, conflicts and fainting

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spells of her oldest daughter. This tendency existed before the mother's death and was conspicuous after her death. . . . It may or may not have significance that to these adolescent years of unwholesome religious emotionalism in her twenties, E.B.B. looked back as the happiest years of her life, for, she said, her "mind was above the frivolous sorrows of childhood." It was the habit of the Barretts to pray together—a need which Edward Moulton-Barrett felt and continued to follow with his children for many years, even down into the Wimpole Street days.

Although Elizabeth was in 1814 only a child of eight and Bro still younger, her brother had a tutor, a "Mr. McSwiney," who taught them both Greek. Three or four years later her epic *The Battle of Marathon* was written and her father had it printed. Nothing can so reveal as do these words of hers the ambition by which this remarkable child even at the age of eleven was consumed:

Poetry and Essays were my studies and I felt the most ardent desire to understand the learned languages. To comprehend even the Greek alphabet was delight inexpressible. Under the tuition of Mr McSwiney I attained that which I so fervently desired. For months during this year I never remember having diverted my attention to any other object than the ambition of gaining fame.³

Three years later when she was fourteen, Elizabeth was writing fluent pastoral poetry with its classical echoes. To her brother Storm, who treasured these childhood lines for more than half a century in Jamaica, she wrote this poem for his birthday on the 28th of December, 1820:

Wake Muses wake, and o'er the echoing strings
Of the melodius pipe or soft tuned lute
Your gay, light fingers ply on fancy's wings
Nor bid the voice of joy be mute!

There are three stanzas of this facile verse before she breaks into the more personal lines:

And thou my Storm accept my humble lay
This all, my child, a sister can bestow

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Then let one sweet smile from those bright eyes play
Nor knit thy brows and proudly answer "No."

For another stanza she continues and then closes. But on the "envelope" cover she escaped into this superscription:

To Ba's own Storm who
Is so dear to all of us
and who merits our affec-
-tion by his industry and
his cleverness! - - - -
Long live the Queen.⁴

The entire poem is in the flowing handwriting in which this precocious girl wrote *The Battle of Marathon*. The more one compares her verse and prose with those of her brothers and sisters, the more outstanding does her precocity become. Only Edward and Storm, and possibly Sam, could be said to share, in any sense of the word, the unusualness of her ability.

Mrs. Moulton, Treppy coming and going with her, did not approve of all this study of Greek and Latin, this reading, and this writing of poetry and prose. As mothers and grandmothers have a right to do, she spoke plainly to her son. Mrs. Moulton said she would "far rather see Elizabeth's hemming more carefully finished off than hear of all this Greek."⁵ In the West Indies little girls were not taught Greek. No, Treppy with all the gusto in the world, might have added: "Not only were they *not* taught Greek but they *were* taught fine needlework."

II

The Barrett children would, it may be, have given the preference of love—not of interest—to Sam and Carlton Hall with "Granny" and Treppy there, over Newcastle-upon-Tyne with the presence of the large and important Graham-Clarke family. It was, in those days, a long journey from the south to the north of England—as the bird flies some two hundred miles. In June, 1814, they left Hope End, their carriages, their servants, their

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luggage, for the journey to their English "Northside" near Richmond. Probably it was ten days before they were at Carlton Hall with the beloved uncle, grandmother and Treppy. In a mortgage preserved in the Institute of Jamaica, there is the following statement:

Samuel Barrett Moulton Barrett of Carlton near Richmond in the County of York.⁶

It was at this Carlton where for many years, perhaps for more than a quarter of a century, Sam made his home, his mother and Treppy with him. To say "Carlton" in British geography is the equivalent for "Smith" or "Jones" in British nomenclature. In Yorkshire alone there are at least six Carltons. And the Topographer, if he be so foolish as to look around for another Carlton, is in more danger than Lot's Wife! Sam's Carlton is south from Darlington about seven miles.⁷

Within the lifetime of this first generation of Moulton-Barretts, Carlton Hall was the estate of the Pulleines, a family which traced its ancestry back to Saxon times. Winifred Pulleine was personally attractive, well educated, good, one of the greatest heiresses of her day, and representative of two of the oldest families of Northumberland. . . . It is possible to see again the pleasant mansion, friendly, unpretentious, different, where Sam and his mother and Treppy were resident over so many years before Sam married, and to which Sam brought his bride. The rounded doorway and window lights, the cool cream tint of the massive stone construction, have a suggestion of Spanish influence and of the West Indies. But the dominant impression given by the low, ivy-covered walls and the spacious windows is English. In front of Carlton Hall along the driveway, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, whether he did or did not make alterations in any part of the Hall, had planted an avenue of oaks, half a mile long, which was to become the finest in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

When the Barretts reached Carlton—perhaps on the 7th of June, 1814—the oaks planted in the avenue must have been small

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trees.⁸ Sam was still in the midst of his plans for a Carlton to be made more beautiful for his mother and Treppy and for himself as they continued to live on there. The patina of ivy upon the cool house walls was a luxuriant deep green, the turf of the lawns beyond good thick English turf with not even a suggestion of the thinness of the carefully maintained tropical grass of the small lawn to the south of Cinnamon Hill Great House. A bit of vine-wreathed lattice work masking a service door; a window open here; a window open there; smoke rising from the chimneys; a clump of shrubbery; a tall evergreen at one end of the house; some low-growing evergreens against the wall of what was, it may be, the library ell of Carlton; and in the borders around the house roses and lilies.

It was there—perhaps in that first hour, perhaps the day after—the little poet of Hope End recorded the beauty of the roses and the lilies in the following stilted lines:

*UPON THE ROSE BLOWING AFTER THE LILLY—
CARLTON—June 8th, 1814*

The Lilly raised her head
Unto the rose,
Whom, when her guest drew near,
Blushed deeply!⁹

In the seclusion of the library, the flicker of light coming slantwise through the round arched sleepy eyes which surmounted the “blind” windows on one wall, and the vistas of English landscape visible through the wide low windows of the outer wall, sat Mrs. Moulton, Sam, Treppy, eagerly serving tea to Edward and his wife. Gone past any recapture—like the smoke from a chimney long cold—is the warmth of those greetings and of that day but not the traits which created that warmth. No bit of the vivid dialogue of those five grown-ups is to be recovered. It is certain, however, that not a little of their conversation centered about Cinnamon Hill, Hope End and Fenham.

Shortly after reaching Fenham with his family, Edward

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Moulton-Barrett was to leave his family in Newcastle and to join Sam in London. Increasingly difficult to the intelligent estate owners and planters of Jamaica must the industrial problems of the West Indies have become. The sugar and rum sales offices of the Barretts were in London. Years before Sam was forced to make the decision which separated him from England and his brother, these brothers must have seen the shadow, even if no bigger than a man's hand in 1814, of what was to be. Not a whisper of the discussion of these problems which were to determine the continuance or end of the family of the Barrett survives.

III

With Sam, her grandmother and Treppy, with her mother and with "Bro," Elizabeth was on terms of familiar love such as she shared with no others. Sam had been a young uncle, only nineteen years old, when she had entered upon her first experiences in the Coxhoe Hall world. To her he seemed at twenty-seven young still. As soon as Elizabeth was able to speak, she had called this uncle "Sam," nor did she ever call him anything else. The friendship begun with the first impressions of infancy made a difference in her life to the end. For his part Sam had known the little niece as she was from the very first hours of her existence. Under no illusions, he loved her more than did anyone else except the lover who was to come late into her life. Self-willed, by her own statement she hated conventions because they interfered with the development of that self-will. Impulse was sufficient for her and she followed it. How much she always longed to be with Sam many details reveal and especially one letter which she was soon to write to her father. In this letter she pleads for the week in London. She calls her father her "sweet Puppy," and she reminds her father that Sam had written offering to bring down his own carriage in order to return with her. There is another and a later reference to "Sam" in which they were all together in Paris, Sam having followed with his friends the Abbé Trevern and Mr. Dundas.¹⁰ Among the first

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objects which Sam gave her as a child were a locket and a deep-backed plush upholstered chair. If "Sam" gave to her, undoubtedly she gave her uncle much. For one record of their friendship which has survived, thousands must have perished.

At fourteen, E.B.B. gave a copy of her *Battle of Marathon*, which is now in the Wrenn Collection of the University of Texas, to the beloved uncle. It is true that E.B.B. dreamt oftener of Agamemnon than of her black pony Moses, and Douglas on the Modern Greeks was but a prelude to her own, and not so modern compositions. Lovingly did Sam watch her and follow her as the days went on: he saw her tears over the supposed wrongs to which she was subjected; he shared her love for fairy story; he smiled as she figured away grandly as the heroine in some romance; he knew of the ten shilling piece his brother had given the little "Poet Laureat of Hope End" when she was six years old for a poem on virtue which she had written; he followed her as at eleven she threw off the title of "Poet Laureat of Hope End" and became an "authoress"; he must have considered with not a little anxiety the emotional character of her first religious experience and applauded her classical studies with "Bro" and his tutor Mr. McSwiney; and he approved the hours she spent riding her pony Moses, playing with their dog "dear old Havannah,"¹¹ fishing and rowing, and shooting with bows and arrows and pop-guns.

No doubt Sam saw her, as she saw herself, as proud, wilful, impatient of control, and impetuous,¹² and understood, as Elizabeth could not, the source of these characteristics. When she was fourteen she wrote of herself that at six there was "no UP-START to dispute" her authority.¹³ In a sense there was never anyone to dispute her authority. In "Granny's" life and in her will Elizabeth was first. In Treppy's love she was by her own statement first. In "Bro's" life until E.B.B. paid the most terrible price possible for supremacy, she was supreme in her position in his heart. In her father's life she believed herself first in his love for his children until change and time began to make the little difference which, whether Elizabeth Barrett had married Robert

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Browning or not, would have brought about alienation. And in Sam's life she ruled supreme until he married in 1822. These were all close members of her closest family—an inversion of intimacy and dependency for which at least one hundred and fifty years had been making ready and to which pioneer necessities for closeness in Jamaica, inviolable family rights in property and residence, and developing emotional trends had contributed.

In Sam's understanding of E.B.B. there was an element of prophecy. Sam seems to have kept his own independence and yet to the end of his life he was his brother's chief dependence. Sam was and remained ardently devoted to this little girl, boldly stating that he loved her better than did her own father—evidently considered the extreme comparison to be used. He knew her well and had warned her to beware of ever loving, for she would not do it by half and it would be for life and for death.

The life of his grandfather's Northside home at Cinnamon Hill had given Sam his first impressions of love and sorrow, joy and grief. There Sam had first become familiar with conflict. And he had known the home life of his uncles, George Goodin Barrett and Captain Samuel Barrett. Perhaps Sam foresaw a form of conflict through love as great or greater in the coming life of this brilliant, and ultimate, Creole flower of the Jamaica life of Barrett backgrounds. Sam never forgot the little niece, for she was and remained singularly dear to him. And "Sam" was curiously and deeply inwoven with her whole life.

PARTICULAR LICENSE

THE available documents reveal that part of the "business" of Hope End had become the visits which Edward Moulton-Barrett and his wife Mary Graham-Clarke, with their children, paid to the elderly John Graham-Clarke at Fenham Hall in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Even as his own grandfather Edward Barrett had been a man of influence, power and wealth, so was this elderly man, his father-in-law—but two years younger than Edward Moulton-Barrett's own grandfather—a man dominant in his group. At thirteen Edward had lost his grandfather; and his father, Charles Moulton, had come to seem either negligible or disastrous in the lives of his children. It is probable that the unbroken devotion of Edward Moulton-Barrett from youth to old age to John Graham-Clarke, and, after his father-in-law's death, continued in the persons of his wife's brothers and sisters, was based on the fact that John Graham-Clarke became by substitution not only father-in-law but also grandfather and father. Many, many years after this visit to her grandfather and Fenham Hall, Elizabeth Barrett was to write Robert Browning:

I dare say you have asked yourself sometimes, why it was that I never managed to draw you into the house here, so that you might make your own way. Now *that* is one of the things impossible to me. I have not influence enough for *that*. George can never invite a friend of his even. Do you see? The people who do come here, come by particular license and association . . . Capt. Surtees Cook being one of them. Once . . . when I was in high favour too . . . I asked for Mr. Kenyon to be invited to dinner



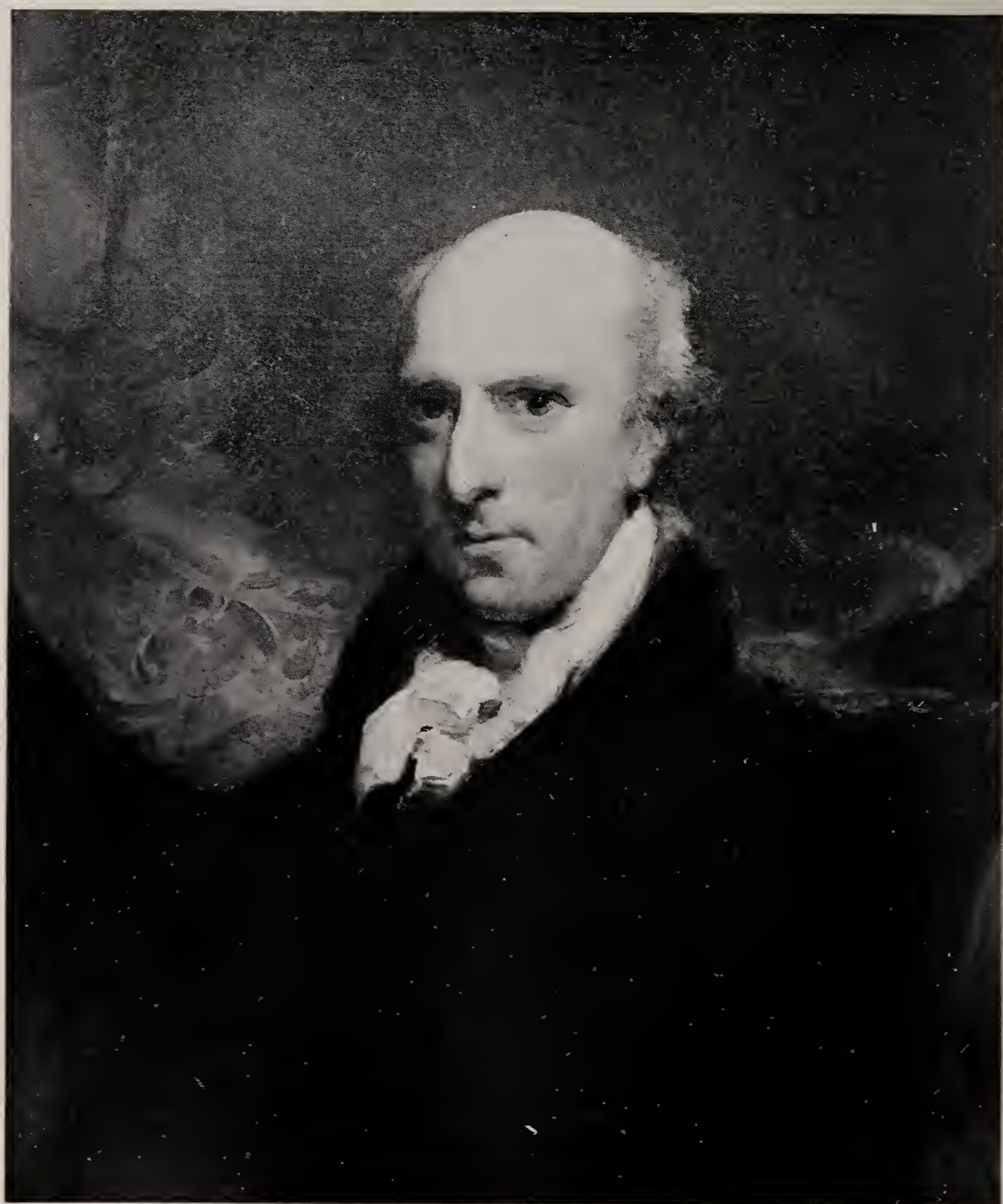
Mrs. John Graham-Clarke

*By permission of Lady Longmore from the Downman
Collection in the British Museum*



John Graham-Clarke

*By permission of Lady Longmore from the Downman
Collection in the British Museum*



Sir Uvedale Price by Sir Thomas Lawrence
By permission of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

PARTICULAR LICENSE

—he an old college friend, and living close by and so affectionate to me always—I felt that he must be hurt by the neglect, and asked. *It was in vain.* Now, you see—¹

To the end of his life, Edward Moulton-Barrett maintained for the members of the Graham-Clarke family the special rights or licenses which he had begun as part of the “business” of Hope End.

The known history of the Manor of Fenham, whose wealth consisted in the rental of coal mines, goes back many centuries.² On the ground floor alone of Fenham Manse were more than a score of rooms, including to the south the entrance hall with its broad flight of steps and a billiard room, the library to the west, the drawing rooms, and the dining room. In the hall, or in the drawing rooms with their rich mouldings, their wide doorways, and elegant candelabra, or in the dining room must have hung the family portraits the Graham-Clarks were accumulating. Among them were some by John Downman. A spacious mansion containing more than half a hundred apartments, it was proving none too large for the Graham-Clarke children, visiting grandchildren, and all their friends. Substantial stables, old walls, old gates, old roadways, curving through avenues of old trees, added to the dignity and value of Fenham Hall with its plain facade, illustrative of the classic revivals in England, its spacious windows and its many chimneys. For the simpler beauty of the walk beside the wall of Carliol Croft and the near and distant views of neighbors’ gardens and the Wind-mill Hills, the Graham-Clarks had come into possession of a distant view of the sea and the Temple Walk of Fenham Hall as formal as the Prior’s Walk is informal.

Although there are records and a flock of E.B.B. Juvenilia to attest the visits of the Edward Moulton-Barrett family to Fenham Manse, there is no record to show that John Graham-Clarke made any special impression upon his little granddaughter. It might be concluded that when this over-sensitive child first became conscious of this grandfather, the separation not only in years but also in condition was too wide for even her mind to

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bridge. Yet that was not true of her relationship with the elderly Uvedale Price. Within her comprehension were the glitter of the German Ocean seen from Fenham and the sound of Catalani's voice, but not the aged man whose condition verged on senility.

For the little poet the long visit at Fenham Manse came to a thrilling close in hearing Catalani sing. Apparently her aunts Arabella and Charlotte, and, earlier, her own mother, had the reputation in Newcastle of being musical or patrons of music or both. Henry Monro, the organist at St. Andrew's Church, was known not only for his organ music but also as a pianist and teacher of music. To her aunts Arabella and Charlotte, Henry Monro had dedicated "A Duet for Harp and Piano-forte"; and to "Miss G. Clarke" (E.B.B.'s mother?) "A Sonata."³ Catalani sang both in the theatre and three times in St. Nicholas Church, where at least two past generations of the Newcastle families into which the Barretts had married had listened to the organ music of Charles Avison between the years 1736 and 1770.⁴ So deep was the stage of the Theatre Royal that even spectacles could be produced there, and no doubt were! Painted above the drop curtain were the royal arms. Above the center of the pit hung "a grand and superb cut glass chandelier . . . brilliantly illuminated with gas." And somewhere within the glow—and the aroma!—of this remarkable gas "effect" on that night in September sat the little girl who loved music and who was to become famous in poetry.

II

The cares which John Graham-Clarke assumed voluntarily, as well as his way of living, seem to have power to express his temperament and character. As a young man and a young middle-aged man, John Graham must have been pleasant in manner, one to whom others would naturally turn. Hail-fellow-well-met he never was. A figure of the old school, as he became elderly, he became pompous. He is said always to have been faultlessly

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dressed, with manners "studiously polished." About him it was remarked that "it was a liberal education to see him salute a friend and to hear him engage in the opening amenities of conversation." ⁵

To the end he knew the value of coals and candles, and to whom they should belong, as his portrait reveals. Unquestionably John Graham had traits which not only drew others to him but also which made them have confidence in what he would do with any responsibility reposed in him. If his uncle Jacob Graham made this nephew residuary legatee to his estate in Jamaica, with equal confidence George Goodin Barrett turned to him with his quadroon children, a form of "property" which is likely to have inherent in it more trouble and tragedy than land and houses. That the cares which he undertook were profitable cares admits of little doubt. The best proof of such a statement lies in the complete control which he gained over the estate of Samuel Barrett, the oldest of Mrs. Williams's sons, between the years 1808 and 1815. That the relationships which he maintained, uncle, friends, the English girl he married, were also advantageous admits of no doubt. And, finally, it was no little strength to his hand that in 1812 he should have married his oldest son John Altham Graham-Clarke to the daughter and heir of Leonard Parkinson of Kinnersley Castle.

To assumed responsibilities for his children and children's children with their inevitable accompaniment of anxiety, John Graham-Clarke added those of large estates and investments. In the Parish of St. James, Jamaica, he owned a plantation called Marle which brought in annually a rental of £500. He owned, too, a sugar work in the Parish of Hanover, called Bamboo, which was secured to him by a mortgage of £13,000. To him in the last years of his life came impairment of mental faculties and, probably, the family dissension which such impairment can bring with it. There was, in any event, a codicil to his will under date of the 31st of July, 1817, which caused dispute and which was withdrawn. Apparently, also, memory was slipping fast even in 1816 when the main body of his will was drafted.

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As John Graham-Clarke was in the midst of the slow senescence which had overtaken him, his daughter, Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett, was in the midst of the cares of a family of seven children, and she was carrying an eighth child. The autocratic love of her young husband was distributed over all aspects of the home life—even that of permissions for the children. She was and was not mistress of a big estate and of innumerable servants. It was upon the year 1818 with its sufferings and loss and, somehow, its deepening loneliness for her mother, that Elizabeth looked back as the “happiest time” of her life—happiness expressed in the terms of a religious emotionalism which could have brought little companionship to the grave and patient mind of her mother.⁶ . . . As letters came down out of the north from Mrs. Graham-Clarke and her other daughters, no doubt revealing the approaching end of her father, Mrs. Barrett was coming nearer to the hour when her eighth child would be born. It was on the 27th of July, 1818, that Henry was born at Hope End. In the following month, on the 7th of August, her father, John Graham-Clarke, aged eighty-two, died, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew’s by the southwest porch.⁷

It was at the time of Bro’s departure for Charterhouse that Elizabeth began to worry about the chances that Bro might stray “from the path of honourable rectitude.” She did not at the time she made these records state whether life could have been half so interesting without such moral uncertainties! Her prayers now centered on her Edward and the “laugh of dissipation.” As, seemingly, Bro was an admirable lad, gentle and good to the point of abnormality, and, as she admits, not only the “Partner” of her pleasures but also of her “literary toils,” it is safe to conclude that Bro was being forced into the pattern of her then “literary” state of mind—a type of “forcing” which she did not relinquish with childhood or even adolescence. Evidently dissipation, the fact and the nonconformist interpretation of that mental and bodily condition, was a subject for prayer and discussion in the Barrett household. There must have been much

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so-called dissipation in the Jamaica areas of Barrett backgrounds from which Edward Moulton-Barrett had been since boyhood in mental flight. All that Elizabeth feared in the melodramatic phrases of these paragraphs was to come true in the life of another brother. But by that time she had ceased to write about "cold Sod," for that "sod" was both too real and too close.

When she was fifteen E.B.B. fell ill. Although curious reasons have been found and amplified for this illness, according to her own statement, hitherto ignored, there were no strange reasons. Nor does the romantic picture of Ba saddling her pony Moses and having the saddle fall upon her—not the pony—seem to have entered into it. The fable of saddling the pony, like some other fables about the Barrett family, has been recited so often and in such a sing-song of sentimentality that crowd hypnosis has set in. There remains an authoritative record of her severe illness upon which so much else and so much more were to be contingent in the years to come. That record is her own statement. In a letter which Elizabeth wrote R. H. Horne, she said:

I was very sorry about the cough. Do not neglect it, lest it end as mine did, for a common cough striking on an insubstantial frame began my bodily troubles.⁸

As far as outward evidence is concerned, Elizabeth recovered. But there are many reasons for thinking that then was implanted the tendency which years later in London and Torquay, and even in Italy, developed into an acute and then sub-acute form of tuberculosis. In those early days at Hope End there was neither the knowledge nor the anxiety which exist today about the infectiousness and havoc of the common cold, with or without a cough. Nevertheless, considering the unusual number of children the Barretts had and the fact that only one of them had died, Mrs. Barrett's management of her family must have been of a superior type in the conditions which she maintained for the children and the care with which she surrounded them.

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IN the gathering conflict over slavery at first individuals did not seem to stand out. It was, rather, the to and fro of the problem as a whole, with the question of justice to the blacks seemingly a problem in a distant future. Already in London, from which, in those days, England took its ideas and ideals as well as its fashions, sermons were being preached against slave-owning. Gradually figures opposed to one another emerged, and then opposed organizations. By degrees it became evident—no matter what devices of “loyal” deference to the Home Government were used—that the Colonial Legislature and the Planters were against the Home Government and the Abolitionists. Then the Colonial Church Union was organized and stood avowedly against the missionaries, among the most indefatigable of whom were the Wesleyans and the Presbyterians.

West Indians important enough and wealthy enough to be known as the masters of plantations and therefore of slaves were, in the accumulating antagonism to slave-holding, not in an enviable position. And among the greatest landowners in Jamaica were the Barretts. Wherever in Great Britain any group of Barretts were gathered together, there must have been a target for shafts, feathered and unfeathered, about the Island squirearchy and its slaves. The Barretts of Hope End had become, long before Mrs. Barrett's death, Wesleyan Methodists, a denomination which was one of the most aggressive of the anti-slavery organizations. To what mental and emotional con-

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flicts Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett fell heir because he was a member of a "chapel" group in the Ledbury neighborhood and a great slave-owner in Jamaica can be imagined. And there should be added to that the fact that two branches of the family—the Moulton-Barretts and the Goodin-Barretts—were in the Court of Chancery in a dispute over some "parcels" of slaves and cattle. During those transitional and violent years of the anti-slavery movement, what it meant to be, as Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett was in Yorkshire, both a Member of Parliament and one of the two principal heirs of his grandfather Edward Barrett of Cinnamon Hill needs no explanation.

Individuals among the Barretts, until the achieved womanhood of E.B.B., do not stand out in conflict with the principle of slavery. The only known statement and act which might seem to contradict the universal acceptance by the Barretts of the *status quo* in slavery is George Goodin Barrett's reluctant admission in his will that the "policy of the West Indies" rendered "distinctions respecting color" necessary and the appointment of his quadroon son, Thomas Peters, as one of the trustees of his estate. For almost two centuries the Barretts, under the legal interpretation in Jamaica of slaves, bought and sold slaves and transferred them as cattle or "real estate." In those indentures and wills from 1671 to 1834, except for the will of George Goodin Barrett who was himself a slave dealer, there is not even a phrase which might be interpreted as an acknowledgment of the injustice of these "cattle" transactions in slavery.

Around the estates of the Barretts, and, inevitably, upon them, the entire question of slavery was not only under discussion, it was fomenting. It is not to be thought that this discussion, even in Jamaica, sprang up only towards the close of the eighteenth century. In the middle of the seventeenth century, the problem was being stated fearlessly in season and out by George Fox, the Quaker. When Fox was in the West Indies he besought those who came to his meetings to be merciful to their slaves and to give them freedom in due course.¹ The very founding of Quakerism about 1647 might be looked upon as a

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protest in advance against the whole composition of the plantation life in Jamaica, for it included the refusal to bear arms and the condemnation of slavery. To the close of the seventeenth century, throughout the eighteenth and during the early part of the nineteenth, the members of the Society of Friends not only protested slavery, in some instances they set their slaves free. These theories and experiments of members of the Society of Friends were given their right of way in the fact that they were all too often considered the negligible acts of an eccentric group, in numbers too few to be dangerous. Usually the signal for conflict comes when the law attempts to legislate a "crazy idea" or an "impossible ideal" out of existence. It is then that the crazy idea becomes reasonably certain of a future in history as a sane and useful step in progress; and the impossible ideal goes down in the records after some fifty years or so as the new scientific interpretation of an industrial or social crisis.

Far more irritating than the Quakers, because more numerous, distributed and vocal, were the missionaries flowing in a tide of increasing volume into Jamaica during the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century. But more alarming than the fact that the planter and slave dealer could not force the missionaries to see eye to eye with them that slavery as it existed in the Island was a necessity, was the growing awareness in Jamaica that public opinion, indeed popular opinion, in England gave these "saints" who crossed the seas because they believed that slaves were human beings and not cattle, and that the black man and the black woman should be prepared for freedom, some of the power they had as they prayed and taught, lived and died in Jamaica. "Prepared for freedom indeed!" Treppy might have scoffed. And in that event what would become of the wealth which flowed from the plantations of Jamaica into the coffers of England?

It could not have been a surprise, it was merely the inevitable, when the Imperial Parliament decreed the abolition of the slave trade in 1807. In Jamaica the names of Sharpe, Clarkson and Wilberforce, the religious bodies who aided them,

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and especially the Quakers, became anathema to West Indian planters. What was all this nonsense about the rights which slaves should have to their wives and their children, to the products of their labor, and to freedom! Were they not kindly treated? What were the common stocks, the field stocks, the yoke or the thumb screw and the iron collar, or the block and tackle and the cart whip in Jamaica by comparison with the fiendish tortures and even cannibalism which they endured in Africa and elsewhere! By comparison Jamaica was kind! And in some instances Jamaica was almost invariably kind, not merely for a few days or for a few years; but, as in the case of the Barretts and other Jamaican families, Jamaica was kind, patiently, generously humane for generation after generation and that in the midst of primitive groups manifesting the primitive traits of mischief-making and vindictiveness in undercurrents hard to control and in horrible forms of torture and murder. Yet no kindness could make right what was at root wrong.

In any event, Jamaica reasoned in 1807, it was only the Abolition of the Slave Trade, it was not the abolition of slavery. Slavery still existed. Legally slaves could no longer be imported. However, if there was not one way there was another! Slaves could be bred upon the plantations successfully if they were fed a little more and worked a little less. In fact, even the ridiculous marriages the missionaries were urging among the slaves might be made a control favorable to the planter interests. To counteract the influence of the missionaries in giving the slaves too great confidence in themselves and their future, it was only necessary to pass a few more laws! And in the Consolidated Slave Act of 1816 more than a few laws were passed, some of which struck at the very roots of the missionary influence. For example, that slaves should no longer be permitted to attend a place of worship or engage in religious exercises in their own homes without a special license from the magistrates. If, in this crisis, under the added legal controls thrown about slavery, the slaves objected or complained, it did not matter, for slave evidence had no legal status in the

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courts of Jamaica. Although conditions were bad enough for the planters, they still had the government of Jamaica in their hands.

II

In the 1820's among the important young government favorites and powers of the Island was the agreeable and handsome lawyer, Richard Barrett, the second son of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Williams and the cousin of Edward and Samuel Moulton-Barrett. His importance in the family of the Barrett is but emphasized by the wills in which Richard Barrett is referred to: those of his aunt Margery Lawrence, his grandfather Edward Barrett, his brothers Edward and Samuel and his mother. The successful descendant of the family of the Barrett, editor of the *Jamaica Journal*, several times Richard Barrett was Member of the Assembly and twice Speaker of the House. In 1819 his youngest brother Edward had died. In 1821 his younger brother George Goodin Barrett had married Elizabeth Turner—perhaps a descendant of the George Turner who owned land near Retreat Penn²—who was to become the mother of the little Lizzie Barrett of E.B.B.'s poem *A Portrait*. In 1824 his oldest brother Samuel had died in Cheltenham. And Richard Barrett was by 1824 virtually the head of the Goodin-Barrett branch of the family.

Among the more humane planters Richard Barrett made himself favorably known by having the cat-o'-nine-tails on his estates take the place of the cartwhip in the punishment of slaves. There were other planters who used the twigs of the lancewood tree—not unlike the birch used in English schools—for the correction of their slaves. And there was an even more progressive group working for the total abolishment of the use of any form of whip as punishment. But Richard Barrett took the middle course in the customs on his own estates. In 1826 in the House of Assembly he led a party to prohibit the use of the cattle whip. This attempt came at a time when there was a deadlock between the wishes from "home" and its Im-

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perial Parliament and Government in Jamaica. The Governor of Jamaica was at that time the Duke of Manchester. The Duke had convened a new house and had summoned the session three weeks earlier than usual so that there might be ample time for discussion. The Duke's hope was that the Island Government would adopt measures at least somewhat in harmony with wishes from "home." The propositions which were laid before the Assembly were: the appointment of an officer called the protector of slaves, making legal the use of slave evidence, new means towards the purchase of freedom for a slave, doing away with Sunday markets, keeping negro families together, the regulation of slave punishments, abolishing altogether the whipping of women, and starting savings' banks.³ It was a tempestuous session, the result of which was a bill—a compromise—which the Duke of Manchester must have known would not be received favorably in England but to which he felt obliged to assent.

In these issues at that time Richard Barrett led his group in an effort to have the use of the cattle whip in the field and the flogging of women forbidden.

Though defeated in a general law Richard Barrett on his own estates confined punishment by whipping to the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails or military whip. Richard Barrett also continued to testify publicly in favor of the military whip. Indeed where his great-grandsire, old Samuel Barrett, had himself flogged his slaves "like a divinity" with the heavy merciless cartwhip, his great-grandson did not punish at all. There were favored slaves on his estates in positions tantamount to freedom. They came and went with entire freedom and without fear. Among these was Roderick of Barrett Hall.

A few years later Richard Barrett said to the Reverend Hope Masterton Waddell: "I never punish my people for running away when I'm from home. Only let them come and show themselves on my return. It is their only protection against the overseers, some of whom treat the people brutally."⁴

Two years later so acute had the feeling become against any

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clemency towards the slaves that the cry was, "Shoot them first, and try them afterwards!" A faithful slave on the Northside, Henry Williams, the property of a planter by the name of Betty, had, under the influence of the Reverend George Wilson Bridges, been given three hundred and forty lashes with the cattle whip. The law set the limit at thirty-nine lashes.

It was then that Richard Barrett, a Member of the Assembly, a judge with his inclinations siding with the planters, testified: "The instrument used is an odious, horrid, detestable one. I assert that 39 lashes with this horrid instrument can be made more grievous than five hundred lashes with a cat." ⁵

On April 26, 1823, *The Trifler*, with frank enjoyment of the scandal, published a letter accusing Richard Barrett of truckling to the Council Board, of vanity, of being a "man of immorality, plunged in lustful sensuality," and of desertion of his wife. On Saturday, May 3, 1823, Richard Barrett appeared in the *Kingston Chronicle* with some forty-two stanzas about the execution of Mary Russell.⁶ This story and its stanzas by Richard Barrett, which were then matter for jest, are of sober enough interest now. However repellent the jest at the expense of a dead woman of color, the pseudo-learned nonsense of Richard Barrett is in places amusing, as when, for example, in Stanza 21 he rhymes "Selwyn" and "Nell Gwyn" and in the notes soberly affirms: "Nell Gwyn.—Some learned Judge, we apprehend, of those days." Sir William Anglin Scarlett, Chief Justice of Jamaica, and one of the few incorruptible figures of those years, Richard Barrett calls: ". . . a good natur'd guttling soul." In the commentary Richard Barrett added with fearless ribaldry:

A merited compliment to the Chief Justice, of whom we are a great admirer, as the Chief himself is a great admirer of the late Lieut.-Governor's French cook.

Gifted, insulting, witty, Richard Barrett continued his confident way through "poem" and through notes, with references to Pope and to Byron, to the "classics" of the law and to the classics of Greek life. In the midst of the amusement over and

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delight in Richard Barrett's skill, unquestionably the following comment in the *Supplement to The Trifler* for June 21, 1823, was little heeded:

. . . Mr. Barrett wrote a *Poem* on the execution of Mary Russell. This Poem was printed in the Kingston Chronicle last month. It calls the Chief Justice "a good natured guttling scull." Was this in praise of that Learned and impartial character? Why are not Messrs. Barrett and Lunan prosecuted? They are ministerialists, and the Editor of the *Trifler* had deserted a worthless set of characters who had strained every nerve to ruin the late Governor, because he was not a tool to a greedy and presuming Secretary.

In January, 1824, the first of the two Scotch Presbyterian ministers who were to become profoundly significant figures in the Barrett backgrounds sailed for Jamaica. George Blyth's work was to lie at Hampden near Falmouth. He became an active figure on both Oxford and Cambridge Estates.⁷ Even before Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his wife left England and went to the Northside of Jamaica there to remain, for Richard Barrett, their cousin and co-heir in their grandfather's estates, the discussion of freedom had ceased to be academic. On the 29th of December, 1823, at a meeting of the Magistrates it was reported that a Sambo girl named Liddy, alias Amelia Waite of Blue Hole, had told Mr. Nairn that Mr. Barrett had promised when he took possession they should all be free in six months after he took charge.⁸ On the 30th William Glover stated that he had often heard the negroes in the gang he worked say that they heard Mr. Barrett was doing all in his power to get them free, and that he had taken passage to go to England to speak to the King about it. This had been a month before at least, and the negroes added that all the other buckras had quarrelled with Mr. Barrett about it and would not associate with him on that account.⁹ Also there was Sam Wyllie, carrying a fiddle, who had been to a dance, and he and a fifer named Proby and William Kerr had walked home together,—they "just walked." Of all that they said as they discussed freedom and what Mr.

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Richard Barrett would do for them, something remains. In more ways than one was Richard Barrett an outstanding figure. For example, he knew his business as a planter as well as a politician. His agricultural report in the House of Assembly was listened to with respect for this masterly restatement of data on which laws favorable to the planters could be based.¹⁰

When the Legislature offered a premium of £100 for the best piece of road of not less than one mile repaired on the macadamizing principle Richard Barrett won the award in 1826 by a stretch of rebuilt road to Greenwood House.¹¹ When in 1827 in a debate in the Colonial Legislature Richard Barrett said that to pass another slave law would be an absurdity showing that British ministers loved their places more than their country, many listened convinced. Both because of their own interests and because of his able arrangements of words they believed that he spoke the truth, when Richard Barrett said in effect that His Majesty's Ministers were the tool of a faction who wished to destroy the West India Colonies. He had himself examined the document sent out by Mr. Huskisson to Sir J. Keane. He would not hesitate to say that this was not only *not* the work of a statesman, it was not even the work of an honest man. Richard Barrett's implication was that the Ministers in Parliament were attempting to collect votes and with that object in view would not hesitate to send Jamaica to perdition. Mr. Stamp then congratulated Richard Barrett on his "candid, manly, and eloquent address" which had fully laid open the fraud and villainy which had been so long practised by the British Ministers!¹² But Mr. Stamp did not quote Richard Barrett's forty-second and last stanza to *Mary Russell*:

Stay in Jamaica—*here* bad men,
Hang only every now and then,
Especially if white;
But when you've cross'd the Atlantic big,
Dancing in middle air, a jig,
Is quite a common sight.

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Jamaica was still without any prophetic picture of the desolation which selfish juggling with words and with facts would help to bring upon the Island in less than four years.

No surprise can be felt that in the long-drawn-out litigation between the Goodin-Barretts and the Moulton-Barretts when, on the 6th of June, 1825, a receiver for the slaves who constituted the legal cause in the Barrett estates litigation was needed, Richard Barrett, then Custos for St. James, was appointed receiver of the slaves.¹³ It was from this cousin that the Moulton-Barretts had to hire back the slaves and cattle for use in the manufacture of sugar and rum on Oxford and Cambridge Estates.

EXCELLENT LADY

IN the year of his father's death in 1819 the youngest son of Charles Moulton, Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett, was thirty-two and unmarried. At Carlton the oaks in the avenue were growing slowly. As slowly for Mrs. Moulton and Treppy, who with the Creole's love for excitement preferred London and its multiform stir of life, must have passed the days in Yorkshire. But they had built up a companionship which no event could alter—not even the difference in circumstances—except to strengthen it. As the roots of the oaks set deeper and deeper into the earth of Richmondshire so did their love for each other find root and strength in use and wont. Treppy's unabating zest for living, whether the moment were a Creole feast of overwhelming proportions or a memory tenacious in its detail and loyalty, must have helped Mrs. Moulton over many a difficult hour of anxiety, of regret, of waiting, even of loneliness.

Sam with his Barrett brains and his Barrett wealth was developing rapidly in the public life of Richmondshire. From Carlton Hall Sam must have driven or ridden more and more frequently the seven miles northward to Darlington or southward the eight miles to Richmond. And he was seeing more rather than less of the Honorable Thomas Dundas with whom and the Abbé Trevern he had taken the journey to France. In this year of his father's death, 1819, Samuel Moulton-Barrett began his successful campaign to represent the Borough of Richmond in Parliament. Elected, it was on the 10th of March,

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1820, that he took up his duties in Parliament,—a representation which he was to hold for seven years, and then to relinquish only under the pressure of accumulating estate anxieties for the family estates. For Mrs. Moulton and Treppy gay must have been the departure for London which they so loved, and proud the moment when Mrs. Moulton sitting in some gallery looked down upon her son among the M.P.'s on the floor.

But Sam's election to Parliament was to be followed in two years by an event which made the greatest difference possible in their personal lives and, it would seem, in their arrangements for living. In 1822 Sam married Mary-Clementina Adams, the daughter of the Reverend Henry Cay-Adams.¹ It was an honorable family of marked educational and religious service from which Sam chose his bride,—a choice which for him four years later was to spell the difference between failure and success in Jamaica. Both because of Sam's membership in Parliament and also on account of his marriage, it is probable that Mrs. Moulton and Treppy spent an increasing amount of time in London at 63 Baker Street, Portman Square. There they were able to see Mrs. Moulton's son Edward and some of the children more often. It had that advantage; also the change in their living placed them in the part of the city beloved and frequented by the Barretts for many generations. But an even greater alteration in their lives was in the shaping.

In 1801 when the bill of complaint was filed by the *prochein ami* of the Goodin-Barrett children, the cloud on their horizon was not much bigger than a man's hand. By 1822 a mortgage on several of the Northside Jamaica Estates was drawn in order that Sam's debt of £30,092.11s.4d. might be covered. Despite the over-elaborate care with which Edward Barrett the Builder had made his will, the Goodin-Barretts and the Moulton-Barretts were in a serious dispute over the two parcels of slaves and some fifty steer. After the death of Samuel Goodin-Barrett in Cheltenham in 1824, the slaves were formally delivered over to Richard Barrett as receiver. These were the slaves who had been in use on Oxford and Cambridge Estates by the Moulton-

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Barretts. After these slaves had been delivered to Richard Barrett as receiver, it became necessary for Edward Moulton-Barrett to hire them back for use at an annual rental. The value of the slaves, not including interest which the court charged the Moulton-Barretts for the years in which the slaves had been illegally theirs, amounted to £11,230. In addition there were losses only less great in the "cattle" bracketed with the slaves and also supposedly "illegally" retained by the Moulton-Barretts in connection with their manufacture of sugar and rum on Oxford and Cambridge Estates. Not only was there approximately something like £20,000 being lost but also there was in the enforced hiring back of the slaves and cattle in use on these estates an increase in expenses commensurate with the losses.

Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett was not well, and it was about this time that Edward Moulton-Barrett began, for his wife's sake, to compound with his creditors in order that for her life might go on as usual at Hope End. As financial troubles increased for Edward and Sam, the question uppermost in their minds must have been how long it would be possible for them both to continue to live in England without even more overwhelming losses on their Jamaican Estates.² The pull back to Jamaica the brothers must have felt over several years. From the year 1824 on the losses in part due to their being absentee proprietors were becoming all too evident. If Edward Moulton-Barrett and his brother Sam were to continue to live at all in the manner to which they had been accustomed the way to check further losses and to control their estates had still to be found.

Several times it had been stated by reliable authorities that Edward Moulton-Barrett had left Jamaica never to return again. But in his children's birthday letters for his birthday in 1826 there are references which make it seem probable that he and his brother in the crisis of the Barrett fortunes went to Jamaica on a tour of inspection. His son Edward wrote:

EXCELLENT LADY

Since last his pen essayed thy birth to sing,
Absence has clouded all the time between.³

These are the first six stanzas of Elizabeth's birthday verses to her father for that year:

A joy was pulsing at my heart
As I looked o'er the sea,—
For dearest eyes were gazing there,
And *they* were close to *me!*

Nathlesse gone Time did visit me,
And Memory bared his face—
To tell me of the absent love,
And of the absent place!

So thought I, in my secret thought,
Of those I see today—
Of those who, at the fair hill's side,
Were dearest . . . & away!

So thought I of familiar brows,
Which smiles so often find—
Yea! of the voices which breathe out
The tender words & kind!

And thus, while joy pulsed at my heart,
Sorrow that joy did woo—
Belovèd ones were near to *me*—
But *I* not near to *you!*

Lo! now, the voices, that I wished,
Give me their gentle sound—
The dear home faces turn on mine,
And *mine* looks fondly round—! ⁴

Their presence in Jamaica in 1825 would have shown Edward Moulton-Barrett and his brother Sam as nothing else could the need that one of them should take charge of the plantations personally.

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II

If even a semblance of Moulton-Barrett prosperity was to continue, it was inevitable that Sam should return to Jamaica there to meet not only the financial problems which through the lawsuit had come to the estates but also to try to solve some of the problems of slavery. He went in 1827, and in the year following, in February, 1828, he resigned his seat in Parliament⁵ in order to remain in Jamaica to attend to his own and his brother's plantations. With Samuel Moulton-Barrett as he settled into the life of Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall was his wife Mary Clementina Cay-Adams, the daughter of a long line of ancestors who had devoted their lives to education and to religion. Both brothers had married women whose first name was Mary; and each wife had come from an "ecclesiastical" family of distinction.

Near Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall were the Richard Barrett estates of Barrett Hall and Greenwood. To the West was Spot Valley which had become the property of the heirs of their great-uncle Samuel Wisdom Barrett. On every side, except that of the Caribbean, Cinnamon Hill was surrounded by properties identified with the family of the Barrett. In this extensive group from 1827 to 1829, at the request of S.M.B. and his wife, the Reverend George Blyth, the Scotch Presbyterian pastor of Trelawny Station called Hampden, had gone as often as possible on Sundays to preach at Blue Hole, Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill.⁶ It was at Hampden in 1829 that Hope Masterton Waddell spent his first day in Jamaica; and it was there perhaps, that Samuel Moulton-Barrett first heard this dauntless young man preach.⁷ In some instances highly educated and frequently men of courage, these missionaries were early aware of the mounting menace of slavery on the Island.

In Jamaica, among the slaves, the to and fro of conflicting opinion was gathering for a final struggle. There, when the black man was asked for the "news" he was as likely as not to reply:

EXCELLENT LADY

The news is, that some buckra is making bargain with the King of England to free us: but who for now gib we fish and clothes? ⁸

It was for the slaves who were asking "Who for now gib we fish and clothes?" Mrs. Barrett was to think night and day, to plan, to work during the few years of her youth in Jamaica. Highly educated, "earnest," and "admirable," she was about twenty-five years old,—the same age as Hope Waddell. Her husband was some forty years of age. Although she was an Episcopalian, her direct greeting to Hope Waddell, the leader of the Presbyterian station opened at Cinnamon Hill, was: "I thank God, for I have earnestly desired and prayed for you to come here." ⁹ That Sam and his wife in no sense shared either the fear or the hostility which in general possessed Jamaican planters was definitely expressed by the permission they had given for opening the Presbyterian Mission at Cinnamon Hill. Their liberalism went, however, further than that! Samuel Moulton-Barrett had Cornwall House, where his great-grandfather old Samuel Barrett had brought up his family of fifteen children and where his grandfather Edward Barrett was born, repaired for the use of Hope Waddell and his wife.

Hope Waddell was in vigorous and perfect health, highly educated, fearless, and passionately devoted, with Mrs. Waddell, to all educational aspects of their religious work. Dressed in black clerical clothes, about five feet nine inches in height, his thick brown hair, large meditative blue eyes and finely cut features gave Hope Waddell the aspect of a poet. The change from the meditateness of his blue eyes to a flashing sense of humor was as swift as his motions were rapid. Glimpses of Mrs. Waddell, too, are caught: gentle, well-educated for her day, fearless, with that courage which is often more perfect in a woman than it is in a man, and loved by those among whom she worked.

Of Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall and of their proprietor Waddell wrote:

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They belonged to the same proprietor, who, with his admirable lady, had recently arrived to look after his own interests, and improve the condition of his people both for time and eternity. They were on the sea side, in a beautiful and salubrious part of the country, ten miles from Hampden, and more than that from the nearest towns, Montego Bay and Falmouth. They were the key to a whole district, containing eighteen or twenty estates, and about five thousand people within a range of five miles around.¹⁰

Then came the February in which the Dominie and Mrs. Waddell moved in. Their furniture and even some of their food had been placed in a wharf-store. Their troubles had only begun when they began meeting the ruinous charges for storage, for carriage by a ship's boat from Falmouth to Dunn's Hole, several miles past Cornwall, and finally for the cattle cart and eight oxen which freighted furniture and food from Dunn's Hole to Cornwall.

Among the household goods belonging to the Waddells was a barrel of oatmeal. One year before the Waddells had come to Jamaica, the Scotch overseer on Cinnamon Hill had ordered oatmeal in place of rice from "home." When it reached Cinnamon Hill he boasted that he had something good to give the people (the slaves) in place of rice. On Monday morning the women were at the store door waiting with their calabashes. It was served out to them by the proud overseer. The women looked at it, poked it over with their fingers, sniffed indignantly, and set the full calabashes on the ground.

"How now," shouted the incensed overseer, "why don't you take your things and go away?"

"Busha, whara dis ting be?" asked one of them.

"Why, that is the oatmeal I told you about."

"And whara o'meal be?" the woman demanded contemptuously. "Busha, spose 'im good for your dogs, give 'em; 'im no good for we pickaninny."

"No good for your pickaninny!" roared the overseer, a tall strong man. "Look at me! Look at me! Did ever one of your breed raise a pickaninny like me? Now, that is what my mother

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fed me on, and what made a man of me. So leave it, if you like; but you'll get nothing else till you find the good of it." ¹¹

They had "found the good of it," and no sooner was the Waddell barrel of oatmeal seen, than daily it was surrounded by the women with the plea: "Missis, me beg you to lilly o'meal to make pap for my pickaninny, him sick. Do, me good missis."

Never refused by Mrs. Waddell, "hailsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food" was soon at an end, but not the friendships begun with oatmeal and continued with a courageous Scotch Presbyterian godliness which must have been much to the liking of the excellent lady of Cinnamon Hill.

That February at Cinnamon Hill Great House it was known that the Waddells were, the first Sunday after they had moved in, about to hold their first religious meeting. But the Master and Mistress were themselves at Retreat Penn in St. Ann,—perhaps to set the Waddells as free as possible in their initial ventures. The Waddells called it "Sabbath," and it was the first of those blessed days of hard work at the Cinnamon Hill Station. At Cornwall House they moved tables out of the way. Then they placed "chairs, chests, trunks, stools, planks, and whatever else could serve for seats." They were ready, and they rang the bell. No one came. So they sent the "bell" out through the negro village, having it rung in the four quarters of it. No one responded. Then the Waddells went themselves, and discovered almost all the houses to be locked. Only ten weak old people were found who believed themselves as little wanted for a meeting as they were needed for work. Buckra having "thrown them up," they did not think they would ever be wanted again! Disappointed in his audience for his first sermon—and a Presbyterian loves a sermon second only to his own soul!—nevertheless the Good Dominie and his Wife gathered in the lame, the halt and the blind and took them off to Cornwall House. And with these few gathered together—among them Grandy Fanny, Daddy Brown, Grandy Juliet, Grandy Phebe—they prayed and sang and talked. Sitting beside

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them, line by line the Waddells covered and recovered the "word of doctrine," and at the end the old people said they had been given "good understanding."¹² This was the last time that the seats were ever empty at Cornwall House. That night when the younger and stronger slaves came back from "ground" or from market, they gathered there. It was a "congregation" destined to grow within a short time from a handful to more than a thousand souls.

At the foot of the hill on which Cornwall Great House had stood since the Northside pioneer Samuel Barrett built it, was the spring, a gushing stream of delicious, unfailing water. From this the Waddells drank, and they ate of the fruits Old Samuel had planted or had cultivated. And because of the aqueduct which Edward Barrett had built in 1764, the Waddells could begin their residence in 1829 without fear of either famine or drought. From the Cornwall hillside they looked down upon the sugar works and out upon the sea. Five days in the week young Hope Masterton Waddell travelled on horseback to the surrounding estates where at "shell blow"—dinner time—he taught the slaves. Mrs. Waddell stayed at home in Cornwall Great House teaching the little blackies their lessons from ten o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon. Where the voices of Edward Barrett's brothers and sisters had been heard, now resounded peals of merry laughter and shouts of A B C as the blackies learned their lessons.

Often when Hope Waddell reached home at night Grandy Bright would say, "Parson, Missis gie we handsome prayers the day."

And at night the Waddells went on from seven to nine with their teaching of both the old and the young. Waddell then took the old in one room and Mrs. Waddell the young in another, working boys and girls who could not come by day. During crop-time those evening classes, reading and sleeping as they did by turns, must have been both pitiful and amusing records of the day's overwork. One class sat with books around the table, while another faced a "lesson-board" hung on the

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wall. The rest of the group slept soundly on the floor. When that lesson was over, the sleepers, rubbing their eyes, jumped up from the floor and took their places around the table and at the board, while those whose lesson was finished took the empty places on the floor and were soon sound asleep. Their hunger for knowledge and for the comfort of an assurance of a better life than any they knew was not to be satisfied.

At nine, when the slaves were supposed to leave Cornwall House, they would still be asking questions:

“One word more, minister, only one!”

“Missis, whara dis be?”

“Massa, whara you call dat?”¹³

Ten o'clock would come and they were not yet gone. The slaves were working as never before, and praying that the word of God might run from sugar-work to sugar-work, and from coffee-mount to coffee-mount.

The old and the feeble—“loving and beloved”—with whom the Waddells, with the approval and help of Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his “excellent lady,” began their work were, as their congregation grew in numbers and in vigor, never forgotten. Those ten among the old and the crippled, including Grandy Fanny and Daddy Brown, Grandy Juliet and Grandy Phebe, must have been names occurring again and yet again in the letters which Mrs. Barrett sent with her husband's letters to Hope End and to Mrs. Moulton in London.

III

Although work towards the improvement of the conditions of the slaves was to go forward on all the more important of the Moulton-Barrett estates, Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill, Retreat, Oxford and Cambridge, with the consent of Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his non-resident brother Edward Moulton-Barrett, and of Richard Barrett in Greenwood and Barrett Hall, such was not the general attitude of helpfulness on the part of proprietors or their managers in the Northside parishes of

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St. James and Trelawny. In their minds a negro who could not read was potentially and actually less harmful than one who could. Barrett Hall was about four miles from Cornwall and had upon it between three and four hundred slaves, young and old. When Hope Waddell called on Richard Barrett, among other requests to ask his permission to teach his slaves, this planter was favorable to the request, explaining that his slaves wished religious instruction and that he, Richard Barrett, thought since they were to have it at all it should be of the "approved Character." He then refused to accept Waddell's thanks, saying rather that he should thank Mr. Waddell, who would have all the trouble, while he would get the benefit through his improved slaves.

He then added blandly, while the good minister was recoiling from what seemed to him the dangerous "free thinking": "But I must in candour own, that I am not influenced by religious principles myself in this matter, but simply by self-interest. I have a bad set of people: they steal enormously, run away, get drunk, fight, and neglect their duty in every way; while the women take no care of their children, and there is no increase on the property. Now, if you can bring them under fear of a God, or a judgment to come, or something of that sort, you may be doing them and me a service."

"Well, Mr. Barrett," said Hope Waddell, "you are certainly very candid, and will allow me to be equally so. I must say that I have higher objects in view than those you mention; but they are not inconsistent. I wish to make them know God, and become true Christians for their salvation and, of course, must teach them to leave off their sins and prepare for the judgment to come. So I can undertake the duty on the terms."

"Very good; now when will you begin?"

"To-morrow, and every following Wednesday at shell-blow; and you will allow the people additional time, that they lose not their dinner by coming to me."

To this Richard Barrett agreed. His slaves should have at

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that time two clear hours, and their work near at hand so that they might be ready on time for Mr. Waddell.

Richard Barrett then continued: "By the way, what would you think to begin by christening them? It is long since the clergyman of the parish was here for the purpose; and I have got a good many people since. It might have a good effect."

"Excuse me, sir; let us rather reserve the baptism till they receive our instructions, when they will think the more of it. It would hardly be good policy to bestow our rewards before they be deserved. The prospect of it may induce them to give the more heed to what we teach them."

"Ah, well!" said he, laughing, "I dare say you are right; you must know your own business best. Take your own way."

Such relative cordiality to a missionary was not the usual experience in the second and third decade of the nineteenth century. The acumen and the good humor of Richard Barrett, at the time Speaker of the House of Jamaica or as it was then dubbed "The House of Forty Thieves," in the welcome he gave Waddell are evident.¹⁴

The overseer's house at Barrett Hall was then unoccupied. Richard Barrett granted the minister the use of its large hall for the weekly meetings. In imagination the voices of the good Dominie and Richard Barrett's people can be heard again in the "shady grove" by Greenwood House, making the "woodlands resound" with their prayer and praise. Among those with whom Hope Waddell first made friends was Roderick of Barrett Hall, a mulatto and a blacksmith. Also Richard Barrett granted his slaves permission to attend church on Sunday and freedom to be married provided they took his written permission to Mr. Waddell for the marriage. . . . Waddell recorded gratefully that these concessions from a man of Richard Barrett's position in the country gave his work at once a standing it could not otherwise have had. And he added that Richard Barrett kept all his promises to him.¹⁵

"What," said the majority of the white planters, "teach the

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slaves to read! read the Bible, then newspapers, till they grow discontented, rebel, and burn the country! It is not to be done!"

Yet it was being done on the Barrett estates, not only at Cinnamon Hill where Mrs. Barrett had herself started a day school before the Waddells came, and at Cornwall with the enthusiastic support of Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his wife, but also at Cambridge and Oxford estates. At Retreat Penn from the time of their arrival in 1827 Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his wife had been working for ideal conditions among the slaves. Pasture and mountain and woodland, Retreat Penn offered an ideal medium for such experiments. It contained a total of two thousand two hundred and forty acres, comprising not only woods and pastures, coffee and plantain walks, scores of acres under cultivation, but also ponds and streams.¹⁶ On this estate Mr. and Mrs. Barrett not only saw that the negroes had comfortable houses but also they were of good size and surrounded by flower gardens. The roofs of these negro dwellings were shingled and the floors were either of cement or board. In addition each family had its own provision grounds at a distance, where they raised fruits and vegetables for their own use and for sale. These fortunate dependents owned poultry, horses, hogs and other live stock.

Of this vast and beautiful estate Samuel Moulton-Barrett had made a free black man—one born in slavery—overseer. His name was Samuels and he could neither read nor write.¹⁷ The negro Samuels ruled by kindness, following the example of his Master and Mistress who, on their arrival in 1827 had abolished the use of the whip forever. Gradually all the slaves on Retreat Penn became either Wesleyans or Baptists, were baptized, and in time were married. Nor were their educational opportunities, relatively speaking, less fortunate than their domestic and agricultural advantages. The first teacher Mrs. Barrett engaged was from the Presbyterian Missionary group. The "people" had belonged chiefly to the Baptist Church at Brown's Town. But with the destruction of their Chapel they were glad not only to have a Presbyterian teacher but also to welcome Hope Mas-

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terton Waddell.¹⁸ In February, 1837, it was the daughter of Samuels the overseer, a girl about nineteen years old, who was teaching with great credit to herself and to the estate the school which the Excellent Lady had begun. . . . On the estate was a fine hothouse or hospital, a building good in construction and airy. There the medical attendant was a colored man who practised not only on Retreat Penn but also upon adjoining estates. He had a large practise. For many years of his life he had been one of the Retreat slaves. But he married a free colored woman who lived at a distance. He therefore decided to purchase himself, was valued, and bought his own freedom.¹⁹

Despite the one hundred years which have passed, the confusion of issues and records in Jamaica in the late 1820's and the violent 1830's; authentic impressions of Oxford and Cambridge Estates in Trelawny and of Edward Moulton-Barrett's earnest wish to govern them well, are still to be caught. With the proprietor's consent in 1829 Oxford and Cambridge became stations for religious instruction for the Baptist missionaries. Edward Moulton-Barrett was a Wesleyan Methodist, yet his religious representative was a Baptist. James Mann, a Baptist minister who had formed the Falmouth Church on the 8th of May, 1827, becoming its pastor, was the active force among the negro groups on these two Barrett estates. Something of the risk and the tragedy these missionaries ran even under favorable conditions is revealed in the following brief story about James Mann. He took a journey,—sixty-eight miles of riding night and day from the Northside to Spanish Town. After his arrival, despite the fact that he felt ill, as the following record shows, he preached in various places on the Southside. Anxious to get back to his work in Trelawny, he took up the return journey, preaching on the 6th of June, at Oxford Estate, where on the day following he was attacked by yellow fever and removed to Cambridge Estate. There on that day William Knibb and James Burchell visited him. That evening James Mann urged them to go on to St. Ann, where they were due for a meeting, but asked that Cantlow, a missionary colleague,

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might stay with him. Two days later James Mann died, his death in part caused by a drunken physician.²⁰ What such defeat of the good intention of Samuel Moulton-Barrett, as representative of his brother, and of Edward Moulton-Barrett himself, by a drunken physician must have meant in disappointment and nervous anxiety requires no comment.

The blacks from Blue Hole estate, near Cinnamon Hill, began to attend the meetings at Cornwall and also at Dunn's Hole Wharf. Waddell, with the courage and directness characteristic of him, decided to go straight to the manager of Blue Hole, George Gordon,²¹ who was managing Blue Hole for the heirs of Raynes Barrett Wayte, but who was living on his own property, Moor Park. Thither, with a letter of introduction from Samuel Moulton-Barrett, Hope Waddell went. George Gordon was known as austere and as opposed to the education of the slaves. Plainly dressed and hard featured, he was "tall, spare, sinewy." He took the letter from the minister's hand without a word.

Up and down the hall he paced, reading it and considering its contents. Suddenly Gordon stopped, saying, "So you want to teach my negroes! Where do you live?"

On being informed, he sharply answered, "Oh, I have not a property within ten miles of that place!"

Blue Hole, Hope Waddell said, was the place he wished to visit, and it was not more than five miles from Cornwall.

"Blue Hole," Gordon repeated, "why the people there are all Methodists or Baptists already."

He took up his march again. Suddenly he stopped short, "Well, what are your plans?"

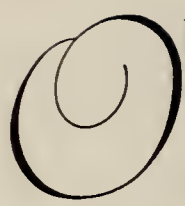
He listened to Waddell until he spoke of added time for the meetings. Then, surprised and displeased, he exclaimed, "Extra time! I am one of those that would not give five minutes for any such purpose. I want the people to work."

Hope Waddell looked at George Gordon silently, then turned on his heel, took his hat, walked to the door, and called

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for his horse. Gordon followed. Waddell bowed without another word, walked down the steps saying to himself, "Well, Mr. Gordon, you are breaking your own neck. That way of treating slaves and missionaries will never do."²²

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 OF their mother's birthday in 1826 Henrietta said a year later:

the last time, we did not know if we should see you more, or if you would only bring your loveliness to mock us.¹

Not only Samuel Moulton-Barrett in a gay mood had written “Charming Mrs. Barrett Coxhoe Beauty,” but her children, saddened by her illness, now felt that beauty yearningly. If the life at Hope End did go on cheerfully, one cause for happiness was pride in Elizabeth's achievements. In 1826 her *Essay on Mind* was published, issued in blue-grey paper boards, with drab backing and a white paper back label. Over all these years a specially bound copy has survived in Jamaica. The probability is that it was first among Sam her uncle's books, and then later came into the possession of her brother Storm. This volume and the first edition of *Prometheus Bound*, containing her uncle's bookplate, are bound in calf. On each back are the title and “E. B. Barrett” in gold lettering.² A pretty picture in February of that year of the pride of both father and mother is given in a letter from Mrs. Barrett to her daughter. The happiness of those hours receives an added cheerful touch in the “classic” appropriateness of the cook's name. Elizabeth's father and mother were far too excited to do justice to Mrs. Tuckem's cookery or to pay much attention to dinner. In fact until Edward Moulton-Barrett had found the paper cutter he would take nothing. Then between mouthfuls he read aloud *Riege's*



Hope End, 1831
By permission of General Sir Edward Altham



Old Tombs at Cinnamon Hill

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Dying Strain or some “dream.” When the children had gone to bed after hearing Arabel read the poems, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett drew their chairs close to the fire and, as Mrs. Barrett said, “conned” over every word of *Prometheus Bound*. She wished she might tell Elizabeth everything her father had spoken in praise of the poems. They called it a “wonderous little book.” The Preface, her father had said, “was equal to anything he had ever read and would do honor to any man, whatever his pretensions.”³

Not only were there special birthdays in that year and for two years longer, but also there were special holidays and celebrations. Apparently for their father’s birthday on the 28th of May, 1827, they met in some summer house or other garden place, called “The Kiosk,” for that is the heading to Elizabeth’s poem to her father for this year:

Scene. The Kiosk.

May 28th. 1827.

One hour hence—& we shall all
Leave this home & festival!—
Where, if stranger’s footsteps tread,
He will find the revel fled—
He will find our places lonely—
Few signs of our presence—only
Wreathèd flowers our hands have gathered,
Lying all about half withered—
And the grass which (?) we have prest
Somewhat dimmer than the rest:

.
We, the revellers, from it go,
Take we, in our secret mind,
What we seem to leave [beh]ind—
Flowers, & grass, & leafy cover,
& the sunshine spreading over—
For that, while we still are nearest
Unto *thee* who aye art dearest,—

.
Beloved Papa’s most affectionate Ba—⁴

In those early days wherever E.B.B was, there were life and laughter, for in vitality and wit she had an endowment which

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made her,—not because she was the oldest but because she was the ablest—the natural leader of them all. Her gift and wit flash out in the stanzas she wrote for her mother's birthday on the first of May, 1827:

Up bustles Rhyme, to look for Reason:
And having searched each solemn place,
Most like to harbour a grave face—
St Stephens' Chapel—several Styes
Three tubs—two universities—
Rhyme found her, to our special ruth;
At the bottom of a Well . . . with Truth!—

Rhyme, overjoyed as you may think,
Tripped gaily onwards to the brink,
Then (o'er the brink, her body slanted)
Cried—"Reason! if you please, you're wanted!"
"What: Ho!" said Reason, roused within—
"I wanted!! Hath the mighty flow
Of time's impetuous Nile, out-brought
A new fertility of thought?
Are Folly's feet forbade to range?
Is there, on Earth, the sign of change?
That *I* should be esteemed in season—
That mortal men should come to Reason?"⁵

II

On the 17th of March, 1828, Elizabeth wrote a letter to her grandmother, Mrs. Moulton, and to Treppy. The first and brief paragraph of this long letter has to do with inquiries about the health of her "Beloved Granny":

My Beloved Granny and Trippy,

Why don't we hear from you?—If you could guess (and I think you almost might) how very anxious we are about the health of one so very dear, I am sure you would let us have a few lines without delay. I do think that if my own Granny were not so well, we should certainly hear—but "*no news is good news*" is a sorry motto for anxious hearts to lean upon! Therefore don't let us HOPE for *good news*; let us be *sure* of them.⁶

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On this little groove of introduction she slides into a romantic letter of some fifteen hundred words about her first meeting with the blind poet, Hugh Stuart Boyd. Boyd was among the many literary celebrities she was to meet early, and he remained her friend until his death. On a Thursday in March, 1828, James, the Barrett coachman, had proposed driving Elizabeth, Henrietta and Arabel in the phaeton to pay a visit to their neighbor Mrs. Trant. When they were within a hundred yards of Mrs. Trant's house, they met and passed a lady and gentleman walking. Her sisters had seen them before and exclaimed, “Mr. Boyd!” E.B.B.'s impulse was to stop the carriage and to introduce herself to one with whom she had corresponded for a year. But her courage gave out and they went on. When they reached Hope End Elizabeth showed that she was uncomfortable about the morning's meeting.

Her father laughed at her discomfort, saying, “How could he know it was *you*? . . . And if he *did*, how could he dream of your introducing yourself to him in the public road?”

But Elizabeth was convinced that Hugh Stuart Boyd would find out who she was, and that she would hear from him. Indeed the very next day there reached her from Mr. Boyd a short letter some eight foolscap pages in length! In this letter he said:

I suppose it was *you* who passed me this morning near Sir Charles Knowles's, and afterwards went into *His House!!*

Distressed, Elizabeth took this letter to her father, giving him a running commentary on her feelings and wishes. Whereupon the amused “squire” of Hope End gave her his permission to do as she liked. She then wrote Hugh Stuart Boyd that she would come to him the earliest day she could.

On Monday she persuaded Bro to go with her. To keep up her spirits she coaxed Henrietta and Arabel to go with them as far as Mrs. Trant's, where they were to be left until she and Bro had paid the call. In the letter which tells this story she wrote that her grandmother and Treppy could imagine how

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alarmed she was at meeting her unknown correspondent for whose talents and learning she had such respect.

They reached the top of the steep hill where the carriage in those days began its descent into Worcestershire.

Bro said, "Is it safe to go down hill without a drag chain?"

"Oh yes!" answered E.B.B., "James did very well on Thursday—and at any rate, you know, as there is no drag chain, there is no use talking about the matter."

Bro made the pony walk and they went on at a slow pace. Suddenly the pony began to trot.

"Don't go so fast!" called out Henrietta and Arabel who were sitting in the back seat.

"I can't help it," shouted Bro, "the pony *will* go!"

And the pony did go, the pressure of the carriage on his hindquarters terrifying him and making him kick and run madly down hill.

Bro was calling, "Hold tight! Don't touch the rein!"

But Elizabeth, losing her head, did exactly what Bro told her not to do, and seized one rein. Bro got it from her but she seized it again. Whereupon they whirled around the corner and were all thrown out upon a bank. They thought they were dead, but Bro lifted them all up one after another, and except for a bump on Henrietta's forehead and an ankle somewhat strained, no harm was done. E.B.B. was covered with dust and her pelisse and bonnet were torn. The coach going by, Henrietta and Arabel were put in that, and Bro and E.B.B. walked along the road until they met the pony and the carriage. Elizabeth was not to be persuaded to get in behind the pony again. So Bro tied the pony to a tree, put his sister into the carriage and himself into the shafts. They were proceeding along the road in this 'rickshaw fashion when they met Mr. and Mrs. Boyd. At this Elizabeth trembled from head to foot, but with Bro she went up to them and held out her hand.

Mrs. Boyd said, "Miss Barrett." Mr. Boyd shook hands in silence. Bro described what had happened to them.

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Hugh Stuart Boyd said, “Are you hurt—are you *sure* you are not hurt?”

When she assured him she was not, he walked on in silence. Mrs. Boyd expressed the wish that “Miss Barrett would allow them to take charge of her.” But E.B.B. explained about Henrietta and they all walked on to the Trants’ together, Elizabeth becoming more and more “awed” by Hugh Stuart Boyd’s silence.

Finally he said, “I cannot help thinking *I* was the cause—I was the cause.”

“A most innocent cause, certainly,” she observed.

“But this is ominous, Miss Barrett—I hope you do not believe in omens.”

She assured him that a merciful preservation from death could not be called a bad omen, and they walked on, talking, while she noted the good features of this “young looking” middle-aged man with the “quenched and deadened” blind eyes, the harmonious, gentle, low voice, and the unsmiling face. But this letter written to her Grandmother and Treppy never reached them, for she folded it over and labelled it:

Meeting with Mr. Boyd

When I had written it, I thought I wd. keep it.⁷

In the psychology of what it contains the letter is of interest. Its importance, however, resides in what it does not contain. Although from references which come later, it would seem that Mrs. Barrett was already ill, this romantic letter makes no reference to her mother.

III

Elizabeth “saw” something of the history of her mother during five pregnancies: those of George, Henry, Alfred, Septimus and Octavius. When her last brother Octavius was born on the 25th of June, 1825, Elizabeth was a girl nineteen years old,—exactly the age of her father when he married Mary Graham-Clarke. Octavius was the eighth son and twelfth child.

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His mother was forty-five years old. In nineteen years she had had twelve children. In the death of her mother Arabella Altham Clarke on the 10th of November, 1827, at the age of sixty-seven, Mary Graham-Clarke Barrett had met a loss which depressed her strength still further. With her energies lessening, rather than have her troubled either by the facts of what had happened to him financially or by any consciousness of the necessity for giving up Hope End, Edward Moulton-Barrett had compounded with his creditors at great cost to his income for the rest of his life.⁸ Six weeks after the letter to her grandmother and Treppy about the meeting with Hugh Stuart Boyd came Mrs. Barrett's birthday, for which her daughter wrote some stanzas. On the reverse of the leaf are the following words: "The last 1st of May." These stanzas, as adolescent in their emotional coloring and statement, although their author was twenty-two years old, as the letter about Hugh Stuart Boyd, show that the Barretts knew how critical Mary Barrett's condition was.

In September Mrs. Barrett was still at Hope End, and as the ensuing letter from E.B.B. to Mrs. Martin reveals, they believed her to be improved in health.⁹ And then whether Mary Barrett was so much better it seemed best to take her to Cheltenham and its baths for convalescence or whether Cheltenham became a counsel of despair cannot be stated. Her second son Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett had been born in Cheltenham on the 13th of January, 1812. Suddenly on the 1st of October, in Cheltenham, the illness came to an end. Shortly after her mother's death Elizabeth wrote to a friend of her mother that they had not foreseen this grief, and it was because of that fact she was "denied the consolation" of being with her mother at the last.¹⁰ Bummy, the Graham-Clarke Aunt Charlotte, was with her sister. In Ledbury beside little Mary, they laid Mary Barrett away in the grave in the church of Saint Michael and All Angels.

Following her death on the 1st of October, 1828, at Cheltenham, began those years in which her children clung to one another more and more closely. Elizabeth must have been the

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one supposed to take her mother's place. She was twenty-two. Edward was twenty, Henrietta nineteen, Samuel sixteen, Arabel fifteen and Stormie fourteen. These six were the oldest of the eleven living children. At the time, Elizabeth wrote of her father's "surpassing fortitude," and that all the members of the family were "well and composed" and kept so by their father's calmness. So did Edward Moulton-Barrett meet the greatest of his griefs. . . . In the room of Edward Moulton-Barrett's wife at Hope End everything was to remain for four years exactly as—when they took her to Cheltenham in the expectation of convalescence—Mary Barrett had left it. During eighteen years and for twelve more, in all thirty, a maid entered the room which was Mrs. Barrett's, to care for the clothes and the room. For the thirty years of life which remained to him, by the direction of her husband, her personal possessions were objects of this reverence. . . . As the Barretts left one house for another, the room was changed but the memorial devotion remained unchanged.¹¹

Eighteen years after the death of her mother, E.B.B. wrote Robert Browning the one and only paragraph written after 1828 about her mother:

Scarcely I was a woman when I lost *my* mother—dearest as she was, and very tender, (as yours even could be), but of a nature harrowed up into some furrows by the pressure of circumstances: for we lost more in her than she lost in life, my dear dearest mother. A sweet, gentle nature, which the thunder a little turned from its sweetness—as when it turns milk. One of those women who never can resist; but, in submitting and bowing on themselves, make a mark, a plait, within,—a sign of suffering. Too womanly she was—it was her only fault. Good, good, and dear—and refined too!—she would have admired and loved you,—but I can only tell you so, for she is gone past us all into the place of the purer spirits. God had to take her, before He could bless her enough.¹²

IV

Mrs. Moulton and Treppy lived in the midst of the fashions of the West End, and yet were not of them. Tradesmen knew

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them, for Mrs. Moulton was a Barrett. They shopped on Oxford Street and elsewhere. One of the shops in which Mrs. Moulton was best known was a linen draper's shop at 50 Oxford Street owned by James Davies. They enjoyed the amusements of that day. They walked in the Parks of the West End. On Sundays they went to church at St. Mary le Bone the ringing of whose bells they could hear on all days. And they were at "home" in the West End as the Barretts had been for three quarters of a century or more. . . . It was probably in 1822, when Mrs. Moulton's younger son Sam had married Mary Clementina Cay-Adams, that she and Treppy had moved from Carlton Hall to London and 63 Baker Street. It was more probably in 1827, when Sam and his wife left for Jamaica and the management of the Barrett estates there, that his mother and Treppy had taken up their permanent residence on Baker Street.

Mrs. Moulton's grandsons came and went on their school holidays. For those visits there was much planning, as well as for the coming and going of the boys' father on business bent. Darling Elizabeth came, too, and sometimes Henrietta and Arabel. The boys were most satisfactory, Treppy thought: *they* ate! And then there were the visits Mrs. Moulton and Treppy made at Hope End, and perhaps to Barrett Lee and her husband Captain Michael White Lee in Cheltenham where "poor Mary Barrett" had died so unexpectedly.

It was at the beginning of 1831 that Edward Moulton-Barrett and his brother Sam shared a common and deep grief. Elizabeth Barrett Moulton was a woman sixty-seven years old. Her oldest son Edward was forty-five. She was not an old woman, yet she must have been looking forward to the end. Knowledge of her family life told her that the average age when a Barrett died was about seventy. But her father's death came at sixty-four and she was now three years older than he was when he died.

In her bedroom at 63 Baker Street Mrs. Moulton had a box to which she always kept the key. Not even Treppy could share that! Some prescience of the end made her—probably during 1830—write the testamentary letter to her son Edward which,

“EVER BELOVED”

after her death about the 15th of January, 1831, was discovered in the locked box. Her son and friend must have sought for Mrs. Moulton's will in the box to which Elizabeth Barrett Moulton always kept the key. There they found the simple, undated letter signed with her initials. It ran as follows:

My ever Beloved Edw^d. I know I can depend on You therefore I am certain this my last request will be comply'd with You have six thousand pounds of mine in your hands 4 thousand give to my darling Elizabeth with all my trinkets I wish it was more for her sake the other 2 thousand with all my wearing apparel tabel linen bed linen plate books and the little furniture I have to my valuable friend M. Trepsack My dear children Edw^d. and Sam be a steady friendd to her let her never know nor feel the want of me for to your Mother she was everything my heart cou^d. wish God bless you and Family and my darling Sam Your affectionate Mother E.M.
. . . Baker St.

(Endorsed) Edw^d M. Barrett Esq^r. Hope End ¹³

In a world in which parents sink back and congratulate themselves that their children are married off and that they are free from care, and in their turn children sink back after the old people die and rejoice in their new-found independence, the tender, constant devotion of this “old” woman to her children and her friend has its own beauty. Something of the simplicity of her father resides in the “will.” She had “little furniture,” and it was her “trinkets,” not her “jewels.” Clearness and expressiveness mark the few lines, and in them more is decided and more said than in many wills covering many pages.

The evidence makes it certain that her oldest son was at 63 Baker Street with Treppy on the day of her funeral. On the 18th of January, 1831, by John Moore, M.A. officiating minister, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton was buried in the Church of St. Mary le Bone.¹⁴ It is easier to see what this loss meant to Treppy than it is to analyze what it meant to Mrs. Moulton's son Edward. He found acts or words to express grief difficult or impossible. His mother had given his life an emotional *raison d'être*, in that she understood him, trusted him, and loved him as

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none other would or could love him. In her life he had known a "home" in a sense more complete than any other tenement or human being could be. For him outward expression was gradually becoming non-existent.

"STRONG LETTER"

FOR a few years Mrs. Samuel Moulton-Barrett had the satisfaction of being in an unusual position of power for the accomplishment of results beneficial to the blacks and the happiness of seeing substantial progress. Their estate Retreat Penn, St. Ann, was in one of the most reactionary parishes in the Island, yet they were succeeding in creating ideal advantages in education, religious influences, and labor conditions. A few years later, Sturge and Harvey, on a commission to investigate and record conditions in the West Indies, made this record:

With perhaps the single exception of the apprentices on Hope-ton and Lenox estates, the Retreat negroes possess, we believe, greater advantages than those on any property in the island.¹

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett's chief residence, Cinnamon Hill Great House, was the center of religious and educational training. Among other activities Mrs. Barrett had started a school for the estate children at Cinnamon Hill.

Nevertheless Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his Excellent Lady had the experience of struggling themselves and of watching one who was "officially" their agent in religious and educational work struggle with adverse forces. Rose Hall and Crawle, estates in chancery, were under the management of William Miller and his illegitimate son William Miller. William Miller, Senior, was a vulgar Scotchman who had risen from the lowest ranks in the Colony to the highest. He had become Custos of

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Trelawny and major general of the militia. So many properties did he control that he received the sobriquet of "Attorney-General." The presence of such men as William Miller, Senior and Junior, represented a substantial part of the environment with which not only Hope Masterton Waddell but also Mr. and Mrs. Barrett had to grapple. William Miller, Senior, had been a sergeant in His Majesty's army, and is referred to in one capacity or another in many Barrett documents. Purchasing his own discharge, he got a situation as a bookkeeper on an estate in Trelawny. Successfully cruel in this capacity he soon became overseer. By the use of the cartwhip he made one "forced crop" after another, pouring wealth into the coffers of the proprietor. From overseer he was promoted to be attorney for Arcadia estate and lived on that Trelawny property near Bryan Castle. With a bludgeon his Ebo smashed the heads of the field negroes who could not or would not work at the forced pace at which the Ebo "drove." In this way several negroes were murdered every year and thrown without either inquiry or burial into the estate "sink-hole." It was on Arcadia estate that William Miller, Senior, is said to have put a negro into a puncheon which had old nails in it and given orders to have him rolled down the steep hill into the sink-hole.² When it is stated that his natural son was even more brutal than his father, enough has been said.

At Crawle estate up in the hills behind Cornwall and Palmyra, William Miller, Junior, acted under the direction of his father. For two years Hope Waddell hammered away at the Millers in the hope of receiving the kind of permission which would make it possible for him to do educational and religious work on Crawle. The older man seemed to consent yet made such arrangements with the overseers on both Crawle and Rose Hall that Waddell was ceaselessly annoyed. On Crawle, finally, difficulties were openly and deliberately created for the Minister. Even the time for dinner was cut down, and the people, therefore, had no chance to cook dinner. As they dropped their work at shell blow they rushed to the thickets to find what

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guavas, mangoes, sour sops and oranges they could to fill their empty stomachs. By means of this and other devices the attendance fell off to two old women and three children. Defeated, Hope Waddell decided to give up the work on Crawle, and he told his pitiful congregation that he would not come again.

“Now massa go leave we,” they wept, “Jesus Christ will leave we too!”

Because they pled with him to stay, Waddell decided to go on a while longer. About then, William Miller, Senior, went “home” with a great fortune. The new manager appointed in his place saw fit to make better arrangements for the Missionary’s work. Again his congregation gathered about Waddell.³

It was not only that an honest man like Waddell had to deal with dishonest men in positions of power over the negroes, he had also the results of bad or debased group influences among the slaves which had remained unchecked over many generations. To this should be added traits of a people in some cases primitive: total want of civilized standards in sex, property, and consideration for human life. In those days a man had many “sisters” and a woman many “brothers” who were mates of convenience. To one who knows the history of those days and its terms, the words “brother” and “sister” have quaint connotations. Dominated by the cartwhip, the treadmill and slave irons, the negroes were naturally controlled by fear. And fear revealed itself in an exaggeration of the primitive traits of wiliness and stratagem which showed themselves in petty and other forms of thieving and in indirect ways of ridding themselves by means of various poisons in food and drink of those who seemed to them adverse beings.

The work at Cornwall House having grown tremendously, the Great House would no longer accommodate it. Hope Waddell asked for and received permission to use the unoccupied Great House of Rose Hall. He then cheerfully recorded that he had it licensed and filled with benches, and went on to give this vivid description of Rose Hall:

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Though unoccupied, save by rats, bats, and owls, it had once been a specimen of the fine colonial mansions of the island aristocracy, when West India proprietors were like an order of nobility. Of all its furniture and ornaments three or four full-size pictures of the husbands of the last proprietress, in military dress and heavy gilt frames, hanging in a top gallery, alone remained. Its floors and stairs, wainscoting and ceiling, doors and windows, were of mahogany, cedar, rosewood, ebony, orange, and other native hardwoods of various colours, fit for cabinet-work, highly polished and well arranged. Spacious piazzas and corridors ran around the house above and below, and the front door was reached by a very elegant double flight of stone steps.

The first three Sundays of August, 1830, the large hall overflowed with more than two hundred people of all shades of color including white. Then arose expressions of displeasure that this aristocratic mansion should be used for such a purpose and its former glories so violated and the permission for its use was withdrawn.

II

That Samuel Moulton-Barrett was judiciously minded to a degree his brother Edward was not, however much they may have shared in common a certain "trigger" emotional endowment, is unmistakably indicated by the records of Samuel's years in Jamaica. That young Mrs. Barrett was favorable to the work of the sectarians and herself earnestly devoted to social and religious work among the slaves the records reveal. But it happened about this time that trouble arose between Samuel Moulton-Barrett and Hope Waddell. There was conflict between the body and the soul of things inherent in the different types of responsibility which S.M.B. and Waddell were carrying: the responsibility primarily for S.M.B. being the condition of his own and his brother's estates; that for the young Minister being the spiritual state of his black folk. The young Minister was every inch a man, virile, fearless, outspoken. Not only did he refuse to baptize the "people" of Richard Barrett until they showed by their lives that they were beginning to deserve it,

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but also he refused to ignore any expressions of bold and unrepentant evil in the lives of his “parishioners” at Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall. No doubt the young Minister was uncomfortably aggressive as well as brave. Something wrong had been done by some of the slaves attached to Cinnamon Hill Great House which Samuel Moulton-Barrett and the Excellent Lady were making their chief residence. Waddell gave the discipline and he admitted that even if it was necessary it was “unpleasant.” It usually is! What had taken place was misrepresented “by an artful inmate” of Cinnamon Hill Great House. Whereupon Samuel Moulton-Barrett wrote Hope Waddell a “strong letter” denouncing him, threatening to oppose him “in everything of the kind for the future,” and forbidding thenceforth the usual weekly meeting at Cinnamon Hill Great House. Waddell waited “till reflection and his wife’s benign influence had operated to cool his feelings” and then answered the “strong letter” temperately in the following manner:

I could not teach and found a Christian church without government and discipline, I entreated him by the most solemn considerations to abandon his threatened opposition. If our going to the Great House was inconvenient to him I hoped he would appoint some other place, and any place would do, as I was used to variety, overseer’s house, or hospital, boiling-house, mill-house, or cooper’s shop. He yielded with grace and good feeling.

It was at this crisis in the spring of 1831, that Mrs. Barrett fell ill. She was twenty-seven years old. She was beloved by all and worshipped by the slaves for whom she had worked ceaselessly for the present good of their people and for their “eternal welfare.” With no children of her own, these dark people themselves had become her “children.” Again and again must a good mistress have cared for the happiness of a slave with all the tenderness with which one would watch over a caged bird. Active yet gentle, democratic, fearless, a peacemaker, Mary Clementina Barrett, who had helped all by her presence and her acts, was unable to help herself. But she had been the means of reinstating the young Minister who once

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more was in familiar intercourse at Cinnamon Hill Great House. It was he who made the record that "her bodily sufferings were great." . . . It had been, probably, late in February or early in March that Sam had received the letter from his brother telling him of the death of their mother in the month of January. Now as he faced the loss of his wife the weeks must have held many memories of his life with his mother in Cinnamon Hill Great House, where he was born, and where he had played with his brothers and sister and with Treppy. As the hours went on, who came to those doorways to make inquiries about the Excellent Lady of Cinnamon Hill, what messages, what gifts, were sent in for her comfort, and who entered to stay with her will never be known. But that Mrs. Waddell came and went in good offices during those last days is as certain as that the young Evangelist knelt beside that bed praying that Mrs. Barrett might in her anguish have "peace resting on Jesus." . . . Again in the play of life and death a processional of mourners wound its way from Cinnamon Hill House to the Burying Place old Sam Barrett had established and where some of his little ones—making it consecrated ground—were first to lie. There they laid the body of Mary Clementina Barrett, young but age-old now with death, the Excellent and Beloved Lady of Cinnamon Hill.

For many months following her death, Cinnamon Hill Great House was without Samuel Moulton-Barrett. In his loneliness he went to live with Hope and Mrs. Waddell at Cornwall. There, no doubt, he became conscious not only through numbers but also because of the day-long spelling bees of the negro children around Mrs. Waddell in the Cornwall classrooms, that the increase to these evangelical and educational flocks had been considerable. It was probably at that time the question came up of setting aside land on Cornwall for the building of a chapel. S.M.B. promised Hope Waddell that he should have it. It is true that the property was entailed, but by law the land to be alienated for the use of a church could have been set aside. For two years at considerable expense steps

“STRONG LETTER”

were taken toward this end, but difficulties always seemed to arise and it was never done. If, three years later, the young Dominie was to seem somewhat harsh in the alternative he gave Samuel Moulton-Barrett, it was probably because he was never able to see why the promise to set aside land for the church had not been fulfilled.

III

It was on June third that Mary Clementina Barrett had heard for the last time the voices of her people in Jamaica. And it was on June third in Great Britain that a royal proclamation was issued to all governors in the West Indies stating that no order had been given for the emancipation of the slaves, and that the slaves were to continue to submit to the laws and to obey their masters. Everywhere there had been a rising tide of unrest among the negroes.⁴ Peddlers, wishing to attract the attention of the negroes to their wares, carried about with them newssheets which gave or purported to give the news from England as well as from the Colonies. These the peddlers read aloud.⁵ And although the “speed” of the newspaper of today exceeds that of the sheet of one hundred years ago, in their way the newssheets of 1831 were not behind the papers of today in the manufacture of trouble. And then, on the basis of the overwhelming public opinion at home in favor of emancipation, the prayers of the missionaries may have become unwisely enthusiastic about an approaching possible freedom for the slaves. In contrast with this the house servants and other slaves heard condemned by the planters at their masters’ tables and elsewhere the activities of the British Parliament in behalf of the negroes. Not unnaturally they reached the conclusion that there was something in all this excitement and that something was being withheld from them. Had the King given them freedom and were the planters keeping it from them?

It was to control this unrest among the slaves that the royal proclamation was issued on June 3rd, 1831. It reached Jamaica on July 20th. For reasons which seem to have little weight now,

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Earl Belmore, the Governor of Jamaica, decided not to publish the proclamation.⁶ In October, William Anglin Scarlett, one of the wisest and most influential men in Jamaica, died. The loss of such a force at such a time undoubtedly weakened the control over the inflammable planters and the inflammable slaves.⁷

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A FEW days before Christmas an incident in itself small in the sorry history of the blacks gave the first decisive signs of the insurrectionary excitement which might at any moment flame into actual insurrection. Adjoining Spring estate which, through Judith Goodin, had come to be Barrett property, was another estate called Salt Spring, owned by the John Henry Deffells, friends of the Barretts, and at one time active in the building of the new West India docks in London. Salt Spring was managed by W. S. Grignon the estate attorney, of the same family as the clergyman James Grignon who had baptized Edward Moulton-Barrett on the 28th of May, 1785. In visiting Salt Spring, Grignon encountered a black woman who had a piece of sugar cane in her hand. He accused her of stealing the cane and promptly punished the poor creature. Not content with the whipping he had given her, he took her back to the estate to have her flogged by the head driver. It happened that she was the wife of the driver. He hesitated and then refused to strip and to lay the lash on his wife. Grignon commanded the second driver to flog the woman. Either a brother or a near relative, he followed the example of the head driver and refused. Influenced by the head driver and the second, others also would not obey. Alarmed, and believing this to be a sign of the insurrection, Grignon rode off post haste to Montego Bay to ask the help of the police. Police officers were dispatched to Salt Spring and were menaced by the cutlasses of the slaves. One of the con-

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stables just escaped being thrown into a vat of boiling sugar. The officers beat a retreat to Montego Bay and the militia was called out. By the time they had marched the few miles down the King's Highway to Salt Spring estate, the head driver and his wife, the second driver and the other offenders had escaped up into the hills.¹

It was the crack of Grignon's riding whip on the thighs and back of a black woman which gave the first signal for the insurrection. But for a week longer there was no further sign of the great tragedy which was to take place, centering in the parish of St. James, and on either side of St. James in the parishes of Hanover and of Trelawny, and in the parishes of St. Elizabeth and Westmoreland. About the same time as the Grignon incident George Blyth and his wife landed at Montego Bay, with them Mr. and Mrs. Cowan. On their way from Montego Bay to Hampden they spent a night at Cornwall with Hope and Mrs. Waddell and with Samuel Moulton-Barrett. At Cornwall that evening a crowd assembled to hear the news from England where the Blyths had been on furlough. And great was the disappointment when they heard that no "free law" had been sent them. Trembling, one of the head men made strange references to what was about to happen but he would not explain.² What part the knowledge on Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill that the King had sent no "free law" played in subsequent events cannot be stated exactly. At Hampden its influence was considerable.

The trouble at Salt Spring had disclosed a scheme of a servile war of non-resistance, for it was the plan of the slaves on a given signal not to turn out to work. On the Barrett estates, where the conditions were notably good, there was probably no such plan concerted. But that the Barrett slaves knew of the plan is certain. Among the ranks of the people of color and the negroes and between the young and the old on many estates and in many towns there were differences of opinion. The old people were conscious of improvements and the majority of them had the patience which comes with the years. Also many

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of the people of color were free people who had already in hand a sufficient number of advantages so that they knew that a bird in the hand is, as always, worth two in the bush.

At Christmas time it was the custom of the Island to have the militia assembled in the larger towns in order to control possible negro outbreaks due to drinking, feasting, the John Canoe pageants and the games common among the slaves during the Christmas season. And at Christmas time that fateful year this custom was followed with the usual result that the sugar estates were left unprotected. December 24th, the day before Christmas, was as a rule given to the slaves. On Cinnamon Hill, Cornwall and the other Barrett estates the custom was followed and Saturday the 24th was set aside for them. On many of the other estates, probably with the mistaken idea of preventing mischief because of four continuous holidays, Saturday was withheld. On Christmas Day, after having been worked all of Saturday and with no chance to "go to ground" to get in their food for the holiday, the slaves were lined up to receive their annual allowances. There were grumbles that year in place of the "Thankees" of the past, some of them murmuring "And that is my year's pay!" At Dunn's Hole on Christmas Day no congregation assembled, for the slaves after their annual allowances were looking for food in the mountains where they went to ground. But at Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill there was a good congregation. All was as usual except for the curious undertone of uncertainty about the contentment of the slaves which of a sudden had replaced the growing confidence of past years.

Tuesday the 27th of December was appointed for the customary Christmas Church meetings. At Dunn's Hole very few attended and from the Spring only Hope Waddell's assistant elder. He came with bad news. The slaves there had broken into the overseer's house and taken the guns and pistols. Waddell set off at once for Spring. When he reached there, all the men had fled and he found only the house-women. These women said the slaves were ready to cut off the heads of anyone who spoke a favorable word about the white people. The

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aged and infirm slaves were in the huts, the able-bodied men were in hiding. To them the Minister managed to get word that if they kept the arms they had taken, the lives of all would be endangered. He proposed that to relieve their fears the arms should be deposited secretly at a certain place at night, and that the next morning he or his elder would come to collect them and to return them to the overseer's house. No questions should be asked. Fortunately all came out as the young Waddell planned, and the arms were collected and returned to the busha house.

In being on Spring Estate that fateful day the young Minister was near Montego Bay, which is within easy walking range of this former Goodin plantation. At Salter's Hill—once called Crooked Spring—also near Montego Bay, the Baptists were dedicating a new chapel. On this occasion for which many of the Baptist missionaries were present, and therefore away from their own stations, some of those officiating spoke of the rumors which had reached them of an impending servile war. Among those who warned the slaves that there could be no immediate freedom for them was William Knibb. Some of the negroes expressed their displeasure at what he said and some "left the chapel offended."³ The attitude of the slaves deepened the fears of the Baptist ministers who were already distressed by the flying rumors. It deepened, too, on the Northside, the fears of the Moravians, the Wesleyan-Methodists and the Presbyterians. Scattered over the Northside were their "Stations," where these sectarians educated the negroes young and old, cared for them and preached to them.

II

As it was becoming dark that night, the houses and sugar works of a plantation called Kensington, owned by J. H. Morris, shot up in flames from a hill visible for miles around.⁴ Legend has it that this was part of a preconcerted signal. As an actual matter of fact, this act seems to have been due to a few lawless slaves who broke into the property rum stores, got drunk and

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set the trash houses afire. Even as the dry, stored cane refuse was excellent prepared tinder for the incendiarism which ran like the fire itself from estate to estate until among the hills of that Northside fifteen estates in flame were to be counted, so, too, were many thousands of slaves.

Mingled with the roar of the rushing flame were the shouts of many thousands of slaves, delirious with joy, crying out commands to others to fire what had not already been fired; and rising even higher than the flames in the clear night was heard the strange, far-carrying sound of many conch shells,—shell-blow for the freedom of the slaves. Mingled, too, with the roar and crackle of leaping flame on that still night were the cries of black women and children and of old people as they fled they knew not whither through the torch-lit dark. And above the hiss and crash of flame and falling timbers came the screams of terrified animals and the thunder of the stampeding hooves of horses and cows and bullocks pounding along some road or on some trail. Racing upwards through the valley of the Great River, higher and higher to Montpelier, to Chester Castle, to Richmond Hill, to Lapland, ran the words: Kensington on fire! One after another from the plantations—until fifteen were to be counted upon that night of the 27th from Hampden alone—shot up columns of smoke and flame,—among them Lapland, owned by James Graham-Clarke. The patient drudges of some one hundred and seventy-five years were taking their vengeance. And at such a moment the drudges had an overwhelming advantage in numbers, for the slave population numbered about nine blacks to every white person. Yet on that night not a white man was killed, not a white woman insulted or harmed. Nor until the white masters began their reprisals with shooting and hanging the slaves by the scores was there retaliation by the taking of lives, and then the negroes took only a handful.

It was late that Tuesday night of the 27th before Hope Masterton Waddell got back to Cornwall, there to tell Samuel Moulton-Barrett and Mrs. Waddell what had happened on

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Spring. When he reached Cornwall the congregation of the church meeting he was to have held on his return had dispersed with cries of "Palmyra on fire!" Though the Minister summoned them back they would not return. Nor was this any ordinary estate fire which under ordinary circumstances all would have hastened to put out. The Barrett slaves looked southward up into the hills, watching the volumes of flame-shot smoke leap high into the clear air of the night, and they knew that Palmyra in flames was one of the signals of the slave insurrection terribly under way that midnight of December 27th. Palmyra had answered to Kensington, and trash house after trash house stuffed with dry crushed cane for the next year's fuel was fired by the revolting slaves as beacons for gathering and for the conflicts of non-resistance.

At Cornwall, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, and Hope and Mrs. Waddell remained up much of the night in those rooms where four generations before the pioneer Sam Barrett and Elizabeth Wisdom his wife had gathered their family of many children about them at times of danger. Occasionally one of the small "family" group asked a question:

"What will the negroes do next?"

"What should we do?" came the answering inquiry.

At that moment without a pause at the door, without asking for admission, they heard a heavy step coming. On through the house it came. In the doorway, swaying, gleaming, stood a powerful mulatto figure. It was Roderick of Barrett Hall, drunk. This blacksmith, with muscles of iron, had raced down the ten miles of sea coast from Montego Bay to Cornwall, pounding on the King's Highway as the surf pounded on the coral reefs beside it. He had come to claim his Christmas Box! He had heard much at Montego Bay: the white masters seated there in the room would soon learn what he knew and themselves see what was about to happen.

Give him a glass of wine or porter, he demanded, and he would drink their health!

But "Minister" bade him go home quickly and quietly, for

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he had already had too much, and would get into trouble with the country now on the edge of a rebellion.

Roderick of Barrett Hall scowled: he knew what he wanted and he knew what was about to happen!

But the gallant young Dominie was not to be kept by threats from speaking the plain truth.

"Go," he said, "this is no time for a man to make a fool of himself!"

"Well, minister," answered Roderick sharply, "every fool has his own sense!" and was gone, offended.

That the "sense" of Roderick of Barrett Hall was not equal to those times was to be proved by the situation in which, a few days later, Hope Waddell found Roderick.

As the night wore on and they looked inland from Cornwall windows and doorways, their view was bounded by the Palmyra hills lit by the glare of the plantation fire. And upon the sky were reflected terrifying appearances of flame rising in different directions and in rapid succession. They knew in some cases what estates were burning, for they knew the characters of both masters and slaves throughout the Northside. Did the young Minister guess at the truth: that the Moor Park of the austere Scotchman who had made such short work of Waddell's appeal was in flames? It was, with the loss of everything: residence, works, negro houses. . . .

Reflections in the sky ceased to be single torch-like comets of fire and became clustered. The whole heavens had become one vast furnace of flame. They looked out fearfully, waiting. Midnight was passed. Along their Caribbean shore the Cornwall group did not see a torch. From the hills behind them the glare was dying out, and no new fires were seen.

It was agreed, then, that while there was still time Hope Waddell was at dawn to take his wife to Hampden, and thence with the Blyths to make their way to Falmouth. There they would leave the women and children in safe hands while Samuel Moulton-Barrett remained at Cornwall, advising the slaves and guarding his estate. They went to their rooms to

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lie down, to rest, wide-awake, for the two or three hours till dawn came.

As the Waddells travelled east to Hampden and then on to Falmouth, they had confirmed what they had surmised from the general direction of the torch-like flares in the sky during the night just passed. In addition to Kensington and Moor Park, among the estates put to the torch had been Anchovy Bottom, Argyle, Bellefield, Montpelier, Retrieve and Lapland, Blue Hole, Palmyra, and Seven Rivers.⁵

The work of that night in the county of Cornwall alone mounted up to a loss of over one billion pounds. When they reached Falmouth they went to the house of the Reverend William Knibb who had just returned from Salter's Hill and the dedication of the new chapel. So crowded was this Falmouth house by the missionary refugees that the young Minister slept on the floor in a room with five others. That night before they lay down on the floors of their hosts' rooms, all the missionaries held a meeting in the Methodist Chapel, praying for the safety of the country. It mattered little any more whether they were Methodist or Baptist, Moravian or Presbyterian. The next morning Blyth and Waddell presented a memorial to the Custos of Trelawny urging leniency toward all slaves. The Custos assured them that it was the intention of the magistrates to shed no unnecessary blood.

As, ten miles away, S.M.B. was going his rounds of inspection or receiving reports, Hope Waddell was on his way home by Carlton, which belonged to the heirs of Jacob Graham, the uncle of John Graham-Clarke.⁶ Where Hope Waddell had found hospitality and happiness, there he found on that afternoon of the thirtieth of December, 1831, desolation and death. Some of the head men came to the Minister and, although none complained of the master and the mistress of Carlton, all was confusion and conflict in issues. Strangers were there upon the estate explaining that the King had granted the slaves freedom and that the planters were withholding it. When the Minister told them what was the truth the people did not like it.

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During the two days at Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall, except for the terror which gripped everyone, all was quiet. Some of the slaves, on their own initiative and despite threats sent by the rebels, went out to the fields as usual on the first day of the insurrection. But Samuel Moulton-Barrett told them to stay at home, to keep quiet, and to guard the property. On these two Barrett estates there was nothing evident except obedience, quiet, unity. What had their beloved "Missis," the Excellent Lady of Cinnamon Hill, not done for their good in both this world and the next! And she was unforgotten. And had not Massa done all that she had asked him to do for them?

There can be no doubt whatsoever that when the torch was set to the plantations during the insurrection, it was in large part due to William Knibb, the missionary, that Oxford and Cambridge estates were not listed among those destroyed. At Oxford Edward Barrett, one of the head slaves and an elder in the Baptist Church at Falmouth, for a month guarded Oxford penn with the help of some of his fellow slaves.⁷

Towards the close of the thirtieth of December Hope Masterton Waddell was back at Cornwall, with the proprietor, *his friend*. That night they went to bed confident of safety even as danger, blackfoot in the black night, was running madly towards Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill. Suddenly in the middle of night from their heavy sleep S.M.B. and the young Minister were aroused by the wild cry of a negro calling for fire to burn Cornwall House.

Up and down among the negro houses the incendiary ran, shouting: "No watchman now! no watchman now! nigger man, nigger man, burn the house—burn buckra house! Brimstone come! brimstone come! bring fire, and burn massa house!"

Samuel Moulton-Barrett and Hope Waddell dressed hastily, had their horses saddled ready for flight, and sent their servants out to keep watch. Up and down, unharmed among the negro houses, ran the rebel calling for fire, but no one came out or answered him, and the cries died down.

All night a watch was kept, and during that night S.M.B.

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decided that, with morning, they should leave the estate. After light came on that last day of 1831, the Master summoned his people and rebuked them for the night's disturbance and its danger. In vain did the Barrett slaves try to explain. Yet they did not ask Massa to stay with them, although they did give him many promises and assured Master and Minister both that they would be safe. Then did Hope Waddell speak the plain speech which was characteristic of him, saying that while the Barrett people permitted "any drunken villain" who wished to do so to run about their village unchecked, calling for fire with which to burn the Master's house, there was no safety for anybody! And so, on that Saturday, December 31, 1831, accompanied by head men armed with cutlasses to protect them from possible wild men in the bush, they made their way to Falmouth.

III

The day following, New Year's Day 1832 which fell on Sunday, martial law was proclaimed.⁸ In the confusion, the excitement, the din of the sets of reds and blues parading the streets of Falmouth and the babble in the markets, amidst the tragic sights of groups of estate negroes being herded into town handcuffed and sullen, the women and children running beside them carrying burdens of household goods and food on their heads and weeping bitterly in their terror, no quiet for the Sunday services of worship was possible. Sir Willoughby Cotton, the commander-in-chief, having issued a proclamation requiring all slaves to return to their estates and their work within a specified time, Samuel Moulton-Barrett and Hope Waddell, George Blyth and John Cowan, decided to return respectively to Cinnamon Hill and to Hampden there to read the proclamation to the slaves. Obtaining passports for two days, they set off.

On their way back to Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall, S.M.B. and Waddell stopped at Spot Valley which belonged to the heirs of S.M.B.'s great-uncle Wisdom Barrett. The stores there had been plundered; and the slaves were unruly and turbulent,

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many of them heathen in their practice of African rites. Of those who were nominal Christians some were active opponents of the work of the young Minister. All refused to come to the overseer's house to meet Massa Barrett and the Minister. They would come no further than the gate of their own village, and it was at that gate finally that Samuel Moulton-Barrett read the proclamation. While the proclamation was being read, they were quiet enough until S.M.B. reached the direction that they were to return to their work. Then came clamor and he could not go on.

"We have worked enough already, and will work no more," they shouted. "The life we live is too bad; it is the life of a dog. We won't be slaves no more; we won't lift hoe no more; we won't take flog no more. We free now, we free now; no more slaves again!"

Shouting and laughing, all clapped their hands until, amused by their delirious joy, the young Minister laughed with them. At that the people of Spot Valley laughed more mightily than ever. But there was serious work to be done on this Barrett estate. Waddell took the young men and the women, S.M.B. the head men on Spot Valley. As the people began to see what the conditions really were, it was possible to reason with them.

They said, "Massa Barrett, your people may work for you. They know who they work for. But we never see for we massa; we have no massa; and we no will work no more for them 'busha and 'torney."

To the Minister one old man, known for his goodness, said fearlessly, "When your people begin work again me and my children will begin too."

At Carlton there was better success than at Spot Valley, and Samuel Moulton-Barrett and Waddell went on swiftly to Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill. There the people gathered eagerly around them. They were tired of being idle and wished to go back to work. It is no wonder that both the proprietor and the young Minister were gratified by what seemed to be a response to all which they had done for these people.⁹

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EVERYWHERE the slaves from Crawle and other estates were fleeing, hiding in the cane pieces, lying in the brush, stumbling upwards among the hills. On neighboring estates they had heard the report of musketry and they knew that their people were being shot. As they ran, they cried out to one another, the women carrying the children and what household stuff they could manage, the men bearing chests or other heavy burdens upon their shoulders. On many estates neither their masters nor their overseers had been with them since the first day of the insurrection. They had no one to tell them what to do. Their food was almost gone. They were afraid to go to ground for their supplies lest they be shot down by the soldiers. What had they done? At the worst confined some brutal overseers in the stocks, but so far killed no white man and no white woman!

The overwhelming loss they had caused by fire was not wholly comprehensible to them. Many of them were incapable of thinking in the property terms of their white masters. The Military came upon deserted estates where, perhaps a day before or even a few hours before, innocent and well-intentioned slaves had been doing what they could in the estate routine without guidance. Frightened by the sound of shooting coming nearer, the slaves had fled. The soldiers, some of whom were honest men "doing their duty," some of whom were "bloodhounds," followed upon the trail of the fleeing slaves.

The center or seat of the rebellion was on estates in the

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hills up behind Montego Bay. It is this fact which explains both the alarm felt by all classes in the Bay and also its use as a "court" center. As has been said, the Militia was in general stationed in the towns over the Christmas season. But the companies of Western Interior Regiment, under the command of Colonel Grignon of Salt Spring, were stationed at Belvidere and Shettlewood, approximately at the junction of the three parishes of St. James, Hanover, and Westmoreland.

On Wednesday, December 28th, Colonel Grignon had retreated from these positions and taken up a position at Lord Seaford's Old Montpelier, where the Regiment was reinforced by a company of free men of color, the Seventh Company of the St. James Regiment from Montego Bay. The retreat from Shettlewood and Belvidere made the brave, foolish, undisciplined slave insurgents bolder than they might otherwise have become, and that evening there was an attack upon Montpelier. There is tragic amusement today in the fact that these insurgents split into two parties, and blowing horns and conches and making other discordant noises they approached old Montpelier. The nerves of the Western Interior Regiment and its discipline were shattered by this bedlam of sound, so resembling the din of the Christmas reds and blues. But the Seventh Company of free men of color of the St. James Regiment advanced upon the insurgents. In the night nothing could be seen until the foolish slaves set fire to one of the Montpelier trash houses. And it was by that light the company of free men of color shot down the insurgents. Among the many slaves killed were two of their chief officers. But one white man was killed.

The next day Colonel Grignon retreated to Montego Bay, where in written report and open statement he said that they had been attacked by ten thousand slaves. As the evidence later brought forth, there were all told but between three and four hundred hastily assembled insurgents of whom only about fifty had any firearms whatsoever. Colonel Grignon's retreat left, except for a few seacoast towns, almost the entire county of Cornwall at the mercy of the slaves. There was little or

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nothing to keep the slaves from setting the properties to the torch so that when the white men returned, if they did, they would have nothing to shelter them. Unchecked the slaves went from place to place burning the estates.

Even around Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall, scenes of horror and bloodshed were being enacted or were avoided merely by some fortunate chance. Such a chance was Hope Masterton Waddell's visit to Crawle. He and the military officer with him found the village empty but still with signs of recent life, fires burning and the dogs barking. The slaves had caught sight of the "sojer" and the missionary approaching, and, terrified by the sight of a single uniform, were hiding in the canefields behind the village. The extent of their fear and ignorance of their own strength, their want of conscious intention to make use of the power they had, can be estimated by the fact that among those fleeing families from Crawle were both men and women of phenomenal physical strength.

After the "Sojer" and the Missionary had parted company, the Missionary hid in the village where he could see but not be seen. Soon the frightened people began to creep back. Waddell called for John, the head man. John answered with a hallo. When he found that the Minister was alone, he met him willingly half way. Hope Waddell advised John and those under him to get to work and to do what they could even without direction. He told them under no circumstances to flee from the soldiers but to stand their ground and to answer the questions put to them. The Minister then promised to write the new attorney for Crawle, with the hope of undoing the harm which the officer's report of their absence would cause.

A few days before Waddell and George Blyth had passed through Barrett Hall, where they had found and quieted a disturbance in the negro houses. But a few days later all was terror there. Some companies of the Trelawny Regiment had been ordered to march to St. James. As they were nearing Barrett Hall, the Militia met a negro on the road who became terrified by the soldiers. Attempting to run away when he saw them,

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the slave jumped over a stone wall. The soldiers shot at him: he fell, he rose, he ran. They shot him again and again. The slave rose, running a few feet each time. One of the troopers leapt over the wall and as the black fell once more he hacked at him with his sword. Another soldier coming up shot the slave through the head, killing him.¹

On one of Richard Barrett's estates a proclamation had been pulled down. The Major of the Company, Dr. Neilson, called out the people, commanding them to line up in a row, the men and women separately. The Major then asked the head driver who it was who had pulled down the proclamation posted on the door of the works? The driver said he knew nothing about it. Neilson then ordered the Company to level their firearms at the driver and if he moved to blow his brains out. The Major said to the line that if they did not tell him who had pulled down the proclamation, he would have them shot from right to left. Again he asked the driver who had done it. The driver pointed out a fine-looking young fellow.

Neilson gave the order: "Take that fellow to the rear and shoot him!"

As the boy was seized he cried out, "O Lord, massa, don't kill me!"

They were passing him to the rear, there to be shot. An impatient soldier by the name of Watson threw his gun hastily into position and fired. The ball passed through the slave's wrist, mouth and back part of his head, and he dropped dead in sight of all. Struck with terror and convinced, now, that they were all to be slaughtered, the slaves fell on their knees, the women and children screaming. . . . Perhaps because this was "Mr. Speaker Barrett's" estate, perhaps for other reasons, Major Neilson seemed to have had enough for one day, and the Company was drawn off and marched back to Bounty Hall.

Men and women were left half beaten to death, in chains, in the burning sun, their open welts on backs and thighs bleeding and swarming with flies and often with maggots. Never had brutal overseers had such completely unchecked right of

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way, such chances, as they had in the months of January, February and March of the year 1832.

II

Below in the prisons and towns of Montego Bay, of Falmouth, of Kingston, of Spanish Town and elsewhere white men who believed that they had taught the slaves meekness with their masters as well as the love of Christ, were suffering. Several of the missionaries had been taken into custody. Among them William Knibb, Box, Burchell, Gardner and the Moravian Pfeiffer.² This event, so acceptable to certain types of planters, had given rise to scurrilous articles and editorials in the newspapers, among these the editorial about the "fine hanging woods" in Trelawny for the convenience of hanging missionaries.

As Waddell, because of the petitions and prayers of his people on Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill and the neighboring estates to return, was with Mrs. Waddell quietly taking up his residence again in the very center of the insurrection madness, William Knibb and some of his associates were being roughly bundled along the coast from the prison in Falmouth to the prison in Montego Bay. After some hours spent in gaol, they were released on bail in the midst of a town noted then for its corrupt and vicious practices and its hostility to missionaries.

William Knibb but a few days before, at the dedication of the Chapel at Salter's Hill, had told his people the unpalatable truth that the King had sent them no "free papers." Now he was "seeing" the foolish male members of his over-eager congregations hung up and cut down by Bacchus from the gallows in the market place. The "rebel" women too were being punished. Not only would a missionary have made a tragic matter worse—if he had been free to do so—by taking in these victims of "justice," but even a white man of influence and office in the town government, as for example John Roby, the Collector of Customs, who spoke a good word for the fair trial of the

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“saints,” had himself burned in effigy and was likely at any instant to meet an inexplicable death.³

The worst that could happen to the sectarians was to be forced to enlist as privates in the companies being sent out to hunt down the refugee slaves. William Knibb, having been obliged to enlist, took a farewell of his wife and children on the 3rd of January. He believed, and his belief was well founded, that as the Company left Falmouth, he would be killed by the maddened white planters as soon as he was out of reach of the martial law jurisdiction centered in Falmouth as well as Montego Bay. But while Knibb was in the midst of religious work that morning in Falmouth with one of his deacons, Lewis Williams, he was arrested by Paul Doeg. Two blacks seized the missionary, and the triumphant Doeg marched before him with a drawn sword. From the guard-room Knibb was removed to the barracks, where he found also Whitehorne and Abbott under arrest. Half an hour later they were searched. Their requests either to see or to send messages to their families were refused. They were then paraded through the Falmouth streets, guarded by four soldiers and a sergeant, and placed in an open canoe to be sent along the coast to Montego Bay.

In Falmouth the following morning, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, Waddell and George Blyth had composed the following letter to William Knibb:

Only when we returned from the country last night did we hear of your accusation and arrest; and we beg to assure you and your brethren of our deep sympathy in your present trouble. We hear of apprehensions being entertained for your safety, and use the utmost haste to assure you, that we are convinced you have not been, either intentionally or directly, guilty of causing the present insurrection. And we are prepared to attend at Montego Bay and testify to this effect on your behalf; and as far as our knowledge goes to your peaceable character as a Christian and a minister.⁴

Knibb, ill with fever in the Montego Bay gaol, was unable to reply in detail but said that Mrs. Knibb would give an account of all the circumstances. He thanked them for the kind interest

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they had taken in his welfare and was unfeignedly grateful to Mr. Barrett.⁵

The letter to Knibb, S.M.B., Waddell and George Blyth had dispatched open in care of the Custos, Richard Barrett, known to be "liberal minded." He was on the bench at Montego Bay, the letter was read, and was handed about among the justices, producing a good effect and making it known that the prisoners had friends. In this most tragic hour in the life of Jamaica this was one "voice." In the expression of it two Barrett planters were conspicuous: Richard Barrett, Custos of St. James, a liberal, and Samuel Moulton-Barrett definitely on the side of the "cursed saints."

At Falmouth before Waddell left to return to the estates, he went to the Court House to visit the prisoners. It was there the minister for the last time saw Roderick of Barrett Hall in chains, under guard, weeping and condemned to die. In the misery herded into that Court House now, on land once owned by Edward Barrett, few could have noticed in the state rooms above the "picked furnitures" and the chandeliers as fine as any to be found in London! In the terror and anguish few could have cared what sound the sea made beyond its embrasures. When Hope Waddell first noticed Roderick, the blacksmith, stupefied, seemed unaware of all about him. But when the Minister spoke to him, Roderick recognized him and burst into tears, asserting his innocence and crying out against what had happened to him. Waddell asked a magistrate whether there might be another review in his case. The official refused, saying that Roderick had been proved guilty. Later Richard Barrett told Waddell that of what Roderick had been guilty he had been unable to discover anything except that Roderick had foolishly torn down a proclamation and had been rude to a militia man. Richard Barrett believed that "the poor fellow's life had been sworn away by his rival on the property, more guilty but more cunning than he."⁶ And on that day Roderick of Barrett Hall was put to death.

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III

Multitudes of slaves who did not fall in the open at the hands of the Military were being sent to the towns to fall beneath the hands of Bacchus and his kind. At first shooting the slaves was the usual method of execution. Then the gallows became popular. Bacchus, the head driver of the Montego Bay Workhouse, was the executioner at the Bay. The austere George Gordon of Moor Park, agent for some of the Barrett family estates such as Blue Hole, who despite Samuel Moulton-Barrett's letter of introduction had given Hope Waddell such a curt reception, was a Captain of the St. James Militia. Moor Park had been among the first of the plantations burned by the insurgent slaves. A few days later Gordon had been one of the foremost leaders in the destruction on the third of January of the Salter's Hill chapel. Captain George Gordon was now President of the Court Martials in Montego Bay. In military uniform, hard-featured, without raising his head, he sat at his desk writing.

The soldiers arrived with a slave, stating, "A prisoner, sir."

George Gordon wrote on. Without looking up, he asked, "Where was he taken"?

"In the cane-piece, sir."

George Gordon made another entry and then asked another question, "Had he arms?"

The soldier replied, "A macheat, sir."

"Take him forth," commanded Captain George Gordon.

The slave was led out and either Bacchus or a musket and ball did the rest.⁷

The hands of Bacchus were the hands of these drum-head judges. Bacchus was an immense black man, the head driver of the Workhouse. From the Court to the Market Place where the gallows were was a short distance. The condemned were allowed a scant half hour—if that—between the time they were found guilty and their execution.

One of the foolhardy insurgents to die at this time and at

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that literally in the Market Place was Captain Dehaney, a mulatto slave leader. As Bacchus cut the ropes of four cadavers which had been swinging in the wind, Captain Dehaney and three other insurgent slaves were led out. Although all of the four walked without fear and with a manly bearing towards the gallows, Dehaney stood out from the rest by the strength and beauty of his form and by the indignation upon his face. A colored man asked him why he frowned.

“Massa M.,” Dehaney replied, “they want to put lies in my mouth. If I am guilty and deserve to die, let me die, but I won’t go before my God with a lie in my mouth.”

Within that Court Room “justice” had by its questions been attempting through Dehaney to involve the missionaries. No means were too low for some of the magistrates to use. The final preparations were being made, Henry Bleby turned his eyes away from Bacchus and his victims. When he looked around again, only three were swinging in the wind, and Dehaney was not one of them. The rope, unable to bear the strain of his splendid form, had snapped and Dehaney lay half strangled and unconscious upon the heap of dead below him. As Dehaney came out of his unconsciousness, his pinioned arms would not let him struggle to his feet. Bacchus and another helped him onto his feet. While they fetched a stronger rope and again prepared Dehaney to be hung, the rebel leader looked quietly around at the dead near his feet and quietly up at the gallows where his three companions were still struggling in death. Those nearest Dehaney heard him praying in a low voice and the name of Jesus spoken again and yet again. Once more he mounted the ladder to the scaffold. He was prepared and then pushed off, struggling long in the agony which was upon him.⁸

All day long Bacchus was going up and down the ladder which leaned against the gibbet, cutting the dead loose from the gallows and stringing up new victims. And in the Market Place, so accustomed had all become to this orgy of death, that the buying and selling, the chaffering and talking went on without

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interruption even as lads were led out, as they prayed, as they choked and struggled in the wind. At night when the work-house gang of negroes returned from work, the heaped-up piles of bodies were thrown into carts and driven outside the town limits, there to be dropped into an open pit which had been dug for the executed. In this way one hundred and twenty of the leading rebels were executed publicly in the Market Place of Montego Bay, and many times that number dispatched in various ways in various places.⁹

At Lucea, a few miles distant from the Bay, one of the methods was to load the rebels, the day before they were to be hung, into carts. Their arms were pinioned and there was a rope about each neck and a white cap on each head. In the beautiful morning air, from the gaol door the prisoners under heavy military guard were given their places seated side by side in the carts. As each slow-moving pair of oxen, drawing a cart, moved off, the prisoners all together began a hymn of praise. Solemnly and reverently their voices rang out. They passed along through the streets of the town and were heard in the hills as they wound their way upwards to their execution upon the burned estates. With the name upon their lips of One who met death upon another scaffold, they died.

THE CURSED SAINTS

THE majority of the planters in the parishes of St. Mary, St. Ann, Trelawny, St. James, and Hanover, seemed to be organizing, ostensibly under the aegis of the Established Church. Conspicuous in this movement was the rector and historian George Wilson Bridges. On the 26th of January, 1832, this loose organization of planters was formally constituted and became the Colonial Church Union. Its alleged object was constitutional and for purposes of defending Jamaica against the "lies" of the Anti-Slavery Society and the inroads of the sectarians.¹ Its chief activities, such as tearing down chapels and tarring and feathering missionaries, however, were not set down in its patriotic colonial constitution. Such Churchmen as John Roby had nothing to do with its disguised and brutal objectives. Perhaps the most dangerous unstated feature of the Union was one which is as old as the hills in all reactionary organizations and which under cover of these patriotic resolutions forced the liberal-minded to align themselves with reaction and intolerance.²

After the formation of the Union, there followed in St. Ann, in Falmouth, Trelawny and in Montego Bay and elsewhere the organized destruction of the chapels and property of the sectarians. Even before the formation of the Union, Salter's Hill, near Montego Bay, which William Knibb and others had dedicated, was on the 3rd of January the first to go. Led by a half-pay officer of the navy, Lieutenant F. B. Gibbs and Captain George Gordon of Moor Park, a party of the St. James militia

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set it on fire. On the 7th of February two chapels were destroyed by parties of militia: William Knibb's chapel in Falmouth and a chapel in Stewart Town, not far from Retreat Penn.

When the attack on Henry Bleby and his family by members of the Colonial Union was made, the intolerance and violence, which were fanned to a flame even more dangerous than the torch of the insurrectionists, were carrying all before them. Henry Bleby had been appointed to reside and work in Falmouth. The Chapel of his predecessor, Box, had been burned down.³ Samuel Moulton-Barrett had been under the strong disapproval of Custos Macdonald because S.M.B. had permitted Box to leave the Court House and was seen riding out of town with him. The Custos wrote:

As I wish minutely to acquaint his Excellency with every circumstance that comes to my knowledge, I must beg leave to state, that I *highly disapprove* of the conduct of Mr. Moulton Barrett: it has been stated to me, that *he was seen riding out of town with a Mr. Box, who I had ordered to be taken into custody as one of the incendiary preachers; under some pretence, he was permitted to quit the Court-house, and by that means made his escape, supposed to Kingston, where I hope he will be taken into custody.*⁴

Bleby finally succeeded in hiring a house for the mission in place of Box's burned Chapel. This was on April 4th. The next morning a few of the church members joined the Blebys at family prayers. The day following police constables came with orders to arrest any who took part in the family worship. On the same day the landlord came with the request that Henry Bleby give up the occupancy of the house. That evening a letter was found lying in front of Bleby's house threatening to tar and feather him unless the minister left the town immediately. It stated also that any person who rented a house to the missionary would feel it to their cost. This letter was signed "MOB."

On the evening of the 7th, just after it had grown dark, the Blebys heard the tramping of many feet approaching the house.

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They were at tea, but the minister got up and went over to a window. Henry Bleby saw between eighty and a hundred men before the house. He saw them force the gate, and then come on to the house where they smashed the window and burst open the door. When he asked them how it happened that they entered his house unasked and in so rude a manner, they seemed first at a loss what to say. Then some said they had come to take a cup of tea with him!

Suddenly they seized him, striking him a hard blow over the head. Several men held him while others brought a keg of tar. Rolling up their sleeves they thrust their hands into the tar, plastering it over his head. They rubbed it into his eyes to blind him and daubed the upper part of him with a coat of the tar. After that the man who had struck him the blow, Dobson, took a lighted candle with which to set the tar aflame. Mrs. Bleby had fought her way through the crowd which was man-handling her half-conscious husband. Seeing what they were about to do, she struck the candle from Dobson's hand. She frustrated also a second effort to set him on fire. Some of the Church Unionists then seized her five-months-old baby to throw it out of the window. In the dark which ensued upon her striking out the candles, she fought desperately for her child, obtained it and fled out of the back door and down the street with her infant. By this time some negroes and colored men had come to the assistance of the Blebys. Eventually by the help of this self-constituted guard, one of whom was seriously injured in the battle, probably most of them members of the mission, Henry Bleby escaped. He found his wife and child near the ruins of the burned chapel and got them to a place of safety.⁵

In Jamaica Samuel Moulton-Barrett was playing on the Northside a courageous part in the mounting conflicts over slavery. In June, 1832, John Greenwood and William Wood had decided to resume their religious educational work in St. Ann's Bay. They landed there on the 11th of June exactly one day before the Earl of Belmore, having been recalled as Governor, set sail for England. Some of the free people of color,

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members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, gathered about them for singing and prayer. The whites of the town, including a considerable number of the lower types of Jews, began to insult and threaten them and to set the 13th as the day on which Greenwood and Wood were to be attacked. Henry Cox, Custos of St. Ann and co-president with Colonel Hilton of the Colonial Church Union, then received a letter from the missionaries informing them of the threats to which they were being subjected. John Greenwood and William Wood had a reply from the Custos, stating that his own person would not be safe if he attempted to interfere in their behalf.⁶

On the 29th of July a company of white men went to the Chapel of Mr. Greenwood in Port Maria, St. Mary's. Their intention was to pull the pastor out of the pulpit. Finding the congregation not quite the sheep they had supposed and still able to do a little pulling in an opposite direction, the Colonial Church Union gentlemen beat a retreat. It was only for two days. On the 31st Greenwood was arrested and brought before the magistrates, among them Henry Cox, Junior. Although the missionary had an Island license to preach, because he had been unable to obtain a local license they sentenced him to a fine of £10 and imprisonment until he paid the fine. Greenwood, refusing to pay the fine, was committed to gaol. Sir Joshua Rowe, the new chief justice, was applied to for a writ of Habeas Corpus so that John Greenwood might be taken from the filthy and loathsome Port Maria prison. Although the late William Scarlett had granted a similar request, Sir Joshua Rowe refused this. Confined for some three weeks under unspeakable conditions in one of the vilest prisons in Jamaica, Greenwood's health failed. His fellow workers in the Wesleyan Methodist group insisting that he pay the fine, rather than die in prison, Greenwood did so. The Wesleyan Methodist Society laid the case of Greenwood before the lately arrived Governor.

Among other events which took place with the swift decision which was characteristic of the Earl of Mulgrave, was the dismissal of the Custos of St. Ann, Henry Cox, and the

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appointment of Samuel Moulton-Barrett to fill the vacancy. Cox was but one among the principal magistrates of St. Ann who, on the Governor's orders, were deprived of their commissions.

On the 9th of July, 1833, the indomitable John Greenwood appeared at the Quarter Sessions in St. Ann's to take the oaths in order to begin preaching again in that Parish. Greenwood's intentions were known beforehand. In the Court audience were ex-magistrates and Unionists, armed with clubs. Presiding over the Sessions was Samuel Moulton-Barrett.

As Greenwood entered the Court House, members of the audience shouted:

"A Methodist parson among us!"

"Turn him out! Turn him out!"

"We will have no Methodists here!"

Rose, one of the signatories to the Colonial Church Union document, exclaimed, "I protected one of those wretches before, at the hazard of my life, for which I obtained nothing; I will not protect this one!"

Colonel Hamilton Brown, who had been deprived of his commission, stepped up to the bench, speaking directly to the Custos, S.M.B.

"We have a firebrand amongst us! Order Mr. Greenwood out of the Court-House forthwith, forthwith!"

Samuel Moulton-Barrett then rose to address the Court-House:

"I am astounded at Mr. Brown's proposition, whom I cannot recognize in any other capacity here than as a private individual. The conduct exhibited in this court greatly surprises me. As for myself, I am here to administer justice according to the law, and I will do it without respect of persons. So long as a doubt remained as to what law or laws were in force here, affecting Dissenters, I have allowed all the advantages of that uncertainty to popular prejudice; but now that it has been shown and decided that the Toleration Act is in force in this island, I am bound—it is imperative to me—to admit Mr. Greenwood to qualify and take the oaths."

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He was interrupted by shouts:

“It has never been decided!”

“It has never been acknowledged!”

The mob was becoming violent. The Custos objected, unable to make himself heard. At length he obtained a hearing and continued:

“I am placed here to administer the laws, and I am determined to act by them. With regard to Mr. Greenwood’s application I shall determine to the best of my judgment. I am but one individual, Gentlemen, and cannot resist your physical force. If you intend by force to supersede the law, I cannot oppose you. Take me where you will; do with me what you will; I am strong only in the law. The law is my protection, and by it I stand.”

In reply to the dignity of this statement the rioters bawled:

“Our determination is above the law! We care nothing for the law! We set the law at defiance!”

In vain thereafter did Samuel Moulton-Barrett pound with the gavel, call for order and refer to the law. By this time S.M.B. had set John Greenwood behind him in the attempt to protect the missionary from the clubs and fists which were swinging about them. But finding his efforts useless, S.M.B. advised him to escape. Opening the grand jury room door, he and Greenwood slipped through it. While another magistrate held the door against the attacking mob, S.M.B. got Greenwood through an open window to safety. In their struggle to get at John Greenwood the railings and bar of the Court were smashed by the rioters.⁷ His Excellency heard of this extraordinary scene and summoned Samuel Moulton-Barrett to Spanish Town to give him “the fullest information on the subject.”

In the end it was mass public opinion, following Samuel Moulton-Barrett’s statesmanlike courage, which brought to a close the power of the Colonial Church Union and the persecution of the missionaries. Before the end of that year the Toleration Act of the 52nd of George III was declared to be in force, and there was no longer any possibility of legal persecution of

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the sectarians. It was well within the truth when Peter Duncan wrote: "Mr. Barrett . . . was a gentleman of great intelligence and liberality, and also a true friend to the religious instruction of the Slaves."

II

William Knibb had been a prisoner in Montego Bay almost seven weeks when Richard Barrett wrote on the 9th of February, 1832, to his friend Manderson, the Member of Assembly who had found bail for William Knibb and otherwise interested himself in the accused missionaries:

My dear Sir,—Having examined the evidence against the missionaries of the Baptist persuasion, in whose behalf you have interested yourself very humanely, I have to inform you that there is no evidence in my possession that implicates Mr. Abbott and Mr. Whitehorne, and no legal evidence implicating Mr. Burchell. These persons must therefore be discharged from their bail.—I am, my dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

(Signed) RICHD. BARRETT, *Custos*.⁸

Knibb is not mentioned in the 9th of February letter, for according to one statement a "true case" had been found against William Knibb.⁹ This letter Richard Barrett followed with another letter on the 14th of February in the form of a discharge for Knibb:

Montego Bay, February 14, 1832

Having examined the evidence of Samuel Stennett, Adams and Paris against —— Knibb, baptist missionary, and finding nothing therein to support a criminal prosecution, I declare the said —— Knibb discharged, with his sureties from, their recognizances.

RICHARD BARRETT, *Custos*¹⁰

On the 23rd of March the formal trial and acquittal of the missionaries took place.¹¹ As far as the Court at Montego Bay was concerned, this closed the matter for the sectarians, but not so far as popular feeling was concerned! William Knibb's chapel had been burned; his dwelling had been burned; he had been

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imprisoned and fined. What was left him might be described as his discharge—not his freedom—his courage and a few sticks of furniture which Mrs. Knibb's friends had saved from the burning of her home.

The missionaries seemed, whether Baptist or Methodist, Moravian or Presbyterian, to be threatened with complete extinction. It was about this time, when the tide of hostility ran strongest against the cursed saints, that Samuel Moulton-Barrett wrote the following letter:

Cornwall, St. James's February 23, 1832

DEAR SIR.—I avail myself of the return of your messenger to Montego Bay, to express to you the sincere pleasure I feel in hearing of your release from the restraint which had been imposed upon you and your brethren. I can assure you that I never did from the beginning, nor do I at this time, attribute to yourself, or to Mr Burchell, any blame as directly producing or promoting the late melancholy disturbances. Having this feeling, I deeply regret that the feelings of the country should so strongly mark out yourself, and the other baptist missionaries, as objects of persecution. My opinion, an opinion resulting from my own frequent and confidential intercourse, not only with my own negroes, but with the negroes of various other estates, is that religion had nothing to do with the late disturbances, but, on the contrary, its absence was a chief cause of them. No people could have conducted themselves better than all the negroes upon Cambridge and Oxford estates, and in like manner the people upon Retreat Pen. Even at the period when the prejudice ran strongest against you, and when it was scarcely politic for a negro to say anything in your favor, upon every occasion when I have inquired of the members of your congregation upon any of my properties, whether you had ever taught them to expect freedom, the answers have invariably been such as to convince me the charges against you were ill-founded. In the absence of all proof to criminate any one in particular, or any class of persons, professional or otherwise, I would not uncharitably suspect any one, or venture to assign the cause for so great an evil as it has pleased Providence to afflict us with. I should have deeply deplored, for the sake of religion, had any of its ministers so far perverted the truth of the gospel as to induce the shedding of blood. I do therefore most sincerely rejoice that you stand exonerated of

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all guilt, as connected with the late disturbances, as far as any proof has as yet been adduced.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant

(Signed)

S. M. BARRETT

The Rev. W. Knibb ¹²

In general the planters' reply to the insurrection summed itself up in five words: increased brutality and increased work. The slaves had less to eat and more overdriving; and, as never before, they were subject to the lash, the yoke and the wheel. Waddell became accustomed to the reply: "It is no use, minister; what can church and prayers do for we again?" The slaves were without hope. They stated what was a fact: that their hearts were broken with work and with punishment. Although the missionaries, despite tarring and feathering, imprisonment, the loss of all their properties in chapels and dwellings due to the "lynch law" proceedings of the Colonial Church Union, attempted to gather their people together again, neither place nor time could be found for the work they wished to resume. Due to the Barrett protection which he could command, Hope Waddell's position in this crisis was stronger than that of most missionaries. On one of Richard Barrett's properties, the young Minister spoke to the overseer and was met with a blank refusal to make any change in the Sunday routine, no matter what the law was! He said his employer had been on the property recently and knew what was being done with Sunday work. He had not objected. Characteristically Waddell then went to Richard Barrett himself—at that time Speaker of the House of Assembly. Richard Barrett replied that the Sunday work was contrary to the law and to his wishes. Merely "on the grounds of expediency," he added, he believed the Sabbath to be a "useful institution" for both man and beast, provided, he stipulated, laughingly, "that no man be obliged to spend the whole day in prayers."¹³ No change was made, however, in the Sunday routine. At Barrett Hall itself Waddell's experience after the Insurrection was not much more fortunate. By the overseer

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there he was told to his face that his visits were "unreasonable." When the young Minister attempted to bring pressure to bear on the overseer, equivocal action resulted. At it again Waddell went, complaining directly to Richard Barrett. At first the overseer was angry with the Minister, then he made apologies, became a changed man, and somewhat altered the estate ways.

On Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall, after the Insurrection, the attitude was different. Faithful in the time of trial, Samuel Moulton-Barrett had lessened the work of the slaves. From the middle of 1832 on he gave the slaves every Saturday, even during crop time. Glimpses are caught, too, of favorable conditions for the slaves on some of the other Barrett estates. From England Edward Moulton-Barrett had requested that William Knibb be given sanction for his work on his Oxford and Cambridge estates. The agents fulfilled the "letter" of his request. But the immorality practised and tolerated on these estates was so widespread that in 1830 the missionary decided to stop his work there altogether until, by correspondence with Edward Moulton-Barrett, Knibb could get some of the conditions corrected or at least under control. Edward Moulton-Barrett accepted the suggestions William Knibb made, and the instruction and preaching were resumed.

III

In the month of November, 1833, Hope Masterton Waddell was to experience dramatically the complete *volte face*, or other extreme, of one of the most conservative and hostile of the planters. Day after day, Captain George Gordon had sat as President of the Court Martials in Montego Bay. Without looking up, he had fed a steady stream of slaves into the market place and the hands of Bacchus, the hangman. Moor Park had been among the first estates to be burned, and as attorney and in other ways Captain George Gordon had been among the greatest sufferers from the Insurrection. He was to reflect later that within a few miles of his own estates, Barrett properties

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which had been visited by George Blyth and Hope Masterton Waddell had remained unburned.

Since he had been repulsed in 1831, the young Dominie had not seen George Gordon. Suddenly on a Saturday night in November, 1833, Waddell was told that Captain George Gordon was to worship with them the next day at Cornwall. Noted for his punctuality, George Gordon arrived just as Waddell was entering the place of assembly. The Minister offered Gordon his hand and led him through the frightened congregation to a seat. The terror of the slaves subsided as they observed the Captain devoutly worshipping with them. After service Gordon spoke courteously to the young Minister, complimenting him on the clarity of the sermon and the appearance of the people. He went on to speak of the visit Waddell had paid him two years before, to apologize for his failure to understand the Minister's purpose, and to express his deep regret at the way he had treated Waddell. He said that he hoped he would be forgiven and that what had passed would be forgotten. Gordon then commented on the inadequacy of the seating capacity—many of the Cornwall congregation had been obliged to sit outside of the "church"—and offered to help towards a more commodious place for worship. Waddell told the planter of Samuel Moulton-Barrett's promise to provide materials for enlargement. Gordon said he would provide the carpenters. He then asked Waddell to visit Blue Hole to teach the people, promising to give the young man every assistance. He stated that it was his belief that "nothing was so good for the country as the religious instruction of the people."¹⁴ And not a promise George Gordon made did he fail to fulfill. . . .

At once—in December as the year was closing—the enlargement of Cornwall House was begun, with S.M.B. giving the materials and George Gordon the carpenters. The lower part was added to and made over into a church. The Waddells continued to live in the upper part. From Monday morning to Saturday night much was being pulled down and much changed or shifted. On Mrs. Waddell fell the care for the comfort and

Richa
1687
Aug:

Anne, born 18
Oct: 1690

Samu, born
born h 1731,
1716, June
June rried 30
746 to
Johnson
moreland

Samuel Bar-
rett, born 22
March 1733,
died 21 Aug:
1749.

Edward BarM
Margery, born 19
Cinnamon Dec: 1746, died s.p.
Jamaica. Born London, Jan:
Oct: 1734. 798. Married 11
at Cinnamonuly 1768 to George
16 (or 17) Whitehorne L a w -
1798. ence

Samuel born 25 Dec:
1749, died unm. 22
Oct: 1782 at Cam-
bridge estate in Tre-
lawney parish.

Green
John
William
(all died
young)

oodin Bar-
23 Jan:
r 1761)
Assembly
ames psh.
a. 8 Oct:

Henry Barrett
born 6 Aug:
1762, died in St.
Ann's 24 Sept:
1794.

rett of Port-
t, London,
the Horse
guards. Born
55. Died in
vn, Jamaica,
4.

Elizabeth Barrett, daur of
Henry Wayte, and widow
of Martin Williams. Born
17 Apr: 1754. Died at
Leamington co: Warwick
24 Nov: 1834.

y child, born
20 Oct: 1811
William Ster-
nt, Jamaica, &
o: Lanark. She
don 19 April

Samuel Barrett of
the Spring in St.
James. Born 24 May
1788. Died at Chel-
tenham co: Gloucester
13 June 1824.

rett of Glouces-
Portman-square;
Dragoons. Served
Peninsula & at
Member of As-
St. James. Died
19 in Trelawney.

George Goodin Barrett,
Captn 14th regt. of Dra-
goons. Served in the
Peninsula Of Pedro, in
St. Ann's. Died May
1854 and buried at Cin-
namon Hill.

Elizabeth
Turner.

↓ Maria daur of
Hay Bell of New-
castle. Married
Nov: 1835

Henriet Richard Barrett
married 2nd son, died
Chelten 1844 & buried at
cester, Nonsuch in St.
cy DaMary's
Royal N

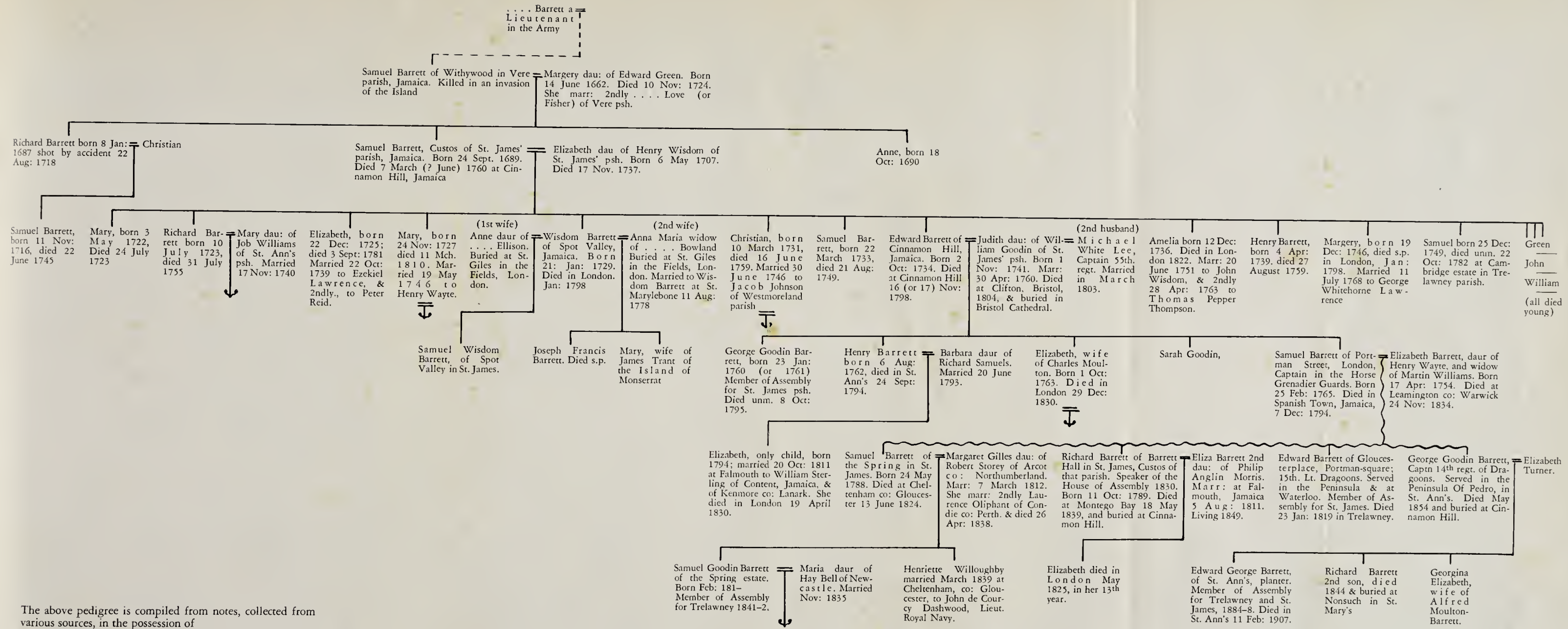
Georgina
Elizabeth,
wife of
Alfred
Moulton-
Barrett.

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The above pedigree is compiled from notes, collected from various sources, in the possession of
 E. N. GELJER
Rouge Dragon

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accommodation of the builders or "tradesmen" as they were called in Jamaica. Yet in her living quarters she carried on as usual all of her teaching. But the work, the noise, the dust, proved to be too much for her. Early in the year she fell ill with a fever which was almost fatal. Trying every means in Jamaica to restore his wife's health and failing, Hope Waddell in June, not much more than one month before the first of August, 1834, took Mrs. Waddell on the barque *Io* home to Great Britain.

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ALWAYS in the background of these years, separated from Jamaica by the Atlantic and the Caribbean, is the delicate figure of the young poet and scholar Elizabeth Barrett. She is listening to some letter from her uncle which her father is reading to her. Or she is herself reading a letter which Sam had written the beloved niece. It was in February, 1832, that the news of the Insurrection reached the Barretts at Hope End. A few months later there came to Hope End, either by the post or delivered by William Knibb himself, a letter from Edward Barrett and George Prince Wales, two "Oxford" Barrett slaves.¹

How deep the impressions made by the letters and reports from Jamaica must have been can be gauged by the extent of the changes which came about during these years in the home life of Edward Moulton-Barrett and his children. . . . As at Hope End they sang *Jesus Lover of My Soul* and *Rock of Ages* at evening prayer, Edward Moulton-Barrett at the organ in the great hall, they may well have heard the voices of those dark children singing the same hymns across the sea. Whatever peace of mind Edward Moulton-Barrett, looking out upon the vast economic changes taking place in Jamaican estates, knew must have come largely from the confidence which he had in Sam's management of his own and his brother's plantations.

On the part of the majority of planters in control in Jamaica, "defiance" is the word most descriptive of their attitude towards the Home Government. The Jamaica Assembly would neither

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“reform” from within nor accept the suggestions from without for the “meliorating” of the conditions of the slaves. On the 23rd of March, 1832, Lord Howick stated before the House of Commons that since 1823 three Colonial Secretaries successively had proposed orders in Council to better the conditions of the slaves but with no effect. The time had now come, he said, to cease remonstrating and to do something. The Island Government was of the same opinion and had declined to consider any measure which had not emanated from themselves. They had decided also to send Richard Barrett, then the Speaker of the House, and the Honorable Abraham Johnson to England to represent the Colony in the next sitting of the Imperial Parliament. To each was voted £1,000 for expenses. They were given instructions to ask certain questions and to make certain statements. They were to oppose the spreading of the opinions which, they said, had given rise to the Insurrection; they were to ask for the “views” of His Majesty’s Government; and, finally, they were to inquire “in what state they expected to leave this Island” if Parliament did emancipate the slaves. Handsome, agreeable, highly educated, confident, equivocal, with no convictions except those of practical advantage, Richard Barrett, with Abraham Johnson, started probably late in April for England and towards those multitudinous groups of men and women who cared neither for appearances nor for material advantages but who were passing through a profound religious revival of fellow-love.

Indirectly, not directly, the Insurrection was the death blow to slavery, for it forced action.² News of the rebellion in Jamaica and of the destruction of fifty-two plantations had reached London on the 20th of February, 1832.³ Buxton visited Lord Althorp, proposing an immediate motion for Abolition. By June there are records of the investigations of the West India Committee and references to the treatment which the missionaries were receiving.⁴ This was all preliminary to the great Crusade of 1833 when there were campaigns and petitions

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signed by scores of thousands. Then as now there were various types of agitators.

II

It had been in February, 1832, that news reached the Moulton-Barretts at Hope End of the Insurrection which had set a torch to scores of plantations in St. James. About 1826 had occurred the "money catastrophe" to which Mrs. Ritchie referred, for which Edward Moulton-Barrett was not responsible, the knowledge of which was kept from Mrs. Barrett who was ill, and for which Edward Moulton-Barrett had to compound, with a large permanent loss to his income. Unquestionably this loss or "money catastrophe" was due to Richard Barrett's triumph in the litigation over the Northside Barrett slaves—a suit begun in 1801. The news of the Insurrection in February, 1832, was merely the final disaster which set the Moulton-Barretts moving. To his brother Sam in Jamaica, Edward Moulton-Barrett wrote from London:

I expect soon to return into Herefordshire, altho' it will be for a distressing object—the packing up of all my things for removing thence; God only knows where; but He knows best. I dread much the effect on my dear Children in tearing them away from all their most happy associations. Again I say He who has afflicted the chastisement will so temper it as to enable them to bear it. Say nothing on the subject of the removal to the girls. They must forget it.⁵

In seven months from the time of their knowledge of the Insurrection they were gone from Hope End, never to return, and always thereafter to live their lives on a different economic scale. The decision to leave Hope End may have been reached slowly and been the result of years of experience in the mounting expenses connected with such a large family of children to be educated and such an estate. It might well be that the proportion of expenses involved in the upkeep of Hope End to the amount of a diminishing, even if still large, income made it more plain to Edward Moulton-Barrett that a change would have to be made. Also their departure may have been hastened by

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accumulating estate news from Jamaica. The peak of profits from sugar and rum had been reached a few years before the death of Edward Barrett in 1798. Altogether aside from slave insurrections and "acts of God," there had been—since then—a gradual decrease in values to which the Insurrection begun in Christmas Week, 1831, had added the speed of a great disaster. The destruction of property, even for the Barretts, who fared better than the majority of planters, must have been considerable.

The date of the departure from Hope End was to have been three weeks before the day in September, 1832, on which the Moulton-Barretts actually started. They were leaving Hope End permanently, but it was their intention to go for two months only to Sidmouth, where they had taken a house, 8, Fortfield Terrace. This dwelling the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia had occupied for a few months the preceding year. The night before E.B.B. and her sisters and all the brothers who were at Hope End, except Edward who was to stay behind to help his father, were to leave Hope End, Edward Moulton-Barrett played at cricket with his sons. He did not that evening or at the actual time speak of the parting before them. For months, suffering and wordless, he had been nowhere, neither to visit their old friends the Martins at Colwall—only a mile from Hope End—nor to Ledbury to the meetings of the religious societies in which he was deeply interested and which he had done much to support. The reasons for giving up Hope End are not wholly clear. Yet the reactions of Edward Moulton-Barrett at that time suggest forces over which he did not have control, and they suggest injured pride—both social and economic. . . . One half hour before Elizabeth and the other members of the family were to leave, the father discovered that he could not do without Sette (Septimus), aged ten, who slept with him and was his "amusing companion."

Edward Moulton-Barrett asked him, "Sette, do you wish to go very much?"

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Septimus, affectionate and sensitive, answered at once, "Oh, no, papa, I would *much* rather stay with you." ⁶

Leaving Bro and Sette behind with their father, E.B.B., "Bummy," her Aunt Charlotte, her sisters and some of her brothers had started early in September, 1832, for Sidmouth. They had one hundred and forty miles to go, a considerable distance for those days, and it would seem that they travelled that distance in two days. That night they slept at York House in Bath and the next day arrived in the dark at their new residence. They were accompanied by a throng of tradesmen who had escorted them into town to a house which had a known history of importance as the residence of the Grand Duchess Helena but in which not even a rush light was burning. Their father had taken this house for only two months. They were destined to stay in it for a much longer time.

Before the close of September, 1832, the Moulton-Barretts were all—except for the boys at school—at Sidmouth. One of those who should have been at College and was not, was Elizabeth's brother Samuel, then twenty years old. On the 27th of September, E.B.B. wrote her dear friend Mrs. Martin:

There are a great number of people here. Sam was at an evening party a week ago where there were a hundred and twenty people; but they don't walk about the parade and show themselves as one might expect.

In all of Elizabeth Barrett's published letters this is the one and only direct reference to her brother Sam. . . . The Barretts knew in Sidmouth the Herrings, Mrs. and the "Miss Polands," and Sir John Kean. The records of Peter Orlando Hutchinson would seem to indicate that Mr. James was the minister of the Old Presbyterian or Unitarian Meeting House.⁷ There called on them, also, a "Mr. and Mrs. H—, with whom papa is slightly acquainted." Of them E.B.B. wrote, "They are West India people, not very polished, but certainly *very* good-natured." They knew, besides, the Malings, the Taylors and the Hunters. These latter were acquaintances definitely interested in non-

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conformist religious work. The Barretts seem at Sidmouth, as at Hope End, to have taken an active part in the religious life of the community, going both to Missionary and Bible meetings.

When the Barretts went to Sidmouth in 1832 Henrietta was twenty-three years old. What opportunities Hope End had offered in social life for a young woman who was both gay and popular is not very evident. But it is plain from what her sister wrote that Henrietta thought little of the social opportunities of Sidmouth and much—or better—of those of Torquay. Possibly it was at Torquay she began, first, to see something intimately of her cousin on the Graham-Clarke side, Surtees Cook whom she was, years later, to marry.

According to Elizabeth's records her father was in good spirits and liked Sidmouth. There along the edge of the sea the Barrett young people rode donkeys; there Daisy (Alfred) and Sette and little Occyta (Octavius) "studied the art of catching shrimps," soaking "themselves up to their waists like professors"; there the Barretts rowed in boats along the coast to Dawlish and elsewhere. As the bird flies by sea it was but seventeen miles from Sidmouth to Torquay, to Babbacombe less than fifteen miles. At Sidmouth Elizabeth ran over to read to her blind friend Hugh Stuart Boyd, whose house was only a five-minute walk distant. At Fortfield Terrace, even down to little Octavius, they all breakfasted and drank tea together. There in the southern climate of Sidmouth they enjoyed myrtles and verbena and hydrangeas. And it was at Fortfield Terrace they received the final word of their Uncle Sam's second marriage on the 23rd of April, 1833, in Montego Bay, to Ann Eliza Gordon. The seemingly happy family life together in Sidmouth included also unusual good health for E.B.B. Frequent records show her not only busy with her *Prometheus Bound* but also leading a happy, healthful outdoor life.

In the second year of their residence in Sidmouth the Barretts were beginning to find the conditions of the house at 8, Fortfield Terrace unsatisfactory. Perhaps like some frail people the house remained comfortable and cheerful to the end, but the

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Barretts had discovered that it was "ruinous." To keep ahead of events they had one chimney pulled down in order to avoid seeing it fall down. In June, 1833, their engagement with their landlord was to expire. At the close of May Elizabeth had written their friend Mrs. Martin that her father could not make up his mind

whether or not to take this house on after the beginning of next month when our engagement with our present landlord closes. If we do leave Sidmouth, you know as well as I do where we shall go.

Apparently to West Indians as well as to Americans, ruins have their attractions, for half a year later the Barretts were still resident in this house. While they sat at dinner down came some of the tiles. Nor had they the chance to lean on window sills in order to recover from toppling chimneys and falling tiles, for the bricklayers had cautioned the Barretts not to lean out of the windows too much, lest the sills and walls follow the tiles. In September, 1833, Edward Moulton-Barrett was looking for another and less ruinous dwelling in Sidmouth. He had told his family that unless he succeeded in finding one they would have to leave Sidmouth where the Barrett life seems to have been more than commonly happy. A dwelling was found on the eastern side of Sidmouth but not quite so near the sea. Belle Vue was the name of this less important but sounder house. The Belle Vue of Barrett days was on an eminence, and next to the Powis grounds,⁸ "a thatched cottage, with a green lawn bounded by a *Devonshire lane*." It was almost south and but a short distance from Salcombe Mount. From Salcombe Hill can be seen Long Quarry Point and the Babbacombe Bay which was to become tragically historic in their lives.

III

Although in a sense the West India problem had reached its climax, it continued to accumulate. In May, 1833, E.B.B. wrote that

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The West Indians are irreparably ruined if the Bill passes. Papa says that in the case of its passing, nobody in his senses would even think of attempting the culture of sugar, and that they had better hang weights to the sides of the island of Jamaica and sink it at once. Don't you think certain heads might be found heavy enough for the purpose? No insinuation, I assure you, against the Administration, in spite of the dagger in their right hands. Mr. Atwood seems to me a demi-god of ingratitude! So much for the "fickle reek of popular breath" to which men have erected their temple of the winds—who would trust a feather to it? I am almost more sorry for poor Lord Grey who is going to ruin us, than for our poor selves who are going to be ruined.

That the Government project of Emancipation should cause alarm in the West Indies was inevitable. It is difficult today to estimate, even imaginatively, the vast importance commercially of Jamaica.⁹ It was in May that Stanley told Parliament that the West Indian planters and slave holders were not to be impressed and refused to accept any recommendations or any advice. The time had now come, the Colonial Secretary said, to suppress slavery. Stanley then introduced this Magna Charta of negro rights on the 14th of May:

"Be it enacted, that all and every the persons who on the first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, shall be holden in slavery within any such British colony as aforesaid, shall, upon and from and after the said first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, become and be to all intents and purposes free, and discharged of and from all manner of slavery, and shall be absolutely and for ever manumitted; and that the children thereafter born to any such persons, and the offspring of such children, shall in like manner be free from their birth;

"and that from and after the first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, slavery shall be and is hereby utterly and for ever abolished and declared unlawful throughout the British colonies, plantations, and possessions abroad."

Richard Barrett was under the gallery of the House of Commons on the 14th of May, 1833, when Mr. Secretary Stanley made the speech which introduced his resolutions for Emancipa-

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tion.¹⁰ Four days later Richard Barrett called Stanley's speech "the address of the Public Prosecutor against the Prisoner at the bar." Richard Barrett then made it plain that if slavery were an offense it was "an offence common to the nation," giving briefly, accurately and without bias the history of the taking of Jamaica, the passing of laws which made it obligatory to cultivate the new land by means of slave labor and the introduction of negroes from Africa. He played on the fears of English people by saying that the Cabinet of Washington was watching the progress of events in Jamaica, and that their emissaries were in the Island. Richard Barrett emphasized the jealousy and apprehension with which the slave-holding states were regarding the "Emancipation mania" of Jamaica. Richard Barrett's address was one of phenomenal ability, based as it was upon large knowledge of negro traits, extended political experience and the technique of a brilliant legal mind. Yet he was unable to see that, periodically, fellow love becomes with human groups a delirium of advance for the race, and that then such a mass movement was in process.

Parliamentary discussion was reaching peak after peak of passionate statement and pleading based on the resolutions which Stanley had introduced providing for complete emancipation of the slaves. The children born after passing of the act were to be free as well as those under six years of age when the act passed. Slaves who were field workers or predials were to become apprentices and work for their former owners for twelve years; domestics were to work as apprentices for seven years. The planters were to receive a loan of £15,000,000 sterling. The loan became a gift of £20,000,000 sterling, and the terms of apprenticeship were reduced to six years for predials and four for domestics. There were even more vehement differences of opinion among the anti-slavery groups than among the slave owners. In the end, however, the gift of twenty million pounds sterling did more to mollify the planters than anything else could have done, for that in a sense was purchase money for the slaves and restored to them at least a part of the property

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which they were destined to lose. On the 5th of August the Earl of Mulgrave wrote the Colonial Secretary that the increase in the gift from fifteen million to twenty million was bringing about a better spirit. Yet on the 19th of August Richard Barrett, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, Hodgson, the other Island delegate, and Burge, its Agent, presented to Earl Grey, then Premier, an address which protested the Emancipation Bill. Nevertheless the Bill passed the House of Lords the close of August. On the 1st of September the *Plover* mail packet brought to Kingston, Jamaica, copies of the amended Emancipation Bill; and it was but a few weeks later that the Island planters and slave owners received the news that the royal assent to the Bill in its amended form had been given. It was belief in justice—whatever the cost—which in the month of September, when her beloved uncle was receiving a copy of the Bill in its amended form, made Elizabeth Barrett write Mrs. Martin:

Of course you know that the late bill has ruined the West Indians. That is settled. The consternation here is very great. Nevertheless I am glad, and always shall be, that the negroes are—virtually—free!

Edward Moulton-Barrett had seen the full seriousness of the Bill as well as experiencing the “ruin” which it brought to West Indian planters. In this crisis he sent over his oldest son, writing to Sam on November 7, 1833:

You will be surprised to hear and I trust pleased that, when this reaches you, my beloved Bro will be at no very great distance from Jamaica. I have thought much upon it and chiefly through your earnest desire have at length been led to a step that I trust will turn out of advantage to us all. Our beloved Ba upon the colour I put upon the project, namely as being profitable to Bro's interest, has consented in a spirit that has, if possible, raised her still higher in my estimation. I need not ask you to take care of him, under Providence; when you know him you will, I doubt not, love him as much as all do who know him. I fear that he will be too willing to expose himself and exert himself overmuch, but you will be a

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kind guardian and advise and restrain him from all excesses. He is sound in principle and every way trustworthy, and I hope will be useful to you. Bro will tell you all the news and may the Lord bless and keep you my beloved Sam, yours very affectionately
E. M. Barrett.¹¹

CHAPTER XXXIII

WEST END

LONG before it actually closed, the happy life at Sidmouth was drawing to a close. Towards the end of the year 1834 another kind of separation took place for Edward Moulton-Barrett in the loss of his aunt, Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams, who died at Leamington, County Warwick, on the 24th of November, aged seventy-seven, leaving her nephew Edward Moulton-Barrett and her son George Goodin Barrett co-executors of her ample Jamaican and English estates.¹ She had defied that convention most important in a woman's life and had nevertheless remained a dominant and respected figure in her family group.

The will of Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams is of interest for its own sake and for comparative reasons. This testament of one of the dramatic and powerful West Indian figures of the family—the granddaughter of Old Sam the Pioneer on the Northside—reveals a clear family emphasis upon or delight in material possessions; also her attempt to deal with her oldest son, Martin Williams by Martin Williams, shows a spirit of Barrett equity. The will suggests that his ways had been the ways of debt and trouble-making, yet his mother sought both to release him and to forgive him. To her son Richard Barrett she left twenty guineas for a ring, but refrains from calling it a “mourning ring.” Except for the provisions she made to release her son Martin Williams and to settle on him what had been his father's, practically all her estate went to her son George Goodin Barrett and to his children.

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There is about this time in a letter from Elizabeth Barrett to Mrs. Martin under date of the 19th of December the usual record of illness on the part of Edward Moulton-Barrett which almost invariably followed the death of a member of his family.² E.B.B.'s reference to the illness having taken place a few weeks ago would have brought it to the approximate date of Mrs. Williams's death. She speaks also of the rheumatic character of the illness, which is exactly Edward Moulton-Barrett's recorded illness at the time of little Mary's death in 1814 at Hope End. . . . In 1834 Elizabeth Barrett was a woman twenty-eight years old, with a small income of her own. A coach journey to London was not a matter of great expense. Is there or is there not some suggestion from the context of her statement of being glad in oppression,—at least in the sentence "happier *not* to do what one pleases"? In any event the picture given flatters neither her father nor the news-returns of the gallant Henry who, pushed off by the others, had had the courage to go.

In 1831 Stormie who was seventeen and George who was only fourteen seem to have gone up to Glasgow University. George must have been phenomenally brilliant. Indeed the majority of the Barrett children were intellectually superior. Among the items of good news which had been sent Mrs. Martin in December, 1834, was the fact that Dr. Wardlaw said Stormie and George were doing well at Glasgow University. E.B.B. wrote her blind friend shortly before the 1st of May, 1835, that George had taken his degree "very honorably" and was leaving Glasgow on the 1st of May to come to them "in all the dignity of a Bachelor of Arts." Then she added:

Stormie shrank from the public examination, on account of the hesitation in his speech. He would not go up; although, according to report, as well qualified as Georgie.³

George, having taken his degree at Glasgow University "very honorably" in May, 1835, was on the 5th or 6th of January, 1836, to enter as a barrister student at the Inner Temple, London. What Stormie—Charles John Moulton-Barrett—was to do

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does not appear in any of the records. He had come of age on the 21st of December, 1835, and had, it may be, on that date received the legacy, payable at that time, left him by the will of his grandfather, Charles Moulton. . . .

It had been sometime following events momentous for all planters in Jamaica and elsewhere in the West Indies, that "Bro" (Edward), the oldest of Edward Moulton-Barrett's sons, was sent by his father to Jamaica. No doubt the intention was that Edward should work out in conference with his uncle some of the changes which the coming laws would bring about. Much must have been known and much feared as Elizabeth's brothers, one after another until five in number were included, left England to take up estate responsibilities on the Island, and in three instances their residence. It was probably early in the year 1834 that Edward went aboard a mail packet for the West Indies. And it was to be well on in 1835 before he returned to England. At this time there came into E.B.B.'s poetry a sense of the to and fro of ships and of parting. But there is no record of this parting from his sister Elizabeth to whom Bro had become an *alter ego*,—as, in time, her father was to become that other self during four years of illness, physical and nervous. On the 19th of December, 1834, there is this record of his absence,—characteristically intense:

There is an anxiety among us just now to have letters from Jamaica—from my dear dear Bro—but the packet is only "expected." The last accounts were comforting ones; and I am living on the hope of seeing him back again in the spring.⁴

My dear, dear Bro! To an extent still unanalyzed was E.B.B. in her own thoughts, and for the most part in the thoughts of others, dominant in the affections of the individual members of her family. She was her uncle's favorite, and to an unusual degree close to him. In her mother's life at the close, she occupied the responsible position of the oldest child and daughter. In her grandmother's will, "darling Elizabeth" is the only grandchild mentioned. Her oldest brother over many years was another

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self. Sam, the next oldest brother, sent messages at the end only to Elizabeth, and not to Henrietta and Arabel. And this was followed by the four years in which through her letters she is found to be the center of her father's thoughts and emotions. . . . Over some four years at Hope End the Barrett children had grown accustomed to the absences of their father, with no mother to take his place. Those absences, from 1828 when Mrs. Barrett died, may even have been welcomed as making possible without conference the carrying out of individual plans to which their father might be opposed. No doubt they began early to work out that schedule of parental absences, continued at Sidmouth, which permitted them, unchecked, something like an independent life.

In the summer of 1835 the Barretts finally left Sidmouth; and the next letters are from 74 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, near Baker Street—the house which Edward Moulton-Barrett had taken for his family. The West End of London had claimed Edward Moulton-Barrett as a Barrett for its own, and he was again centered in the midst of memories of associations with his great-aunt Margery Barrett Lawrence on Portman Street, Portman Square, with other uncles and aunts, and with his mother on Baker Street. For at least four generations the Barretts had called the West End “home,” and probably for a longer time. But Elizabeth continued to miss Sidmouth, and she wrote that half of her soul had “stayed behind on the seashore.”⁵

It was on New Year's Day, 1836, E.B.B. had written her friend Mrs. Martin that their father had engaged for four months a house at 74 Gloucester Place which was large enough to hold them all. Edward Moulton-Barrett's object in settling in London was, no doubt, twofold: to be nearer the management of his business and to provide a well-centered home for his sons. It may well have been at Gloucester Place Treppy began those special privileges of taking dinner on Sundays with Edward Moulton-Barrett and his children which she continued throughout the Wimpole Street days. As both E.B.B.'s letters and

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E.M.B.'s will show, her oldest son did not forget the charge about Treppy in his mother's will: "let her never know nor feel the want of me." It is not difficult to imagine Treppy's joy that she was to have her "children" near her in London.

II

Maria Edgeworth, Mary Lamb, Jane Porter, Jane Austen, Joanne Baillie, Mrs. Opie, Fanny Burney, Mary Shelley, Felicia Hemans, L. E. Landon, Mary Russell Mitford, Lady Blessington, Anna Jameson, are a few names from the roll of literary women or of women of letters immediately in Elizabeth Barrett's background or contemporaneous with her life. L. E. Landon, Mary Russell Mitford, Lady Blessington, Anna Jameson, appear either frequently or intimately or both in E.B.B.'s letters. And it was in the 74 Gloucester Place, and subsequently Wimpole Street days, that Elizabeth's literary aspirations, already evident when the little girl found a friend in Uvedale Price, began to take upon themselves a habitation and a name. Among the noted or famous men of letters who, except for the poet she was to marry, entered most closely into her life were William Wordsworth, Walter Savage Landor, and her cousin John Kenyon.

Kenyon, who was to become "a poet and the friend of poets," had left Cambridge in 1808 without a degree, married and settled at Woodlands near Alfoxden, the "Lake Region" and the haunt of poets, many of whom were or were to become his friends. Left a widower, in 1823 he married Caroline Curteis, the sister of John Curteis, a man of wealth and of West Indian properties, who owned 39 Devonshire Place where the three lived together. In 1835 John Kenyon's second wife died. Her death must have occurred sometime early in November and very unexpectedly. It was following her death that in 1838 and 1839 two volumes of his verse were published, and in 1849, the year of the death of his brother-in-law, John Curteis, that the third and last was published. There might seem to be some "biography" in these facts, and biography, too, in the literary associa-

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tions which John Kenyon steadily increased as the most personal association of his life decreased.

John Kenyon loved his fellow men. That sincere, almost childlike, attitude towards others, including his servants, won the hearts of all. On engaging servants it was his custom to ask whether *they* "had made inquiries about *his* character—and if they were satisfied." Of his associates he asked the chance to be of use and to make them happy. Large of frame, by this time he had become somewhat portly and had acquired a florid face and a bald head. Also John Kenyon had what Judge Hillard called "a companionable blue eye." ⁶ Cheerful and happy, seemingly without care or conflict of any sort, the warm tones of his voice, the cordial grasp of his hand, and the expression of his face, won him friends immediately. This interest—this affectionateness towards others, for it is that—gains in "character" as some of the facts of his personal family life are recalled. Not from ignorance or indifference but from knowledge of loneliness and loss did John Kenyon's generosity, kindness, good cheer, spring. It was the bounty of his personality much more than that of his hospitality which attracted men and women to him. Walter Savage Landor wrote of Kenyon "in all his radiance," ⁷ and Crabb Robinson of "a layman whose life is spent in making people happy." ⁸

In October, 1833, there are letter records which show John Kenyon introducing himself to Miss Mitford. Two years later, the young American, George Ticknor, who had known Kenyon since 1817, went out to Reading for the same purpose. The accurate and delightful description which was one result of this meeting gives a picture of Miss Mitford as she was when Elizabeth Barrett and the famous author of *Our Village* met each other. Ticknor found Miss Mitford living in a cottage which was "neither ornee nor poetical." Short and fat, with simple, kind manners, she entertained her guest for two hours with an animated conversation.⁹

In a letter written on the 26th of May, 1836, Miss Mitford refers to a dinner party at 56 Russell Square at which Words-

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worth, Landor, Chorley, Proctor, as well as other poets, were present. "Also," she continues, "we have a Mr. Browning, a young poet (author of "Paracelsus")." It may be stated literally that between letters written on the 26th and the 27th of May, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning came into the life of Mary Russell Mitford.¹⁰ There is another record of this dinner party on the 26th of May, 1836, in the *Diaries of William Charles Macready* which makes it almost possible, after one hundred years, to seat those guests around Talfourd's table again:

At Talfourd's I met Wordsworth, who pinned me; Walter Savage Landor, to whom I was introduced, and whom I very much liked; Stanfield, Browning, Price, Miss Mitford—I cannot remember all. . . . I was very happily placed between Wordsworth and Landor, with Browning opposite, and Mrs. Talfourd next but one—Talfourd within two.¹¹

Half a year before Macready had written of Browning:

Mr. Browning was very popular with the whole party; his simple and enthusiastic manner engaged attention and won opinions from all present; he looks and speaks more like a youthful poet than any man I ever saw.

It is of curious interest to reflect that at two dinner parties on succeeding nights having somewhat the same group of individuals, Robert Browning was a guest at the first but not at the second, and Elizabeth Barrett was present at the second but not at the first. It can seem no more than a mere accident that they did not meet in 1836 rather than in 1845.

On the 27th of May Miss Mitford wrote her father:

I told you, my dearest father, that Mr. Kenyon was to take me to the giraffes and the Diorama, with both of which I was delighted. A sweet young woman, whom we called for in Gloucester Place, went with us—a Miss Barrett—who reads Greek as I do French, and has published some translations from Æschylus, and some most striking poems. She is a delightful young creature; shy and timid and modest. Nothing but her desire to see me got her out at all, but now she is coming to us tomorrow night also.¹²

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The historic meeting had taken place: all was a success, the giraffes, the diorama, or half-translucent scenic representation, at which they peeped through an opening, and above all the "sweet young woman" who in Miss Mitford's thoughts was to become "as a daughter." No doubt part of the pleasure this meeting brings to a reasonable sense of humor is the smile at the expense of the past with its dioramas and giraffes! . . . On the following two days Mary Russell Mitford wrote:

My Dearest Father,—Our dinner at Mr. Kenyon's (to which I went with the Harnesses) was magnificent. Mr. Wordsworth, whom I *love*—he is an adorable old man—Mr. Landor—who is as splendid a person as Mr. Kenyon, but not so full of sweetness and sympathy—the charming Miss Barrett, Mr. Courtenay, and three or four more, came to dinner; one of the most magnificent dinners I ever saw; a much finer house and finer style than while Mrs. Kenyon lived.

It is a matter of odd satisfaction that at this dinner in John Kenyon's house it is possible to reset, not the table on this second night, but something of the conversation in which Elizabeth Barrett took part with Walter Savage Landor. In August, 1836, Landor wrote the "most gorgeous Lady Blessington"—and, it might be added, the most kind,—to ask whether she had ever read the poems of Miss Barrett. Then he added:

If you have, I doubt whether you will be inclined to think the frame of her mind at all adapted to the *Book of Beauty*. Latterly, I hear, she is become quite absorbed in her devotional contemplations. I never saw her but once. It was at my friend Kenyon's, and I conversed with her only for about ten minutes. Hearing that she was an excellent Greek scholar, I gave her a few Greek verses, which I happened to recollect at the moment, and which I think were among the last I had written.¹³

The other half of the picture is E.B.B.'s own comment on these meetings, and her comment on Wordsworth and Landor is specific. On the 7th of December, 1836, she wrote to Mrs. Martin:

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I or Henrietta must have told you that one of my privileges has been to see Wordsworth twice. He was very kind to me, and let me hear his conversation. I went with him and Miss Mitford to Chiswick, and thought all the way that I must certainly be dreaming. . . . His manners are very simple, and his conversation not at all *prominent*—if you quite understand what I mean by *that*. I do myself, for I saw at the same time Landor—the brilliant Landor!—and *felt* the difference between great genius and eminent talent. All these visions have passed now.¹⁴

Some six weeks later she is writing Mrs. Martin again that she, with Bro, had seen Wordsworth and Landor once more. Elizabeth commented on the meekness of Wordsworth's eyes and the slow utterance which was like truth itself. She was thrilled, too, by her contact with Landor "in whose hands the ashes of antiquity burn again." Landor gave her two Greek epigrams he had recently written and talked so "prominently" that Bro, later, "abused him for *ambitious* singularity." And there was present, too, a Mr. Raymond, a great Hebraist. It was in this letter that E.B.B. said that she had never walked in the skies before when so many stars were out, and perhaps she would never walk there again.

III

It was first at 74 Gloucester Place that E.B.B. came to appreciate the solitude a great city like London can create about the individual, and on which later she was to set a value scarcely less than pathologic. Her seclusion had about it, from the first, the curious twofold traits of literary work established through letter contacts and of intimate friendships which existed with few exceptions, so to speak, *in absentia*. In January of 1837 the "*ignis fatuus* of a house"—another house—was still gliding before them.¹⁵ And Edward Moulton-Barrett was shivering and shuddering in the London cold. All was not well on the Northside and at Cinnamon Hill. Towards the close of 1836 and the beginning of 1837 there was much news from Jamaica both personal and impersonal which brought increasing anxiety. It was

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March before there was any definite record of E.B.B.'s illness, which could not at the time have been very severe, for—whatever it was—it was followed by activities usual to Elizabeth in those normal and healthy years. Unquestionably she found the London “solitude” somewhat oppressive, too, for she wrote that she had almost no friends “except our relative Mr. Kenyon, not one literary in any sense,” and Miss Mitford “buried in geraniums thirty miles away.” “No house yet!” she wrote on the 16th of August, 1837, and then continued:

And you will scarcely have patience to read that papa has seen and likes another house in Devonshire Place, and that he *may* take it, and we *may* be settled in it, before the year closes. I myself think of the whole business indifferently. My thoughts have turned so long on the subject of houses, that the pivot is broken—and now they won't turn any more. All that remains is, a sort of consciousness, that we should be more comfortable in a house with cleaner carpets, and taken for longer than a week at a time. Perhaps, after all, we are quite as well *sur le tapis* as it is. It is a thousand to one but that the feeling of four red London walls closing around us for seven, eleven, or twenty-five years, would be a harsh and hard one, and make us cry wistfully to “get out.” I am sure you will look up to your mountains and down to your lakes, and enter into this conjecture.

Elizabeth's brother Sam was at this time on the Northside, residing now at Cinnamon Hill with his Uncle Samuel, and then at Fonthill in the Parish of St. Elizabeth with his father's attorney, Matthew Farquharson. The Barretts were no exception to the human experience of a ne'er-do-well. And as so often happens, the ne'er-do-well was one for whom they cherished hope. It was Edward Moulton-Barrett's second son, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, born at Cheltenham on the 13th of January, 1812, about whom their hopes centered. In the letters of E.B.B. and the known and used biographical sources, this brother, named after his Uncle Samuel, is curiously absent. But some Jamaican records, two wills and a forgotten book have uncovered, together with a certain hitherto inexplicable statement by Elizabeth Barrett, something of the part which this second son played in the



W. Frederick Chambers, M.D.

Portrait by Smyth



Miss Mitford

By permission of the National Portrait Gallery

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family of the Barrett. They were anxious, too, about S.M.B., Senior's health, and about the changing conditions in Jamaica. . . . It was towards the close of this year 1837, with its thrilling literary friendships, that fate began to strike desolating blows upon the Barretts.

FUS' A AUGUST 1834

IN NOTHING are the strange dramatic extremes of the Jamaica life more evident than in two incidents connected with women, in the years 1832 and 1833, in which Samuel Moulton-Barrett played an important role and in one of which Hope Waddell was involved. Among the women of Jamaica whose ways were scrupulous and who maintained their conduct above reproach were the ladies of the Scarlett families.¹ In 1832, Dr. Scarlett's widow, Mary Anglin Scarlett, had died. One of the house slaves at Duckett's Spring, Mary Scarlett, had been named after Mrs. Scarlett. Shortly after Mrs. Scarlett's death, Samuel Moulton-Barrett went to Duckett's. He brought back with him to Cornwall House, where he was living with Hope and Mrs. Waddell, the slave Mary Scarlett, who had been trained in exemplary ways. Because of her conduct and her personal habits she obtained and held the respect and affection of all at Cornwall House. First slavery had torn her from her parents and her land. Later it had separated her from her husband and her children. She had lived many years with Mrs. Scarlett without any special religious influences. Then she came under the influence of the Waddells—an influence which resulted in Mary Scarlett's "conversion."

A few years later this good little woman was to say: "It be no ship captain bring me from Guinea country, and it be no massa B— bring me from Duckets come here; God bring me from place to place till he bring me to himself. I don't know him before I come here, and now I'm joined to his holy table."²

But the light on the life of another estate which Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall House adjoined is as lurid as the most horrible moment in the entire Insurrection. John Rose Palmer, the grandson of the Custos John Palmer, and the owner of Rose Hill and Palmyra, had suddenly vanished. The mystery of what happened to him has never been solved. From the time of the disappearance of John Rose Palmer in 1826, Rose Hall and Palmyra had known seven appalling years of sadistic acts, at the hands of his wife Annie Mary Paterson Palmer, in which the head of her slave Princess was but a trifle! The outraged slaves of Palmyra, one hundred and seven in number, had themselves on the night of the Insurrection set the torch to the trash house and fled. For some months after this Mrs. Palmer lived on at Palmyra alone except for a sambo boy of thirteen, Charles Watson, and Jane Cranston, a mulatto girl of sixteen. One morning Mrs. Palmer was found strangled in bed. No one would go near the dead woman or touch her even to bury her.

Hearing of this crime, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, again living at Cinnamon Hill Great House, commandeered his coachmen and grooms and his mason Downer from Cinnamon Hill to meet this emergency. Under S.M.B.'s direction Barrett employees and slaves carried Annie Mary Paterson Palmer past Cornwall estate, down through Music Valley to Rose Hall. The Mistress lay in Rose Hall while, near the house, they dug her grave. The torch of the Insurrection had made plenty of cane ash available for everyone. With it Downer was mixing the mortar for the grave the slaves were digging. From Rose Hall terrified slaves carried Mrs. Palmer to the grave and lowered her into it. Over her body Downer built up a square pile of masonry, unmarked then and still unmarked. Massa had promised him and the other slaves who did this work a young steer. The taint of Obeah was blood for blood. After the stone pile was erected the bullock was killed. That night there was feasting on the slaughtered steer. Annie Mary Paterson was dead. She would torture her slaves no more!

During these years, the association between Samuel Moul-

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ton-Barrett and Hope Waddell had been cordial—even intimate for a time—yet the young Minister became conscious early of the insecurity of his tenure on Cornwall. His presence there depended on the will of his friend, the proprietor; and he could obtain neither for church nor for residence a “certain possession.” S.M.B. had given Hope Waddell a lease of Cornwall limited to his own life and to that of the Minister. Waddell stated that S.M.B. had promised a site on Cornwall for a church, but

the promise was never fulfilled. The estate indeed was entailed; but the entail could have been removed, by an act of the legislature, from the portion to be alienated to the purpose of a church. Steps were taken at great expense two years successively, with the owner’s seeming consent, to have that done. Still some difficulty or other occurred that he could not get over, and it was not done.

It came eventually to an issue between the Minister and the proprietor. Waddell put it plainly to Samuel Moulton-Barrett that he must give permission to enlarge Cornwall House to more than twice its size so that the lower part might be opened as a church for the congregation while he reserved the upper part as a dwelling for himself and his family. If S.M.B. would bear half the expense of this, Waddell would bear the other half. If he failed to receive permission from the owner, the minister continued firmly,

I would put up a great tabernacle in the yard before our house, large enough for our people, and so constructed, that on the expiry of my lease it could be removed.

S.M.B. gave permission. His state of mind may be left to the imagination. Undoubtedly by this time both men, each of whom knew his own mind in this crisis, were congratulating themselves that they were learning by experience: the one what another proprietor would be likely to do under similar circumstances, the other how little any missionary would leave undone under the same circumstances. And no doubt both were right!

High did the tide of resentment run on both sides. Waddell even left unmentioned the act of courage of Samuel Moulton-Barrett which in July, 1833, brought the Colonial Church Union practically to an end. And S.M.B. would have—if he could have—driven the Scotch Missionary away from Cornwall House when his mind took towards him what the Missionary called a “permanently unfavourable turn.”

For some time the hope of both Waddell and the Reverend George Blyth of founding an important center of their Mission had been centered on Montego Bay. Blyth's absence in England, the Insurrection and other events had deferred the time for the accomplishment of this object but not the object itself. Finally Waddell and Watson were in a position to collect money for the Montego Bay Station. Lord Seaford had just arrived at the Bay from England. He was the proprietor of Montpelier estate, one of the centers of the Insurrection, on the hills behind Montego Bay. For fitting up the Station there in Montego Bay a debt of £100 had been incurred by the missionaries. Hope Waddell went to Lord Seaford on his arrival to beg him to head the subscription list for this debt. This his Lordship did handsomely. A friend of Lord Seaford's who was present objected.

“Why, my lord,” he said, “do you really patronize these Scotch preachers?”

“Yes, indeed,” answered Lord Seaford, “I believe they are very laborious, useful men, who should be encouraged.”

“But, my lord,” said the objector, “there is S.M.B., who knows them well, having one on his estate. He says they are the most uncompromising people he ever met.”

Lord Seaford smiled and made no reply. Waddell also smiled.

On the 23rd of April, 1833, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, forty-six years old, married Ann Eliza, daughter of the late Honorable William Gordon and niece of Sir John Gordon. They were married in Montego Bay.³ Again Cinnamon Hill had as its “lady” a Mrs. Barrett.⁴

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May had but passed and June come before the majority of the slaves felt the pressure which their masters intended to place upon their apprenticeship. It must have added fuel to the fire to know, as the planters did, that "home" was not on their side but on that of the missionaries. On the 12th of December, 1833, the Bill for the Emancipation of the slaves became law in Jamaica.⁵ It was on that day Mulgrave met the Assembly for the last time. It was Mulgrave's successor, the Marquis of Sligo, after Mulgrave had gone home, upon whom it came to prepare the people of Jamaica for the actual event of the apprentice system. On the 4th of July, 1834, Sligo met the Assembly, and, among other warnings, said:

Let not the expression of their joy be mistaken for a disposition to riot—let not those under you so mistake their feelings, and misuse authority.

Patient and forgiving to an extent not characteristic of the white man the negroes faced the few remaining weeks of their slavery and seemed to be looking forward confidently to an apprenticeship which would be a genuine preparation for complete emancipation. July passed and the last day, the 31st, of that month came. That night by the sea and among the mountains everywhere in the Island, the slaves knelt in the churches and chapels praying. Midnight approached as they prayed. For scores of thousands kneeling in prayer and in silence a few minutes,—a few seconds—of slavery remained. Then came the stroke of midnight. The bells rang out! They leapt to their feet! They were free! And on mountain and by the sea thousands of voices broke into song.

Yet it was the quietness of that day, coming on a Sunday, which surprised everyone. Whereas Sunday mornings in Jamaica had resembled a large country fair, with the slaves chattering in the markets, all Sunday-markets ceased on that First of August of their apprenticed freedom. In the early morning many of the slaves were on their way to the sea or to church or chapel for baptism. The roads were filled with the blacks,

young and old in clothes which were spotlessly clean and which represented their best garments. They flocked into the large towns, and there went to the houses of their friends for rest and for refreshment. At the hour for church services on that Sunday morning they flocked into the chapels and churches till, literally, the throngs were so great that the ministers could scarcely get into their pulpits. Outside, the numbers of worshippers were even greater, with hundreds unable to get close even to a window or a door. For the first time on that Sunday morning the negroes stood or knelt in their churches and chapels and in their mountain fastnesses with a new consciousness: they were apprentices, not slaves. In their new order of being a profound solemnity characterized the day.

There is, among the observations of a petty magistrate who stated that the first of August passed without the slightest disorder, one record of "turbulent joy." Some little blackies in Kingston that Sunday morning were throwing stones at a drunken sailor. As Jack Tar lurched after them they shouted:

"What for you run away? we all free now! buckra can't catch we! hurra for fuss of Augus! hi, hi, fuss of Augus! hurra for fuss of Augus!"

And capering, they turned and gave Jack another volley of small stone.⁶

But throughout the Island it was a solemn day lightened only here and there by an irrepressible youth.

The plain prose of all this was that the apprentice blacks were facing four years of subtler, and therefore crueller, conflict than any they had ever known. Practically without property, almost without education, they had been placed in the position of preparing themselves for freedom. It was exactly that! Virtually their position of being unable, either economically or before the law, to protect themselves remained unchanged. It is true that under the Imperial Abolition of Slavery Act, stipendiary justices sent from England could control in the exaction of labor the oppression of negroes by their masters. These justices were chiefly northerners, unaccustomed to

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the demands of a tropical climate. The salary was inadequate and the work was hard. The old, old story of hardship repeated itself, and the stipendiary justices died like flies. But under the local laws the local justices who did not die—timber seasoned in Jamaica—could continue to perpetrate cruelty and wrong. The superior courts, legislature and police of the Island were all partisan to slavery.⁷ The Marquis of Sligo, as Governor conscious of the dangers in the position of the apprentices, issued a friendly warning to the negroes.⁸

As governor succeeded governor,—no matter what the governor said or refrained from saying—the planters, officials and merchants remained partisan to the economic system on the basis of which the importance and wealth of Jamaica had been developed. That was natural, for the desire for gain, for money and power, had achieved slavery. The planters opposed not only the educational and religious instruction of the slaves, but also the relinquishment of concubinage and the marriage of the negroes.⁹ Based as the domestic and sex comfort of the majority of the planters was on the so-called “housekeeper” or concubinage system, their opposition to the marriage of the slaves was natural and to be expected. Until 1835 neither the planters nor the law recognized as legal the marriages which the missionaries frequently made among their people. Although the emotions of the present day man and woman may not vibrate particularly to the “Ebenezer” attitude of some of the missionaries, yet in no day would genuine manhood and genuine womanhood be quicker to receive acknowledgment. These men and women derisively called “saints” by the planters were in the majority of cases heroic in their courage.

What account the “saints” paid for all their forms of hardihood the statistics reveal.¹⁰ However long or short their service, the sacrifice of the missionaries undoubtedly led, directly or indirectly, to Emancipation. They met with personal vilification and were robbed of their “character.” Committees were appointed in Jamaica to investigate their supposed money-extortion and other vile practices among the negroes, including the

preaching of sedition and the commercializing of prostitution for money for their chapels.¹¹ Undeterred the missionaries worked on, by their work improving the ways of the negro, where they could interesting the planters in the improvement of their slaves; and, finally, by their own courageous lives creating a large and favorable public opinion for the Emancipation of the slaves.

II

E.B.B.'s brother, young Edward Moulton-Barrett, was in Jamaica from 1834 to 1835.¹² He was sent no doubt as his father's oldest son and representative in this great crisis of the Island plantation life. The probability is that this son was closely associated with his father in the merchanting of the sugar and rum which were the chief products of the Barrett Northside estates.

During the time that Bro was in Jamaica he was, as this letter of August 8, 1834, reveals, followed by a father's loving care:

You will perhaps have heard through Bro, that I went to London on or about the time Selby was expected and that after two fruitless visits to Gravesend in order to intercept him on his way up the river I was fortunate enough to fall in with him on the third expedition and truly happy was I to hear his report of you all and gratified not a little at the account he gave me of you and approbation of my dear Boy; indeed it is the only circumstance which can afford me the least compensation for his absence and in such a Climate and such society around him. May the Lord keep him from the evil effects of both and restore him uninjured in body and mind in His good time. Upon the subject of Climate I scratched him a line or two in a spare corner Ba left me in her letter to him by this Packet, wherein I begged him to be more guarded than I am given to understand he is in exposing himself to it. I do not like to hear of his long rides in the broiling sun and perhaps subjecting himself also to the Evening Dews unnecessarily, by which I mean when he might, at a little cost, get a gig or Phaeton to convey him. I beg you to procure such a conveyance for him immediately, and let me see it in my account. I think I wrote you before, indeed I am sure

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of it, to supply him with what money he may require, and altho' his wants in this particular may not be much, still there must be occasional demands upon him; as he may feel some delicacy about this, I hope you have or will speedily anticipate his application to you.¹³

Probably most of his time was spent with his uncle and the second Mrs. Barrett at Montego Bay, or at Cinnamon Hill, or in the Barretts' much-loved mountain home at Retreat Penn. Bro saw his uncle in action, showing those impulsive and yet wise traits of warm-heartedness, courage, and generosity which characterized the majority of his acts in Jamaica. It is possible that Bro was with his uncle when Samuel Moulton-Barrett offered a reward for the discovery of those who had perpetrated the outrages of pulling down the Pedro Plains Chapel and burning the Chapel in Brown's Town. Again it was the swift action of Samuel Moulton-Barrett, the "wise, humane, and dignified conduct of the Custos, which saved the parish from the horrors of martial law."¹⁴ The negroes, incensed by white interpretation of their apprenticeship, were showing signs of insubordination. Taking the bull by the horns, S.M.B. went himself down to Ocho Rios, where the apprentices were most unruly, to reason with them and interpret for them the new law. The negroes were so pleased with his kindness and his sympathy for them that they promised him to do all they could to restore order.

There had been issued from the Office of Commissioners of Compensation, the 31st of March, 1834, a set of General Rules, directions which included all forms of ownership in slaves. These General Rules were followed by a notice published in the *London Gazette*, the 18th of April, showing the arrangements made by Government for the distribution of the twenty millions voted by Parliament as compensation to the proprietors of the slaves. When, as was the case with the Barretts, the claims would be for thousands of slaves, both the work connected with these claims and the property involved were of great dimensions. There was not only the legal character of the claim to be made but also the description of estates

and the description of slaves to be entered. Indeed a business vast in itself sprang up in the financial, clerical and legal work connected with the manumitting of the slaves.

On the basis of the new arrangements and the new laws, Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his nephew Edward Moulton-Barrett were at work solving problems never before encountered by Barretts. In this extract from a letter by Bro reporting on Oxford and Cambridge Estates, to his uncle, will be seen the hopefulness of the outlook of an intelligent sensitive youth!

The people upon both estates are behaving as well, if not better, than ever. Here they turn out much more regularly than they did under the management of Mr. Day; and at Oxford, Mr. Phillpotts complains that the apprentices fairly bully him to employ them on their own days. They say that you are anxious that they should be hired, but that the overseer begrudges them the money, which you have put in his hands for that purpose. I have but little doubt that during crop you may command as much of the time of the apprentices upon both estates, either by night or day, as you may think it expedient to pay for.¹⁵

Nor, it would seem, was the belief in the advantages of emancipation to the planter as well as to the slave based on the overconfidence of youth or upon want of experience, for ten days later S.M.B. wrote:

I never was half so confident as I am now of the peaceable disposition of the negroes. I never knew them so greedy for money—so industriously anxious to earn it. I enclose you the proofs upon which I ground this opinion, and I could send you many others.¹⁶

When Samuel Moulton-Barrett had to meet economically the crisis of emancipation, he had been living on the Island seven years. He had had the charge of 1,100 negroes, 387 of these as attorney for his brother, and the remainder as proprietor. There must have been trouble on Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall which covered some two weeks when the apprentices did not turn out well and work well. Otherwise the report he wrote in November, although he stated that it was too early to reach

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conclusions, was favorable to the apprentice system. He observed:

Upon my own properties, with certain exceptions, I should say the new system worked comparatively well; that is, not better than the old plan, but very much better than I expected.¹⁷

There are no records to prove that Bro, helping his uncle with the problems on Oxford and Cambridge, dissented from this controlled statement, for in the records which remain uncle and nephew seem to have been in accord.

CHAPTER XXXV

BAUBLES

TO say that Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his brother Edward Moulton-Barrett were in favor of Emancipation is one thing. To say that both brothers worked generously for the development and education of the slave is another statement and the truth. That these brothers, upon whom the vast Barrett estates of the Northside were entailed, continued, as they did, in a spirit of kindly and liberal adjustment to their apprenticed negroes and then, in one case, to the freed negroes speaks for itself. S.M.B. was probably not one of those human beings who had been taught to believe that in a difference of opinion one was absolutely right and the other absolutely wrong. With something of the generous reasonableness of both Edward Barrett, his grandfather, and Elizabeth Moulton, his mother, it was possible for him to think in less static terms. But that the opposite tendency was in the family is evident in the home life of E.B.B.

Edward and Samuel Moulton-Barrett's first cousin, however, made no effort to make an adjustment to the new order. Richard Barrett, Custos of St. James and Speaker of the House of Jamaica, was no foe to "time-honoured institutions." Liberals who wished to destroy those institutions had tried, and continued to try, to oust Richard Barrett. It was they, perhaps, who were responsible for the sobriquet by which the Jamaica Assembly became known: "The House of the Forty Thieves." Richard Barrett's own party had asserted in the autumn of 1835 that "the House of Assembly cannot do without Mr.

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Barrett.”¹ The Liberals had accused the Speaker of a fondness for arbitrary power and for arbitrary measures. The Speaker’s party then came in with a counter-statement to the effect that in the whole circle of St. James’s “Liberals” there was no one fit to stand in Richard Barrett’s shoes or who had his talent.² According to the political pattern, then as now, there followed, immediately after the election, speeches which expressed gratitude and which pledged Richard Barrett again to certain policies. Chief among these policies restated to a group of his friends, white and colored, who had gathered about him at Miss A. Waite’s lodgings in Montego Bay, was that of equality of rights for the colored people with the white. He said that he was not a native of Jamaica, though generally supposed so, that he had come to Jamaica young “but of sufficient age to form judgments and abide by them.” A very few years after his arrival on the Island, Richard Barrett said that he had entered upon public life and that he had at once “planned the complete emancipation of the degraded classes.” He reached a climax of eloquence and appeal in the following rhetorical question:

And now I will ask my good friends of colour, of whom so many are present, whether they would not rather owe favours to a parent or brother than to a stranger?

The subtlety of Richard Barrett’s appeal to his colored constituents cannot be exaggerated. In the plain English Richard Barrett and the majority of the planters would not have cared to use, this was an appeal to the *status quo* of illegitimacy. In its subtlety it was more than that, for the appeal banked on the hostility existing between the free people of color and the negroes. During those years Jamaica was not only a “House” divided against Great Britain, she was also, as far as the negroes and the colored people were concerned, an island divided against itself.

Through overwork Richard Barrett said his health had suffered and it was for that reason he had sought a cooler residence in St. Ann. Indeed about this time he had bought the properties

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known as Albion and Rio Hoja. These have now for almost one hundred years been owned by the Barrett family and are still in their possession. Rio Hoja is an estate of singular interest. Among the first English maps of Jamaica a large lake is marked by Rio Hoja. There seems always to have been a lake or pond there of about seventy acres in extent. From causes unknown the subterranean passage or discharge from Rio Hoja, or as it is now called Moneague Lake, fills up. Rio Hoja then begins to deepen and to expand until it covers thousands of acres. One sugar plantation may lose seven hundred acres or the village of another settlement gradually disappear under the spreading waters.³ Certainly a property which brings with it a sporting risk as well as an interest!

It was not only, however, because of his health he had taken up residence in St. Ann, but, he added, because he was driven from his home in St. James's "by the persecutions of Lord Sligo." The "persecutions" of Richard Barrett by Lord Sligo were probably not without cause, for about 1826 Sligo's properties had been destroyed by his "faithless agents," of whom Richard Barrett was one.⁴ Then in words which reveal—if their significance can be accepted at all—Richard Barrett's own consciousness of the increasing bitterness of party spirit and of the power of accumulating antagonists, he said:

I am certain that what I am about to add, will not be disagreeable to you. I happened to have more money than I had immediate use for, and I might have followed the example followed by so many, who despair of the country, and vest their money in English securities. But I do not despair of Jamaica, and I have added more ties to those powerful ones, which already bind me to this your country and to your interest. I have expended a large sum in the purchase of land in St. Ann's, on which I have lately resided; I desire to have no possession out of Jamaica; I am satisfied of the value and stability of Jamaica property; I can advance no better proof of my devotion to your interests, than the employment of my capital solely in the island.⁵

In short, if they would elect him, he would do as they wished, and then as now politically money had a *basso profundo* and

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could be heard above and below the register of all other voices except one. In that Plantocracy "land" had an even louder voice.⁶

II

When during the apprentice years Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey visited Jamaica for the purpose of studying the operation of the apprentice system, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, then a member of the Council, "kindly invited" them to visit his estates. They had been in St. Ann's Bay studying the workhouse and jail. They had seen prisoners in chains and in solitary cells; they had seen women condemned to be placed twice a day on the treadmill, and they had seen the treadmill spattered with blood and the floor beneath it soaked with the blood of the wretches who had lost their footing and hung by their chains, bleeding as the great wheel revolved.

It was on the morning of the 25th of February, 1837, that they rode over to Retreat Penn, which they described as "an estate of great extent and beauty, comprising both pasture and mountain woodland." They found Retreat Penn managed by the negro Samuels, who had been born a slave on one of Samuel Moulton-Barrett's estates. With this black overseer, who could neither read nor write but whose daughter had been so well educated that she was the teacher of the Retreat Penn school, they walked through the negro villages. The houses they saw were comfortable, large, and placed in the midst of gardens. There were seventy-six free children on the estate, and these with the apprentices received their salt fish and customary allowances even as they had done in slavery. Samuels made it plain that the First of August, 1834, had not brought about many changes on Retreat, for when his Master had come to Jamaica in 1827 to reside there, he had abolished the use of the whip and commenced the development of the more or less ideal conditions which characterized the estate life. Samuels stated that the greater proportion of the people were either Wesleyans or Baptists, and that there were only two mothers



The Macnee Portrait of Hope Masterton Waddell
In the possession of Waddell's nephew, Colonel E. T. Kelsall



Richard Barrett
(From *The Daily Gleaner*)

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of children on the property who were not married. . . . The next day they returned to complete their inspection of Retreat Penn. They visited the estate school taught by Samuels' daughter, a young woman nineteen years old. They heard the children read and spell and saw them write to dictation, and they recorded: "The school does great credit to the teacher." On that day they visited, too, the hospital, which they pronounced an airy and good building. The medical attendant, a former slave on the property, was not only in charge of the hospital but also had a large practice.

Two days later they were on their way with William Knibb to Wilberforce, a station where a school and chapel had been recently started. In going to Wilberforce they passed through Edward Moulton-Barrett's estate of Oxford. They talked with one of the head negroes, who must have been either Edward Barrett or George Prince Wales, upon whom, because of his fine conduct during the Insurrection, their master had wished to confer freedom. The old slave, however, had begged that the boon be bestowed on his son. For two years, this head negro told them, there had been no punishments upon the estate, the apprentices did more work than ever, and the crops had increased.

On Edward Moulton-Barrett's estate of Cambridge conditions were somewhat different. His son, Edward, was no longer there to control the apprentices. His brother Sam had taken his place.

When Harvey and Sturge asked the negroes about their conditions they answered, "We know we got good massa in England, and we wish to do everything to oblige him."

That, then, was *not* the trouble?

"Overseer is a man of war," they explained.

They went on to say that if the overseer continued to worry them, none of the apprentices would remain when the time was up.

There was Richard Barrett, a carpenter. He had been on Cambridge for twenty-eight years. Respectfully he had made

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a complaint to his attorney against the bad overseer Hawes. As a result he had been turned into the field. In consequence Richard Barrett gave notice, asking to be valued. A man of good character, he had been head carpenter for seven years. Because of the complaint, Hawes had ordered him into the field to dig cane holes. Having been demoted to field laborer, Richard Barrett asked to be valued as such. But the local magistrates had decided that he was to be valued as a carpenter, and Richard Barrett accordingly bought his freedom at £67.10s.⁷

On other estates than those owned by the Barretts, to the unhappy devices, already suggested, for maintaining the *status quo* of plantation prosperity, on the basis of a nominal "slavery," the planters added an increase in the punishment of the slave-apprentices. Remonstrances, whether from some right-minded planter or magistrate, from a stipendiary justice or a missionary, mattered little! For those familiar with the developments of that day there can be no surprise that the cry went up from the negroes: "Don't you see, Massa, that buckra constant punish we, only for going to God on Sunday, or saying our prayers in negro-house—and you know that's not right."⁸ The Missionaries, more cursed than ever, stated in plain English that the apprenticeship of the negroes was a "mockery of freedom" and "worthless as a preparation for that state." And they went on to say in a letter to Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey, after the system had had two years and a half of trial, that the energy of the negro was repressed by the system and that he had become distrustful of the British public by whom he now thought he had been "cheated by a name." Then they gathered together their specific objections in the statement that the very apparatus which was to protect the negro was

in many instances, made instrumental in carrying on a system of coercion and oppression as odious as that from which he was intended to be freed.⁹

By late July or early August, 1835, Waddell had returned to his work on the Northside. Half a year later, in January, 1836,

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Mrs. Waddell, well again, was with her husband at Cornwall House. Great was the rejoicing over the returned Mistress!

Mary Scarlett, the faithful servant, Grandy Bright, Mammy Brown and Mother Catharine, in turn took her in their arms, exclaiming: "My missis, O, you come! Thank great Father, he bring you to we again."

The old people shedding tears of happiness, shaking hands, the young people dressed in their clean frocks, they welcomed her.¹⁰ But there was one welcome which in times past would have been first to be hers, and more important than any other, and it was not present. Even before Hope Waddell had taken his wife home, they had been practically debarred from work on Cinnamon Hill estate.

Undoubtedly there were two sides to the growing antagonism of S.M.B. and Hope Waddell. Both men possessed distinction of personality, including the intellectual and the physical. Both men were highly endowed emotionally. Each in face was oversensitive, one with the long able nose of the Cornishman, the other with the spirited nostrils of a warrior of the spirit. Each was determined. The older man had left much in England and lost much in Jamaica, as he had taken up on the Northside the old, old calling of the family of the Barrett as planters. Having done this for an economic end and at a personal sacrifice, his success must show itself—prove itself—by material prosperity. Hope Waddell's concern was with the spirit of things. And in these two facts had lain dormant over several years the possibility of the conflict between the body and the soul of things.

Whatever mistakes he made, Hope Waddell was capable of learning by experience. The young Minister had come to think it unwise to ask to resume the meetings in Cinnamon Hill Great House. But he did ask Samuel Moulton-Barrett to appoint some other place where he might meet the people of the estate. This request Samuel Moulton-Barrett declined, saying he could give neither place nor time; that he could not afford to cut down their work hours; that the negroes had now plenty of time and

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could go to their Minister. This ended a connection which had lasted many years, and the depth and importance of which were but emphasized by several subsequent events. The separation cannot be explained on the ground of a rising antagonism in S.M.B. to missionaries and their work, for about 1837 Samuel Moulton-Barrett sold a piece of Falmouth land to the Baptist mission. The Chapel built on it was dedicated before he died.¹¹

However deeply Hope Waddell and his wife felt the exclusion from Cinnamon Hill—and it was unquestionably one of the few bitter events in their lives—there was still more work to be done in their field than a man and his wife could do. Children were flocking in great numbers to Cornwall to be taught. The first of the temperance societies on the Northside had been started on Dr. Blyth's station of Hampden. This was followed in 1836 on Cornwall by the second of the temperance societies. When it is remembered that the by-product of sugar is rum, and that the manufacture of rum represented half of the wealth of the Northside Barretts, coming conflicts over the use of liquor by the people of the estates can cause no surprise.

On Cornwall three "old ladies" came out strongly for what might be called a controlled use of "bitters" in the morning and "antidote" at night when their stomachs hurt them. There was a good old negro who rallied to the support of the negro "old ladies." With an adroitness worthy of the cause, he first stamped temperance with his approval, and in no uncertain terms he denounced intemperance.

With enthusiasm the "old ladies"—it was an insult to call a negro female a "woman"—applauded.

They shouted: "Well done, brother!"

"Very true, brother!"

These temperance meetings spread to the negro houses on the various estates, among them Cinnamon Hill where much opposition developed. . . .

Living now with his uncle was young Sam, who had come out in 1836. He had become an Ensign in the St. James Militia,

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and was in 1837 to be made an Ensign also in the Militia of St. Elizabeth.¹²

Sam's father and uncle were both engaged in the manufacture of sugar and rum, and for this second of the Edward Moulton-Barrett sons there could have been nothing unusual in the use of liquor. He was accusomed to it and Sam's point of view was naturally that of his uncle and father. . . . But all too clearly does it appear in the following record to what a pass the conflict between Samuel Moulton-Barrett and Hope Masterton Waddell had come by Christmas, 1836:

At the distribution of Christmas allowances the church members on Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill were ill-treated. They were taunted as . . . fools, because they declined to receive the customary bottle of rum, and were even denied the usual sugar, because they would not attend the "bush-house" dance.¹³

But what does not appear is how much the Master himself knew of or ignored these proceedings; and the extent of young Sam's involvement in the licentious social life possible in Jamaica, and which often had its center in these great house dances.

It was in this year of the founding of the temperance society on Cornwall that the consolidation of Hope Waddell's missionary work on the Northside took place at Eastham's or Mount Zion, a half mile distant from Cornwall. But it was not Samuel Moulton-Barrett who headed the building fund, it was his cousin Richard Barrett. True, he also was the young Minister's neighbor, and he was Speaker of the House of Assembly and Custos of the Parish of St. James. For seven years Waddell had visited the people on Richard Barrett's estates and taught them, and Hope Waddell told him he had the right to the honor of heading his subscription list. This the Speaker did with £25. The Doctor had hoped for £50. Richard Barrett, pleasant and imperturbable, said he would gladly have made it more but that he had recently given £50 apiece to three different chapels, and in passing through Falmouth had been asked for £20 for the Kirk.

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“What claim this last has on me,” he added, “I know not, except that I once went to hear Mr. Thorburn preach; and I think that sum too much for a sermon.”

“Sometimes a person,” the Minister answered, “has got more than that of good from a sermon.”

“Well, at my time of life,” objected Richard Barrett, “a man should have more sense than to be either the better or worse of any sermon.”

In 1835 Waddell had been excluded by Samuel Moulton-Barrett from Cinnamon Hill. At Christmas time, the members of his flock had been taunted as his “fools” and punished by withholding of their allowance on account of their temperance principles. The growing conflict was to show itself in two more incidents in 1837.

In a journey which Hope and Mrs. Waddell made from Cornwall to Lucea the horses took fright and Mrs. Waddell fell with the horses over a cliff. That she escaped death was a miracle.¹⁴ Terribly injured, it was many weeks later before they could move Mrs. Waddell from Lucea. She was brought home by sea, lying on a mattress in a canoe. Samuel Moulton-Barrett sent down to Little River Wharf, where she was landed, to offer his easy carriage for her use. But Mrs. Waddell, crippled as she was, shrank from the thought of using the carriage of one to whom in his sorrow they had opened the doors of their home and who a few years later had shut the doors of Cinnamon Hill Great House against them. She refused the offer. A mule cart filled with fresh grass and pillows bore her from Little River wharf home to Cornwall House.¹⁵

The second experience, of a different order, is even more revelatory of the growing separation between those who had once been neighbors and then house mates and friends. E.B.B.'s brother Sam must have been with his uncle at that time. On the very day, the 25th of August, 1837, on which the Mount Zion Church and School were dedicated, there was a dramatic incident which revealed one aspect of the influence of Cinnamon Hill Great House. The public service was just over when Hope

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Waddell was met by an excellent negro who, the year before, had declined the eldership in the church in order to have more time to watch over his daughter Mary Ann. Excited, coming hastily towards them, Charles H. was holding out in one hand a coral necklace and a pair of flashy earrings, in the other a supplejack.

“See, minister,” he cried, “see these things. You know how often I have charged Mary Ann not to go near that great house, and to take no presents there. Now I find these on her which she got from --- yesterday, and what more she has been doing, I don’t know. I have flogged her well; and now I want to go and ask him why he must always teach my daughter to be a bad girl.”

Waddell shared the just anger of the father, for they all knew of the “various base efforts that had been used to ensnare the girl.” The father had spoken freely to the Master before and was a “marked man.” To speak again would be called insolence and the father would receive a heavy punishment.

Waddell, therefore, counselling the father not to go, said, “Call back the people. Tell them the whole affair. Then pound these cursed baubles into fragments between two stones. The people will gather them, show them, and tell the story every place. It will reach his ears and make him ashamed.”

So it was done. And the story did reach the Great House.

Early in 1838 came the conflict between Matthew Farquharson, Edward Moulton-Barrett’s attorney for Cinnamon Hill, Cornwall and other estates, and young Sam over the privileges which the late Samuel-Moulton Barrett had withdrawn and the Attorney had returned to Hope Masterton Waddell. In this conflict between the Agent and the Young Master, Sam had his way, and Hope Waddell was again driven from Cinnamon Hill. In August, 1838, Sam lost money, time and goodwill because of the policy, differing with his father’s policy on other estates, which he pursued with regard to post-slavery wages. Despite the sixpenny plot, Edward Moulton-Barrett was

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offering one shilling sterling a day for wages.¹⁶ At Cinnamon Hill the Young Master would give but sixpence.

By September, 1838, Sam seems to have come into conflict with all the better influences, whether social and religious or economic, in his environment. The story has within it the shadows of young bloods, and "an old offender," kinsmen, among them Sam's cousin Samuel Goodin-Barrett on the North-side, whose typical Jamaican progress undid all that either the immediate influence of his father's Agent or his father himself might have accomplished. In 1831 his uncle's friend had entered a record in his diary about Samuel Moulton-Barrett of two revelatory sentences:

He yielded with grace and good feeling. His wife's death subdued him for a time.¹⁷

It is the word "subdued" which speaks so loudly in these sentences about a trait characteristic of the Barretts, which found various forms of expression in the various temperaments and on different levels of character formation.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FREEDOM

AT the age of fourteen years Elizabeth Barrett had written, "I was always of a determined and if thwarted violent disposition."¹ This statement about herself is important, for it "covers" several members of the Barrett group,—notably her father, her brothers Sam and George. On his fourth birthday at Hope End she had written Sam some verses in which she calls him "Sweet Sam." Some special affection this sister seems to have had for Sam. Practically no verses to George or Henry or Alfred or Sette remain, but many lines through which Bro is seen and many stanzas to Stormie and to Sam. From the limited records available, it becomes evident that Sam was among those gifted Barretts who were both endowed and cursed by wealth of the emotions, with all the incalculable and violent reactions which are likely to go with such wealth. To an unusual degree must Sam have had the family trait of endearing himself to others. It would seem that something had gone wrong in his upbringing, and he was being readjusted in Jamaica,—at the best a dangerous place in those days for such an experiment. Tales are still told of him in Jamaica. In 1836 Sam was twenty-four years old, certainly past anything to be called "boyhood." Meeting the native women carrying heavy loads of fruit on their heads, with gay and boyish disregard, he tilted over their baskets. Then as the women were scrambling on the ground picking up their fruit, he threw a shower of silver coin at them,

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dug his spurs into his horse, and laughing dashed off for the next escapade.

As a rule the "general conduct" of a nephew is not selected for approval in a will unless there has been conduct of a contrasting variety in the past. In his will Sam's uncle recorded the approval of his nephew's conduct in the following words:

I give and bequeath unto my Nephew Samuel Moulton Barrett at present residing at Fonthill Estate in the Parish of Elizabeth in this Island the sum of one thousand pounds Sterling payable without premium in this Country as a Mark of my sincere regard for him and approval of his general conduct.²

The only inference possible is that his uncle's approval of Sam's "general conduct" must have been an effort to strengthen improvement which had been noticed. Not only is there this emphasis on Sam's conduct by his uncle. There is a more direct record of the problem involved in Sam's behavior made later by Waddell. His conduct being at least in part responsible for his recall home, young Sam was to come and go several times between England and Jamaica.

Both brothers were men carrying an overload of emotional endowment. Trouble and loss were almost invariably followed for Edward Moulton-Barrett by an attack of illness. That S.M.B. showed signs of irascibility under the tension and the repeated personal losses, hazards and anxieties of his life on the Island cannot seem strange. And when, from Samuel Moulton-Barrett's will, it is learned that illness had set in, there is little surprise. The first part of his will is under date of the 2nd day of November, 1837. From the context it is evident that he had been ill for some time, for he wrote:

I give and bequeath to my female Servant attendant Rebecca Laslie of Cinnamon Hill in the Parish of Saint James the sum of one hundred pounds current money of Jamaica in consideration of her attention to me during my illness.

He wrote as a man writes who knows that he cannot recover. His brother and his nephew Sam he made executors and he re-

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quested that his "funeral be performed in as plain and economical a manner as may be consistent with a regard for decency."

On the 14th of December again he opened his will to set in this codicil-clause and this alone:

Whereas I have by my will given a legacy of one hundred pounds to Rebecca Laslie therein named in consideration of her attention to me during my illness Now I do hereby declare that such Legacy shall only be payable in case my Executors shall consider her conduct and attention during my illness shall have merited such a Mark of my approval.

Why this codicil? Who could know better than S.M.B. whether Rebecca Laslie did or did not merit her legacy of one hundred pounds current money of Jamaica!

On the 21st of December once more and for the last time Samuel Moulton-Barrett reopened his will to meet a rumor which had come to him that it was the intention of his clerk, William Tinkler, to raise a claim against his estate. In the first part of his will he had left William Tinkler two hundred pounds sterling "as a small token of his regard and consideration" for the number of years he had been in his employment. This legacy he cancelled if any such claim was preferred against his estate. The distress of uncertainty for one who had always been confident in his thoughts and his acts is written down in these codicils. Too evidently it was a sick mind in a sick body, with a mischief-maker, even within two days of his death, beside his bed in Kingston. On the 23rd of December, 1837, at the comparatively early age of fifty, Samuel Moulton-Barrett was dead.

II

As that second great First of August, 1838, approached, there were 3,200,000 blacks to be emancipated, and 9,000 prejudiced white men and women convinced that they themselves were being robbed and injured by that emancipation. It was in contact with typical Jamaica planters, such as Richard Barrett, that the apprentices to be fully freed on the First of August,

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1838, must find their way out of the nominal freedom of ignorance into actual freedom which would prove itself through experience.

The apprentices were sick with longing for the freedom which so many of them had envisaged as a kind of heavenly Jerusalem or a day on which miracles would take place. The primitive, myth-making traits of the majority of the negroes took advantage of them in this as in so many other ways. Restless, they were not able to accomplish the usual amount of work. The crop which they should have finished off before the day of freedom remained unfinished. They fell sick, not knowing what ailed them, and crowded into the hospitals. Medicine did them no good, and the overseers said the apprentices were shamming. On the Barrett estates Hope Masterton Waddell went into the hospitals where strong men needed for work lay idle. And by kind words or sharp words he "healed" where medicine could not. He went to the canefields and he spoke in church, urging the negroes to "finish off honourably" and to "close their long bondage like Christians."³ The overseer at Cinnamon Hill admitted that, except for this help, he could not have finished his crop in time.

On the 31st of July, 1838, slavery two hundred and seventy-six years old in the colonial economic life of the English nation was formally buried in Falmouth, the town founded by Barretts and once owned by them. All day long hundreds of negroes, men, women and children, had been flocking by all roads and paths into Falmouth. As night came on, over the front gate entrance to the Baptist Chapel for which Samuel Moulton-Barrett had sold the ground, glowed a transparency. Upon it was the one word FREEDOM. At the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, where two thousand apprentices knelt from altar to door, in the vestibule and upon the ground outside the doors and windows, William Knibb knelt with them in silence. One hour from midnight William Knibb announced the singing of a dirge which had been written for that night. Two thousand voices took up the singing.⁴ Among the voices singing there

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on that night of the 31st of July were those of many Barrett slaves. After the singing, followed reading from the Bible and prayers. Midnight was approaching. Then came some minutes of complete silence.

As the clock began the striking of the hour of midnight, William Knibb spoke: "The hour is at hand, the monster is dying!"

With the twelfth stroke William Knibb exclaimed: "THE MONSTER IS DEAD! THE NEGRO IS FREE! THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN!"

The great congregation rose to its feet with a cry of exultation and of joy to which the windows in the Chapel shook.

It was a night of unbroken solemnity, followed at dawn by a ceremony near the Suffield school-room. There a coffin, with "Cornwall Courier" painted on one side and "Jamaica Standard" on the other, and containing a chain, handcuffs, iron collar and other instruments and insignia of slavery, was lowered into a grave and buried. On the plate of the coffin which with song they lowered into the grave were inscribed these words: "Colonial Slavery died July 31st, 1838, aged 276 years," and on the lower part of the plate the name "Sir John Hawkins," who in the sixties of the sixteenth century had begun to use English vessels as slave ships.

The ministers and teachers of the enfranchised negroes saw plainly that the struggle for their people would center about two problems: their homes and their wages. During these years ministers and teachers alike passed through experience which might have been a rich training school to many economists and sociologists. Those planters who meant ill by black labor had only to do nothing temporarily about hiring labor and to make the continued possession of the negro homes and ground plots difficult or impossible for the negroes, to set up conditions which placed the still helpless blacks in their power. The planters knew that for some of them there was profit in the desperation of the negroes. The planters could, too, and did combine. The usual wage in Jamaica had been four bits or a shilling.

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A large number of the planters engaged in what was called the sixpenny plot had agreed that they would pay only two bits or sixpence a day for labor. On the other hand the negroes, who had had but little experience in bargaining for labor, knew not what to do and in many cases acted foolishly and even unfairly. For a while the *impasse* between planter and employee was practically universal throughout Jamaica.

It was on Edward Moulton-Barrett's estate Oxford, where Elissa Peters and her children had lived, that there took place not only events of great importance in the personal history of the Barretts but also an event of historic importance on the Northside. On Oxford estate Edward Moulton-Barrett, despite the sixpenny plot, offered a shilling a day through his overseer Philpotts. This offer Edward Moulton-Barrett re-enforced by asking William Knibb to go to Oxford estate to urge the negroes to take a shilling sterling a day and to get to work. Knibb did, and successfully brought about "the first agreement of labour made after emancipation."⁵ But his good work was almost overturned, for some one else went to them and told them their minister had made a poor bargain for them.

Hearing this, William Knibb returned to Oxford Estate, and said, "you have made the bargain, and if you do not keep it, I will never help you make another."

On Cambridge and on Cornwall and Cinnamon Hill, although these estates belonged, together with Oxford, to the same proprietor, there seems to have been a curious difference in the history of wages. On Cambridge the difference was due, probably, to the overseer who was, according to the negroes, "a man of war." On Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall it must have been due to the influence of Sam, the young Master.

Sam had continued the prejudiced attitude of his uncle, Samuel Moulton-Barrett, against Hope Waddell. And in this economic and social crisis the minister was the chief influence among the estate negroes. Under the influence of Matthew Farquaharson, who had been appointed attorney for Cinnamon Hill and other estates of Sam's father, Hope Waddell had re-

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ceived again certain rights and privileges which he had lost as Samuel Moulton-Barrett's prejudice had mounted against the minister. But these advantages young Sam proceeded to oppose.

Early in the year 1838, Hope Waddell was holding a meeting in the Schoolhouse near Cinnamon Hill Great House and had just finished the children's lesson.

He was beginning with their parents, when a house servant from the Great House brought the Minister this message: "Young massa don't wish no meeting to keep, for he have His Honour the Chief with him."

"His Honour the Chief" was none other than Sir Joshua Rowe, then on circuit and spending a day, as usual, at Cinnamon Hill Great House.

Hope Waddell replied that if his Honor or anyone else were sick he would stop the singing and keep things quiet.

Soon the house servant returned with this message: "His Honour the Chief is not sick; but young massa no wish meeting here this night."

The Minister returned word that if he had known sooner that the meeting would be disagreeable to them, he would have held it in the negro houses, but that it was too late now to change and that they hoped to be allowed to continue.

For a third time the servant returned with positive orders from "young massa" to go immediately to some other place with the people. Hope Waddell sent back the reply that he "dared not break up a meeting engaged in the worship of God at any man's bidding."

From Sam no comment or command was returned, for at the request of his guest he dropped the matter of evicting the Minister and his pupils from the nearby Schoolhouse.⁶ But for his people Hope Waddell never held another meeting on Cinnamon Hill. When he went there two years later, it was for the sake of the "young Massa" himself who lay desperately ill in the agony of yellow fever.

It was against this background of antagonism to him and to his work, begun in the lifetime of the uncle and continued

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by the nephew, that Hope Waddell had to face for his people the greatest material problem which freedom brought: the problem of wages. On the 7th of August, the seventh day of emancipation, the Minister was at Cinnamon Hill village holding a religious service. At the end he asked his people whether they were all at peace. The elders replied that the people were not, for there was trouble about work and about wages. The estate would give only two bits or sixpence and the people demanded four bits or a shilling. The Baptist leader in the village had been told to send his people to work but not to take the two bits. The Baptist group had gone to work without an agreement, whereas Hope Waddell's people had refused to begin work until an agreement had been reached. Both groups appealed to Waddell. He told them that those who wished to work for the pay the estate offered should be free to do so. But that those who wished more had no right to claim more unless they had reached a satisfactory agreement before the work was undertaken. Even as Hope Waddell was speaking, there came an outcry from the Great House yard. The Baptists who had gone to work without an agreement were refusing to accept the two bits, which had been all the Young Master and the overseer had said they would give. Then the young Scotch Presbyterian told his people to go once more to their Young Master and to offer their services at a shilling a day. Also let them offer to do job work "in cleaning the canes or the pastures by the acre or piece." If their offer was not accepted, then they would have to go wherever they could get work. Waddell went on to Barrett Hall, where the terms they had agreed to were in force and where, on this estate of Richard Barrett's, Waddell ate the sweetest sugar he had ever had: "*new free made* sugar." Holding his services the good young Minister travelled on. Two weeks from the 7th he was back again at Cinnamon Hill where, to his joy, he found his people at work for a shilling a day. Sam, the young master, had given in and was paying the people what they asked, but in

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the delay Sam had lost time, work, and the good will of his laborers.

In all this there should be noted the different wage procedure on two estates, Oxford and Cinnamon Hill, belonging to the same proprietor: Edward Moulton-Barrett. Only one conclusion is possible: that the owner's wishes applied not only to these estates but also to all his estates, and that Edward Moulton-Barrett did not know what was actually being done by his son on Cinnamon Hill estate. Also it is evident that Sam had obstructed the wishes of Matthew Farquaharson that the withdrawn school and church privileges be returned to Hope Waddell. It went further than that, for Sam, under the influence of "an old offender," went to Cornwall and there in Hope Waddell's residence threatened and insulted the Minister. From then on Sam was unceasing in his hostility to Hope Waddell. Not long after, probably towards the close of 1838, Sam was recalled home.

III

There followed in the early months of the year 1839 on the Barrett Estates a season of full and bitter adjustment to the new freedom. The negroes were learning slowly and by pitiable trial and error the meaning and the burden of independence,⁷ the struggle between wages and the whip. The planters were the Party of the Whip and the negroes the Party of the Wage, and wages had won. Of an abundance of common sense many of the planters were possessed, notably Richard Barrett. But common sense has never proved itself a satisfactory substitute for principle. Without any general or well developed sense of social responsibility or anything which could be called a high civic standard, the planters found themselves in the midst of one of the greatest social and economic crises of modern times.

Unquestionably the old days of satisfactory and satisfying greed were past. In the midst of this new day of freedom and diminishing West Indian incomes stood Richard Barrett with more money than he had ever had and more land,—many times

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Member of the Assembly, Custos Rotulorum, Judge, and in 1838 for the third time Speaker of the House of Assembly, by which office he added the salary of £1,000 to his income.⁸ Seemingly in a House shorn of some of its powers by the Imperial Parliament, Richard Barrett had regained all of his old political eminence. In 1839 he was a man fifty years old, still in middle life. Against the Barrett backgrounds Richard Barrett's individuality stands out boldly: agreeable, kindly, shrewd, unscrupulous in that with him "dishonesty" and "convenience" were excellent synonyms. By training a lawyer, by circumstances freed from any necessity for following his profession as a means of support, he had used his legal training as a political stepping stone. What he had chosen to do with his profession as a lawyer has become fairly evident.

On Saturday morning, 1839, the 8th of May, shortly after eating breakfast, Richard Barrett left his house, half a mile out of town on the adjacent hills of Montego Bay, and went down into the town to transact some business at the store of a merchant by the name of Dewar.

Suddenly he became violently ill. He was carried upstairs to the lodgings of Catherine Shaw where, a few hours later, he died.

The Coroner was informed of Richard Barrett's death under these unusual circumstances, and an officer was sent to Catherine Shaw to say that an inquest would be held. Despite that fact, the body was removed surreptitiously during the night by certain relatives and taken to Cinnamon Hill, where in the silent house, Sam gone, he lay. During the day three jurors had been called by the Coroner to make inquiry into the cause of Richard Barrett's death, yet no oath was administered to the jurors "while the body was accessible to the view of a Coroner's Jury."⁹

The Jurors stated that they could not close their investigation without speaking of the "reluctant manner" in which Catherine Shaw had given her evidence. They noted the "covert

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assistance" which the Coroner of St. James had given to those who wished to smother legal inquiry. The Jurors spoke, too, of disgraceful and iniquitous spoliations of private and public means, rascally peculations which ought to be immediately discountenanced by the public.

In short, foul play was suspected: the object his wealth, the means of his death poison. But legal investigation was blocked, and no clear statement of the mystery surrounding Richard Barrett's death has ever been made, either with regard to the cause of his death or the reason for the surreptitious removal of his body or for the hasty burial in the Cinnamon Hill graveyard. In the investigations and reports are not only the records of jurors defeated in their wish to identify those who were criminally responsible for his death but also the inescapable suggestion that the kinsmen of Richard Barrett knew more than they cared to have uncovered by inquiry. Quietly enough, after what were probably hours of living agony for a man who would not intentionally have caused anyone, black or white, physical pain, did Richard Barrett lie in the old, old place with no stone identifiable to commemorate him.¹⁰ On that day of the 9th of May the Speaker of the House had been hastily buried. In the Cinnamon Hill Burying Place there is no memorial inscription to the great public figure of the family of the Barrett.

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IT IS stated that early in this year 1838 E.B.B. broke a blood vessel.¹ It seems not improbable that this crisis may have come at the time the Barretts received word of the death of Samuel Moulton-Barrett. From the apparent duration of the illness, it is inevitable that the Barrett family had known at 74 Gloucester Place that Samuel Moulton-Barrett was not well. The word that he had died in Kingston on the 23rd of December, 1837, must have reached them in London sometime between the first and third weeks of February, 1838. The codicils to his will show that S.M.B. was ill during many weeks. Also a letter from Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford suggests by its context that her uncle's death did not come wholly without preparation; yet there followed the record of illness usual in the Barrett family after loss of one of its members. But this time it was the critical condition of E.B.B.

Something of what their loss and their grief was is evident in this letter which E.B.B. wrote Miss Mitford:

74 Gloucester Place, Monday (March, 1838?)

I cannot hope, my dearest Miss Mitford, that it may have seemed to you half as long as it has seemed to me since I wrote last to you, and yet it is a month since your delightful letter brought the *first* pleasure to me at a season of deep sadness. We had heard from the West Indies of the death of poor papa's brother, of one in past times more than an uncle to me, and, notwithstanding all the comfort with which God in his mercy did soften this affliction, it could not but be felt, even as the affection which preceded it had been, and must ever be. Dearest Miss Mitford, the passing away

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of everything around us would break the hearts of many of us, if we did not know and feel that *we* are passing too. I long to hear of you, and should have said so before, and have thought day after day I will write tomorrow, and then again, not being very well, I have put it off to some less dull moment for your sake. The turning to spring is always trying, I believe, to affections such as mine, and my strength flags a good deal, and the cough very little; but Dr. Chambers speaks so encouragingly of the probable effect of the coming warm weather, that I take courage and his medicines at the same time, and "to preserve the harmonies," and satisfy some curiosity, have been reading Garth's "Dispensary," a poem very worthy of its subject.²

Within the ten years from 1828 to 1838 Edward Moulton-Barrett had lost the three who were closest to him: his wife, his mother, and his brother. Within that decade, too, he had given up Hope End, and he had passed through the economic crisis which had accompanied the apprentice system in Jamaica. As he mourned over the loss of his brother, he had not only the anxiety which must have accompanied his knowledge of his son Sam's record in Jamaica, but also he had to witness in England the illness of his daughter. Exactly when the "common cold" struck upon E.B.B.'s "unsubstantial frame" is not evident. But on the 23rd of January, 1837, she had written of her father "partaking" of their influenzas.³ The groundwork for the mischief may well have been laid then.

A *Journal* record made by George Ticknor under date of the 26th of March, 1838 (Monday), about one month from the time Edward Moulton-Barrett had heard of his brother's death, shows that Elizabeth Barrett was well enough to go—or did go—to a dinner at John Kenyon's:

We dined again at Kenyon's, who wanted us to meet a Dr. Raymond, one of the high dignitaries of the Church, attached to the Durham Cathedral. . . . His sister was there too, and so was a Miss Barrett, who has distinguished herself by a good poetical translation of the "Prometheus Vincetus" of Aeschylus. The dinner was very agreeable; indeed, Kenyon always makes his house so, from his own qualities.⁴

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On the next day, the 27th of March, E.B.B. wrote Hugh Stuart Boyd:

I thank you besides for your kind inquiries about my health. Dr. Chambers did not think me worse yesterday, notwithstanding the last cold days, which have occasioned some uncomfortable sensations, and he still thinks I shall be better in the summer season. In the meantime he has ordered me to take ice—out of sympathy with nature, I suppose; and not to speak a word, out of contradiction to my particular, human, feminine nature! ⁵

Until Robert Browning came personally into her life, Elizabeth Barrett wrote more about the condition of her health to Hugh Stuart Boyd than to anyone else. Perhaps it was the consciousness on her part of her friend's handicap which made her share her physical difficulties with him. A letter written to him some weeks later, in May, says that she is rather better than otherwise but that nothing will make her "essentially so except the invisible sun." The two records cited show that she went to the dinner at her cousin's on the very day Dr. Chambers prescribed ice and silence. No reason exists for questioning the accuracy of entry in either George Ticknor's *Journal* or Elizabeth Barrett's letter.

It was that spring in May that there came from E.B.B. the first letter bearing the address "Wimpole Street." This street in the West End was not without its literary history before the Barretts moved there. After his marriage in 1756 Edmund Burke had lived in Wimpole Street. In the second half of the century Richard Cumberland had written the *West Indian* from his residence at the corner of Wimpole Street and Queen Anne Street. At 67 Wimpole Street Henry Hallam had written his *History of the Middle Ages*. And it was at 51 Wimpole Street, the house next door to the Barretts, that Anna Jameson—no longer little Anna Murphy!—visited and from which she met E.B.B. The long search for a house was over for Edward Moulton-Barrett. 50 Wimpole Street was near 39 Devonshire Place, where John Kenyon lived with his friend and brother-in-law John Curteis. Whether this fact, besides the general

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locality, had anything to do with Edward Moulton-Barrett's decision to purchase 50 Wimpole Street it would be impossible to say.

In May, from 50 Wimpole Street, E.B.B. wrote that she had been "thrown back a little," having caught a bad cold which had affected her cough. Three weeks before, the record of the stethoscope had not spoken "very satisfactorily of the state of the lungs." Nevertheless Dr. Chambers had been hopeful and had talked of the "wonders" which the summer sunshine would accomplish for her.⁶ And then in June on a Wednesday morning E.B.B. wrote her blind friend:

The pain grew worse and worse, and Dr. Chambers has been here for two successive days shaking his head as awfully as if it bore all Jupiter's ambrosial curls; and is to be here again today, but with, I trust, a less grave countenance, inasmuch as the leeches last night did their duty, and I feel much better—God be thanked for the relief.

On the 17th of June she wrote again to Hugh Stuart Boyd, a letter chiefly about her literary interests, but in that letter she recorded the important fact that she herself was "aware of being always on the verge of an increase of illness." Five days later she wrote this friend that Dr. Chambers had permitted her to come downstairs and to occupy her old place on the sofa. Yet she knew that her health was in a very precarious condition, with weakness increasing because of the remedies which successive attacks made necessary. And then comes the first of the all-important records of her relationship to her physician:

Dr. Chambers deserves my confidence—and besides the skill with which he has met the different modifications of the complaint, I am grateful to him for a feeling and a sympathy which are certainly rare in such of his profession as have their attention diverted, as his must be, by an immense practice, to fifty objects in a day. But, notwithstanding all, one breath of the east wind undoes whatever he labours to do. It is well to look up and remember that in the eternal reality these second causes are no causes at all.

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Who was this physician so all-important in E.B.B.'s life? A man of marked eminence, William Frederick Chambers, one year younger than her father, a Trinity College man, receiving three degrees, B.A., M.A., and M.D. from the University of Cambridge. Following the taking of his medical degree, Dr. Chambers had a distinguished career at the Royal College of Physicians, London. On the 27th of October, 1836, he was gazetted physician in ordinary to Queen Adelaide; in 1837 similar honors were conferred upon him in connection with William IV and Queen Victoria. Finally on the 8th of August, 1837, Dr. Chambers was created K.C.H., but he was permitted to decline using the prefix of knighthood.

No originality in medicine has been attributed to Dr. Chambers. In his time considered prudent and wise, he based his diagnosis on careful observation of his cases which he recorded in methodical Latin notes. In his relation with his patients he was kind, earnest, and affectionate, simple and straightforward in manner. To a marked degree William Frederick Chambers seems to have had much of the personal distinction characteristic of other members of his family, among them his uncle Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal; his brother Sir Charles Chambers, Judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay; and his first cousins Lord Glenelg and Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Jamaica. Tall and erect, dressed plainly in black, he had a fine presence. Of a fair complexion, with abundant waving light hair, his expression was quiet, thoughtful and touched with melancholy.⁷

In the weeks remaining before E.B.B. was taken to Torquay for the "cure" which it must have become plain to Dr. Chambers could not be brought about in London, there are a few added records revealing both her increasing weakness and the hopefulness characteristic of certain forms of tuberculosis. The long association with Dr. Chambers, her London physician, had begun probably in 1837 while the Barretts were still at 74 Gloucester Place. Opium, even in Elizabeth Barrett's day, was the invariable remedy for such a condition.⁸ The association

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with Dr. Chambers was to result first in her habitual use of laudanum, and then of morphia by mouth.

II

By the 20th of September, 1838, Elizabeth Barrett had reached Torquay. E.B.B. herself tells the story of their journey to Torquay. She and her "sister"—perhaps Arabel, with Henrietta already in Torquay—were sent down to her aunt, with Bro to see them safely to Torquay and afterwards to return to London. On her mother's side E.B.B. had four aunts: the youngest of them Arabella Graham-Clarke ("Bummy"), unmarried; Frances, who had married Sir Thomas Butler; Charlotte, the wife of the Reverend R. P. Butler; and Jane, the oldest of the daughters of John Graham-Clarke, married to John Hedley. It was, it may be, to this aunt, Mrs. Hedley, with six children of her own, to whom E.B.B. was sent. "Aunt Jane" seems to have been the aunt more often in contact with the Barrett children, except for "Belle," who as Elizabeth's comments suggest, was unquestionably in command of most family situations. It was this Aunt Belle, or by her pet name in the family "Bummy," who was with Mrs. Barrett at the time of her death and who went with the children to Sidmouth.

When the time came for Bro to leave his sister in Torquay, Elizabeth broke down at the thought of losing him, weeping in her weakness and her grief. Her aunt did not reprove her, but kissed her tears away, saying that "*she*" would see that Elizabeth was not grieved. So her aunt sat down and wrote a letter to Edward Moulton-Barrett, saying that he would break his daughter's heart if he persisted in calling Edward back to London.

It was at 1 Beacon Terrace that Elizabeth was cared for by Dr. Scully, the senior physician of Torquay. Through the windows of Beacon Terrace could be seen Tor Bay from the open channel to Waldon Hill. From the windows she saw again the sea for which she had longed. About Torquay she had the hills.

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Not far away were Torre Abbey and Torre or St. Savior's Church. Both Dr. Scully and Dr. Pollard had been on the special board of health appointed for the cholera epidemic in 1832.⁹ Dr. Bury helped Dr. Scully's assistant on Elizabeth Barrett's case of tuberculosis of the lungs, which became from time to time critical throughout her three years' residence in Torquay from the autumn of 1838 to September, 1841.

In due course the reply which E.B.B.'s aunt received from her brother-in-law Edward Moulton-Barrett was that under the circumstances of his daughter's illness he would not refuse to suspend his purpose to recall Edward to London but that he considered it to be very wrong in Ba to exact such a thing.¹⁰ It is not impossible that, had the father's wish prevailed, and his son Edward gone again to Jamaica, the course of English literature would have had one tragedy—or is it two?—the less. And one great love might not have gone down in history as the romance of two married poets. . . . Bro stayed on and on, unseparated from his sister, for Dr. Scully and Dr. Bury seem to have warned that if Elizabeth was agitated they would not answer for her life.

Near Torquay at St. Mary-Church were the Woodley Marble Works, where her father was having designed and carried out a monument to be shipped to Jamaica for Sam's grave. After recording on the stone which was to be placed over Sam's grave in Cinnamon Hill Burying Place that his brother was liberal in his sentiments towards all, benevolent to the poor, kind and generous to his servants, and attached and attaching to his friends, Edward Moulton-Barrett stated:

His remains lie beneath this tomb, which was erected by his only Brother, who loved him living and deeply mourns him dead.¹¹

III

During the three years at Torquay, glimpses there are—sometimes nothing more than a flying shadow—of friends, of coming and going, of the passage of letters no longer in

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existence. Kenyon was among those actually at Torquay.¹² Theodosia Garrow was resident in Torquay at The Braddons with her parents. According to T. A. Trollope's statement, Theodosia (who was to become his wife) and Elizabeth Barrett were often together at Beacon Terrace. It was, as usual, John Kenyon who had stepped into the social exchange and who made these two gifted women known to each other. . . .

About this time began a correspondence of which nothing, literally, remains except the flying shadows. Yet it was continued over many years, was frequent over a few years, and must have become large in bulk. The first record of this literary friendship important in its influences upon two women who never met is in a letter which Elizabeth wrote in 1838 to John Kenyon, enclosing for him a letter which she had received from Harriet Martineau, much of which apparently was about William Wordsworth. In this letter his cousin said:

Here is a delightful letter from Miss Martineau. I cannot be so selfish as to keep it to myself. The sense of natural beauty and the *good* sense of the remarks on rural manners, are both exquisite of their kinds, and Wordsworth is Wordsworth as she knows him.¹³

At that date, to a degree not true of Elizabeth, Harriet Martineau was an eminent figure.

By the end of July, 1839, this famous woman, whom Carlyle characteristically called blithe and a bore in one and the same breath,¹⁴ was seriously handicapped physically and was on her way to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to place herself under the care of her brother-in-law, Dr. T. M. Greenhow.¹⁵ A record of this journey remains, for Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, was on the same ship and wrote in his journal:

I also introduced myself to Miss Martineau, who behaved very well all the voyage—perhaps because she was sick.¹⁶

This is a suggestion of the personality, contacts and problems of the remarkable woman who came into Elizabeth Barrett's life about 1838 as a correspondent, the flow of whose letters was

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increasing in 1839, and whose influence over Elizabeth Barrett is unmistakable for something more than twenty years. Whatever is said of Harriet Martineau as an economist, she was by nature a poet. This fact and the profound illness through which both were to pass during the same years brought them close in experience and close in thought to each other.

IV

Altogether aside from the friends with whom the Barretts were surrounded in Torquay, or with whom E.B.B. corresponded, there is the sense of the coming and going of a large family and one closely bound together. Both so usual and so unchanging, as it is reflected from the books, letters and documents of these years, was the expression of their devotion to one another that it seems unlikely that Edward Moulton-Barrett and Elizabeth's brothers and sisters realized how critical her condition was. In any event on Friday, the 13th of November, 1838, only a few weeks after they had reached Torquay, Elizabeth wrote Miss Mitford:

My beloved father has gone away; he was obliged to go two days ago, and took away with him, I fear, almost as saddened spirits as he left with me. The degree of amendment does not, of course, keep up with the haste of his anxieties. It is not that I am not better, but that I feel how dearly he loves me; *there* was the cause of my grief in seeing him go. One misses so the presence of such as dearly love us. His tears fell almost as fast as mine did when we parted, but he is coming back soon—perhaps in a fortnight, so I will not think any more of *them*, but of *that*. I never told him of it, of course, but when I was last so ill, I used to start out of fragments of dreams, broken from all parts of the universe, with the cry on my own lips, "Oh, papa, papa!" I could not trace it back to the dream behind, yet there it always was very curiously, and touchingly too, to my own heart, seeming scared *of* me, though it came *from* me, at once waking me with, and welcoming me to, the old straight humanities. Well! but I do trust I shall not be ill again in his absence, and that it may not last longer than a fortnight.¹⁷

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The one extant statement written by a stranger about the appearance of Edward Moulton-Barrett is connected with a symbol of his power,—a ship he owned, in the West India trade, the *David Lyon*. Emily Shore, a girl of unusual abilities, and the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Shore of Wadham College, Oxford, recorded her impressions of Edward Moulton-Barrett when he was forty-three years old.¹⁸ Emily Shore and her mother were on the ship *David Lyon* on a voyage to Madeira from which Emily was never to return. The date of the entry in Emily's *Journal* was the 3rd of December, 1838. Captain Jones, in command of the ship, had walked into the dining-cabin where Emily and her mother were sitting.

"Mrs. Shore," said Captain Jones, "here is a gentleman who declares he knows you."

Then Emily continued in her *Journal*:

With these words he produced Mr. Barrett, who was going as far as Gravesend, and who, as we were before aware, had known, or at least had met, mamma when she was a girl at Casterton. He shook hands with us most cordially, and very much pleased us with his frank, good-natured countenance. He resembles the portrait of Porson; . . . we all stared when Captain Jones said, "Now, would you believe it, he had the assurance to tell me the other day that he was turned fifty?" In fact he looks little more than thirty.

Several times did Elizabeth write of her father's youthfulness. Once in November, 1839, she wrote that he astonished everybody with his "eternal youthfulness,"¹⁹ and again in 1845 that her father had "perpetual youth like the gods." The dates are of interest, for they show that even by 1845 the disasters which had overtaken the Barretts had not had as yet power to alter his outward aspect.

For some years Edward Moulton-Barrett was fortunate in the "attorney" whom he had for his Northside estates in Jamaica. His son Sam had lived not only at Cinnamon Hill with his uncle but also in St. Elizabeth with Matthew Farquaharson. Hope Masterton Waddell wrote of Matthew Farquaharson:

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Early in 1838 Mr. F——, a well-known Christian gentleman, from another part of the country, came to Cinnamon Hill, to take charge on behalf of a new proprietor resident in England.²⁰

The privileges which S.M.B. had taken away from Waddell, Matthew Farquaharson restored. Young Sam, then twenty-six years old, was living at Cinnamon Hill and the advantages given the Minister were not long enjoyed. It was probably in March or April that the conflict between young Sam and Hope Waddell took place. Again on the 7th of August, 1838, there are records which apply to young Sam concerning wage adjustments with the freed slaves.

It was inevitable that there should be trouble between Sam and the Minister, for the episode of Mary Ann and the baubles which Waddell had advised be pounded to pieces, so that the young Master might be shamed in the eyes of his "people," could not be forgotten. It was just as inevitable that "a well-known Christian gentleman" would object not only to the manner of Sam's life but also to the reversal of his decisions as attorney for the property of Sam's father. It is still more inevitable that Edward Moulton-Barrett not only received reports on the conditions at Cinnamon Hill both from his son and from Matthew Farquaharson but also that he would have disapproved any except conduct of an almost Puritanical order.

Sam was recalled home by his father, perhaps starting in October. He remained home for a year. That Elizabeth was active with her father in efforts to bring Sam's ways of living from bad to good later records reveal. Unquestionably this brother was from time to time during that year at Torquay with his sisters and Bro. Once Elizabeth had been tenderly devoted to little Sam. At fourteen she had written high-sounding words about the innocent Bro and the "laugh of dissipation," together with the statement that his "degredation" would break her heart. Sam was not Bro, but still he was a brother and one to whom a half-maternal relationship was even more natural, on account of age, than to Bro. Two of her birthday odes to Sam exist. As her letters and her poems show, the habit of moral

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anxiety was deeply embedded in her nature. This was her first year at Torquay. On Sam's behalf alone what this year meant in emotional strain and unceasing anxiety to her and her father will never be known.

v

Whether the news of the tragedy which had overtaken Richard Barrett in May, 1839, was sometime towards the close of July told Elizabeth Barrett in her sick room at 1 Beacon Terrace cannot be stated. But that Sam was told and that the knowledge of this tragedy added to their anxiety about Sam seems inevitable. Elizabeth was still being kept in bed when she wrote Mrs. Martin on the 24th of November, 1839, that Dr. Bury had died unexpectedly after a three weeks' illness, leaving behind him a young wife and child.²¹ She found his loss a grief and shock, after the daily kindness he had shown her for a year. As if with some prescience of the storms and shipwreck approaching the family of the Barrett, Elizabeth had begun the year 1839 with a longing for peace. She could not understand John Kenyon's craving for excitement. "As if," she added, "there were not enough—too much that is exciting *from within*." Her longing was for repose. Then came the statement:

indeed, all my favorite passages in the Holy Scriptures are those which express and promise peace, such as "The Lord of peace himself give you peace always and by all means," "My peace I give you, not as the world giveth give I," and "He giveth his beloved sleep"—all such passages. They strike upon the disquieted earth with such a *foreignness* of heavenly music—surely the "variety," the *change*, is to be unexcited, to find a silence and a calm in the midst of thoughts and feelings given to be too turbulent.²²

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AFTER the young Master's return to Jamaica and arrival on the Northside, Hope Waddell heard good accounts of him and of his great improvement. He decided that without any reference to what was past, —the “main cause of disagreement” being gone—he would make friendly advances to Sam. He would do this not only for Sam's sake but also for the sake of his “people” and of his father, Edward Moulton-Barrett. The older man—still a young man—made the “first overtures of reconciliation.” The Minister had never erred on the side of cowardice. He went straight to Cinnamon Hill from which he had been debarred, to call on “Young B——.” Sam responded, stating the pleasure he would have in seeing Hope Waddell. . . . It is not difficult to see again these two men, one a decade older than the other: the young Scotch Presbyterian remarkable for the slender, sensitive distinction—almost beauty—characteristic of some upper class Englishmen; and young Barrett, brilliant in his oval features and high animal spirits. . . .

The picture is clear, its setting no doubt the living room of Cinnamon Hill Great House, with its loopholes in walls which had been erected under the supervision of Edward Barrett, its beamed ceiling, the deep embrasures of its windows, and beyond the north end of that room the great whale back of the cutwind jutting out. Its setting was, too, the adjoining piazza opening out from the living room with its outlook eastward across the Caribbean towards “home.” Many and courteous

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were Hope Waddell's inquiries about Sam's father,—a man who had made himself felt as a force for good on his estates upon the Northside, in adequate wages, in excellent housing conditions, in liberal religious influences, in educational work, and in generous gifts. The Minister's interest in Edward Moulton-Barrett was natural. To Waddell it might well have been a matter of vivid satisfaction that through a son's conversation he could learn more of this man. They were men of great feeling. Yet they were Englishmen and reluctant to give outward expression to the emotion each experienced. A warm farewell was taken on that day, perhaps at the south door which looks inland toward the hill, the old cotton tree and the cinnamon trees.

II

Not long after the call of Hope Waddell at Cinnamon Hill Great House, Sam went over to Cornwall House to return the visit. In this way and also in other ways Sam “gave proof” of the regret which he felt for his past behaviour. Christmas came and went and then New Year's. He saw the Minister frequently. He kept up some associations with his kinsmen, among them his cousin Samuel Goodin-Barrett, whose chief residence was at Greenwood but a short distance away. Greenwood was part of the inheritance of this cousin from his uncle Richard Barrett, and there the cousin lived, un-Barrett like, in some splendor, apparently as able at expenditure and weak in saving as his father had been. Slavery not only built up the estates, it all too often broke down the simplicity and independence of their owners as their owners courted unnecessary servitude and played the fool in “grandeur and distinction.”¹ Into all this entered what was called by the planters “keeping up their position,”—by no means as safe an obligation in any generation of a family as the obligation which Edward Barrett had felt to keep up his patches. Whatever Sam felt, he *knew* that discretion with Eros was the better part of valor in Jamaica as well as in England. The appealing, high vibrations of his sister's

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voice coming with words of direct and exact significance such as Ba was known to speak without fear, the pleading in her grey blue eyes, the touch of her thin, weak hand were still with him. These memories were present sufficiently to continue in Sam the consciousness of struggle. But more than all else controlling Sam's outward actions was the memory of his father's face: stern, youthful, tense, the wordless lips, the penetrating yet kindly dark blue eyes. Neither father nor sister, he reflected, really understood the customs of the country in Jamaica or anything, for that matter, about the life on the Northside. Both were as Chapel-bound as any Scotch "saint." . . . And in and out in the dusk of the Great House did a slender dark figure slip whom all knew and none knew?

Flitting in and out of the negro huts and of the Great House, too, was another figure, infinitesimal in size, more winged and more deadly than Eros, the *Stegomyia fasciata*, the black silver-breasted mosquito, which brought West Indian or yellow fever. She and her kind had been breeding in the marshy places near Little River and in stagnant water as the rainy season came on. For her the mangrove swamps about Falmouth were ideal breeding pools. The temperature was rising and the dampness spreading everywhere. In those days all "saw" her and none "knew" her.

Sickness was increasing with the rainy season and the cases of West Indian fever were mounting in number. West Indian fever had, as usual in those days, been epidemic at Kingston where now no case of yellow fever ever occurs. On the hillsides and especially on the Northside it was better, yet even there was illness and mortality from the West Indian fever. Puzzled all intelligent English medical men from Sir Hans Sloane on down were and continued to be, until across the Caribbean from that Northside, in Cuba, an English physician began to point to the black body and the silver breast as the source of the cause. Medical men and popular opinion alike had had to be content with the explanation that yellow fever which struck so suddenly and so often ended fatally was caused by the

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presence of salt marshes, malignant mud, swamps, “putrid fogs,” and “putrid effluvia” being blown from ponds and lagoons.²

Hope Waddell was seeing Sam frequently, and he had seen him about the tenth of February “well enough.” On Friday, the fourteenth of February, on his way home to Cornwall a negro said to the minister that “young massa was very sick.” Waddell continued his way homeward, planning to visit young Barrett the next morning, and reflecting as he rode towards Cornwall that West Indian fever brought its victims low quickly.

III

On that night of the fourteenth Sam was desperately ill, with pain that came on and then dimmed, agony in his head while it lasted, and convulsive retching. It was during the night or before dawn that he must have sent to Greenwood for Samuel Goodin-Barrett. Sam wished to do what he could, while there was yet time to make a will. Thoughts of his father were surging through his fever-stricken mind. His father had entrusted him again with the business of the estates. Now, at any moment, his will might become an important part of the smooth-running of that business.

The direct wording of the will had in part been dictated by Sam, and was now, before signature, being read back to him.³ Did Sam listen as carefully as his distraught head permitted him to do? Yes, his father would know—would understand—that in this last will and testament Sam had done what he could. As they lifted him higher on the pillows, a quill was dipped in ink and handed to him. He took the pen, and summoning his strength, he affixed his signature: “S.M. Barrett.” Under the line “Signed in the presence of,” Carey and Demar and Lawson affixed their signatures. It was done, and they slipped him back into the position in which Sam had been. Then, perhaps, began that alternation between consciousness and unconsciousness characteristic of yellow fever. All seemed far away: his family, England; this room, those in in it,—Hope End or

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Sidmouth, Torquay or London, it was all one—no, it was Cinnamon Hill. He must get back, get hold of something. He opened his eyes—it took will power to do that—, and said that he wished to see Hope Waddell: he wished to take the sacrament. With the same pen, it may be, which Sam had just used, his cousin wrote a hasty letter to be sent to Cornwall. One of the black boys took it, promising speed, and was gone.

It was on this morning of the fifteenth, as the young Minister was making ready to go over to the Great House, that the note came from Sam's "kinsman" saying that Sam was "very ill" and "*wished to take the sacrament.*" This was a dilemma for Waddell. He was perplexed and he was startled. What should he do? Sam was not "a member of the church," nor in Hope Waddell's belief fit to be one. The Minister himself was not a clergyman in the Established Church to be called upon to administer one of its sacred rites. He did not approve the administration of the sacrament as a preparation for death, for it was a "popish superstition," and he was unwilling to begin such a practice. He decided, however, that he would reserve his decision as to what to do until he reached Sam. He was praying for guidance in what he should do as he travelled towards Cinnamon Hill, when he found himself passing the Cinnamon Hill people at work. Waddell called an Elder to him to make some inquiries about the Young Massa, and, he adds,

learned from him a fact, which left no doubt as to the course to be taken. A soul was to be saved or lost that day for ever.⁴

Waddell passed the outbuildings to the south and east of Cinnamon Hill. About him was the fragrance of tropical trees, and beneath his horse's feet he was crushing the little yellow-green flowers of wild sage. He passed the cotton tree, entering Cinnamon Hill Great House by the low door to the south. On that day, the reflection from the polished floor of the living room was brilliant with the light from the windows. As Waddell walked on the polished surface, it was either as blinding as that of a mirror with hard light focussed upon it or swimming

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with a dull lustre. Through the windows he could see the Caribbean edging the fields and the road at the foot of the hill, and he heard the rhythmical pounding of the surf on the coral reefs beyond the shore line.

Reaching Cinnamon Hill Great House, he went down the corridor beyond the living room to the Young Master's bedroom on that floor.

As Hope Waddell entered his room Sam wept, pressing the hand which was held out to him. He then bade his attendants to withdraw, for he wished to see Mr. Waddell alone.

The Minister asked Sam whether there was “any burden on his mind.”

With promptness and decision Sam answered, “None whatever!”

Disappointed, knowing from the Elder how things really stood with the Young Master, Waddell listened while Sam explained that he had never been attentive to the “duties of religion,” and that he “had never taken the sacrament.” But now, not knowing how his fever might end, he wished to receive the sacrament.

This brought the young Minister to a quick and certain decision: he would not give in to Sam's wish, for that might give rise to a “fatal delusion.” From the point of view of Hope Waddell such a consolation would be a “deadly opiate” to a young man so “hardened in sin” he seemed not to be conscious that he had done wrong even after he had turned over a “new leaf.” Waddell began gently dissuading Sam from his wish for the sacrament, telling him that this rite of the Established Church was not what was needed for salvation, and that it had no power as a preparation for death. Let them not speak of it for awhile but talk about Christ who saved sinners! It was possible to die safely and go to heaven without the use of the sacrament but not without the Saviour! Waddell then told Sam that he hoped when he recovered that he “would give up himself to God” and would join them at the “Lord's table.” Sam, struggling with his

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pain, answered that "he did not expect to recover and feared that he was ill prepared to die."

It was evident that Sam's suffering was increasing, for conversation was becoming difficult. Hope Waddell then took his Bible, reading to Sam as he sat beside him the 51st and 32nd psalms and the 3d chapter of John. To the east lay the Blue Mountain range, with Blue Peak towering seven thousand feet into the sky, cool and remote on this day of burning heat and travelling wind. Beyond the room and the verandah the wash of the sea ebbed and flowed, mighty and ceaseless rhythm against which not only surged the well-known and well-loved verses but also there throbbed the staccato of sick thought:

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. . . .

Snow—Hope End!

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God thou wilt not despise. . . .

His father—reading!

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. . . .

His Mother—his Sister!

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit. . . .

A far sound—wind. . . .

Although, like his head, they ached dreadfully, and Sam's eyes were yellow and bloodshot, he could see the friend sitting beside him. How good he looked!

The voice went on:

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. . . .

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This was the promise!

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. . . .

Hope Waddell laid down his Bible, saying that even the best of men felt the weight of sin and were in need both of peace and of pardon, and that they confessed their sins in the hope of renewal. Sam “should feel the same,” whether his sins were private or public, in heart or in life! Then Hope Waddell repeated:

He who covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesses and forsakes them shall find mercy. . . .

If Sam was to find peace he should make full and honest confession to God.

Suddenly Sam interrupted him, crying out passionately, “Oh, I thank you, I do thank you indeed!”

Hope Waddell went on, saying in his low voice that Christ had come into the world to save sinners, that His blood cleansed from all sin, and that He saved all from despair and from death who turned to Him.

Waddell leaned over Sam: “Do you believe these precious truths?”

Eagerly Sam answered: “Oh yes, I believe them every one!”

“Well, take the comfort of them!” replied the Minister.

The agony of pain had returned upon Sam, and he could bear but little more. He asked Waddell to pray with him, and to come back on the next day, which was Sunday. The voices of two men praying together were heard in that Master’s room where four generations of Barretts had come and gone. . . .

As Waddell left, the voice of Sam was repeating over and over, “Oh, thank you, thank you!”

IV

That was Saturday, and the day following was the Sabbath, when from early morning until night Hope Waddell went

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him that—speaking—writing—Sam’s own voice whispering after her:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. . . .

Sam stretched up his arms, throwing them about the friend who was there, drawing him close to his heart, and kissing him passionately again and again. He was all—all! In that moment of farewell he was Father—Mother—Sister—all! In the room of the Master two men wept. Two voices prayed together. The Minister released himself, placing Sam’s head gently on his pillow. He rose to go, saying he would come on the morrow. The young Master said he did not expect to live till the morrow but that if he lived he would be glad to see Waddell “very soon.” If he died, the Minister should write Sam’s father. . . .

Sam paused, and then ended, “And tell him everything!”

If he died, Waddell should write his sister, too, and . . .
“Send her my dying love!”

The young Minister went out from that room and the attendants entered it again, all but one, a “Christian youth,” soon leaving young Massa to rest. Night had set in hours before and with its constellations was wheeling slowly past, velvet in its darkness and brilliant with its stars. . . . The dark-skinned youth was leaning over young Massa. Sam’s fever had risen throughout the day and his pulse had beaten more and more strongly. Following the visit of Hope Waddell, young Massa had seemed quieter, more at peace. After the other attendants had left, the youth near Massa’s bed could hear him praying. . . . But the lemon-yellow tint of the skin was deepening and Massa seemed strangely quiet. . . . The pulse, too, was quiet . . . a contrast to the day.

The youth heard young Massa’s voice speaking, “Is he not come to pray with me?”

Was he asking for the Minister? In that room, day approaching, did the attendant look at his Master, wondering whether he should send for the Minister then or wait a few hours?

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Young Massa seemed to be suffering less, seemed to be better. . . . He would wait.

At Cornwall House Hope Waddell lay awake, sleeping only fitfully from time to time. The sacrifices of God—a broken and a contrite heart—verses going over and over in his mind—yea and in his heart—verses of promise for young Barrett. . . . Yet he could not sleep. . . . He prayed. . . . Light would come soon, and again would he go to Sam's relief, taking to him the "best truths and promises of the word of God." . . .

v

In the Master's room at Cinnamon Hill Great House all was strangely quiet, as if a lull had come for Sam in the anguish of both body and mind. . . . The attendant heard young Massa praying. . . . Then he was still. The negro youth leaned over him, and as he had been instructed to do, felt his pulse. It was gentle enough now. He touched the skin on Massa's forehead. It was cold. Was Massa gone? No, Massa moved, beginning to vomit, weakly, like a baby. The attendant, with towel and with pan, held him, skillful and kind as any woman. The retching became weaker and weaker, and the clear fluid was turning black. Then Sam fell back, his pulse seemingly gone, not a muscle moving.

But again Young Massa's voice whispered, "Is he not come to pray with me?"

Should he send to fetch the Minister? Or was this just the way Massa had been coming and going in the last two days?

The attendant was asking himself these questions when he saw young Massa struggle to rise, and then as if speaking to some one in the room, fall back.

At Cornwall House on the morning of the 17th of February Hope Waddell rose in the dark. He would go early to the relief of young Barrett. His eyes, shadowed from sleeplessness, the abundant waving hair tumbled and unbrushed, he was dressing by a rush light. In Jamaica light as well as dark comes suddenly.

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The horizon seemed to brighten, to widen. Then the sun was swiftly above the horizon as the Christian youth who had been with Sam all night entered Cornwall House as a Messenger. Young Massa was dead.

Quill, ink, paper, sand, Hope Waddell sat writing. There were angels rejoicing on that day, but how was he to send a brother's dying love to a sister mortally ill, and the story of this son—even as a brand plucked from the burning—to the father?

Beneath the strongly marked eyebrows, around the deep-set eyes and on the wide brow of the young Minister there was sadness. His left elbow on the table beside him, his head resting in meditation on the strong and yet finely-shaped hand,—a gesture characteristic of Hope Waddell from youth to old age—he sat on, thinking. Then he lifted his quill, dipped it in the ink, and began in his clear, delicate, pointed handwriting:

“Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett, Esquire
50 Wimpole Street
London

Dear Sir:

NIGHT WATCH BY THE SEA

ON THE night of January third, 1840, Miss Mitford and her father, Dr. Mitford, were sitting before a wood fire in their cottage at Three-Mile Cross thinking of Elizabeth Barrett. The wind was rising and the snow was falling. From the window Roman narcissus and white and purple hyacinths scattered their fragrance.

Suddenly Dr. Mitford said, "You are thinking of dear Miss Barrett; so was I. God bless her! How long is it since you have heard from her?"

According to the letters of Miss Mitford written during the month of March, 1840, in Torquay all was less than well with E.B.B.¹ Since October, 1839, Elizabeth Barrett had not been dressed. When strongest she had been carried from her bed to her sofa. Nevertheless E.B.B. was at work on poems and was maintaining her correspondence with some regularity. To Miss Mitford she wrote twice a week.

Curiously enough, one climax of her weakness came in February, 1840, during the fatal illness of her brother Sam, about which neither she nor any member of the Barrett family had until April any external means of knowing anything. It was in this month of February that the negro Edward Barrett from her father's Cambridge Estates sailed with William Knibb for an Anti-Slavery Convention to be held in London.² It is not impossible that Hope Waddell's letter about Sam's death travelled in the care of William Knibb.

While the tragedy was completing itself for Sam at Cinna-

NIGHT WATCH BY THE SEA

mon Hill Great House, in Torquay his sister could not be taken out of her bed to have it made, and she could not speak above a whisper. March was passing, and across the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean the tragic news was approaching the Barretts.

In Torquay Elizabeth Barrett had been at work on a poem called *Night Watch by the Sea*. The appearance of this poem in the April issue of the *Monthly Chronicle* is one of those extraordinary events, whether accidental or belonging to the realm of psychic phenomena, for which there can be no adequate accounting. In tone and imagery the *Night Watch by the Sea* is touched by phantasmagoria curiously revolving with the sea and the night and death.³ The symbolism is as shifting as the imagery is illusive, the very confusion seeming to blend the slow circling significance of the stanzas until the sea and the place and the figures are one, and life and death merely changing expressions of the same experience, whether grief, whether joy. The confused and haunting imagery might have been—and for those who believe in the validity of psychic phenomena no doubt is—in a line here and a line there, indirect requiem for her brother Sam.

The six to eight weeks passage from Jamaica to England was completing itself. The ship coming nearer and nearer the south coast of England was bringing Hope Masterton Waddell's letter written at Cornwall House. Because E.B.B. wrote that her father was with her at Easter,⁴ it is certain that letter was received with others by Edward Moulton-Barrett at Torquay. These letters reached the Barretts "early in April"⁵ in the year of 1840, when Easter came on the 19th of April. The effect of the tragic news on E.B.B., weakened by more than a year spent in bed, was instantaneous. Before any reaction could set in—the most instinctive of which would have been tears—she had been struck down as by a "bodily blow,"⁶ and lay for sometime either half conscious or unconscious.

The grief of the family must have centered around the short and tragic life of Sam and their defeat in making it secure, and

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their anxious thoughts about the brother who should go immediately to Jamaica to take Sam's place, to gather together Sam's personal possessions, attend to his will, and rearrange estate business. Edward had been in Jamaica during some parts of the years 1834 to 1835, and had been followed and replaced by Sam. When the news of their uncle's death at Christmas time, 1837, reached them in late February, Edward did not go over to help Sam. "Early in the year" of 1838 his sister broke a blood vessel, probably at the time of hearing of her uncle's death. If at this crisis in Barrett estate matters it had been the father's wish to send his oldest son to take charge with Sam, that would have been logical. There was, however, no separation then between E.B.B. and Edward.

Now, again, with his knowledge of Jamaica, Bro, naturally, was the one to go. There can be no question but that once more the issue in that sick-room in Torquay was whether her brother Edward was to leave her. And he did not. Instead it was Charles John—Stormie—who took the first available ship outward bound to the West Indies.

The seals of four letters from R. H. Horne which Elizabeth Barrett had received about the first of May lay unbroken for two weeks or more. Although it was not the case, she and her family believed that illness and grief had done their worst with her. Her friends, among them Mrs. Orme and Horne, had been building up a "pleasant dream" that Elizabeth Barrett was going to London at Easter. On the 17th of May E.B.B. herself wrote R. H. Horne:

*I never dreamt it. And while you wrote, what a mournful contrary was going on here! It was a heavy blow (may God keep you from such! I knew you would be sorry for me when you heard). It was a heavy blow for all of us—and I, being weak, you see, was struck down as by a *bodily* blow, in a moment, without having time for tears.*

Apparently Elizabeth lay for some time without response to the life about her. And equally apparently her father was doing all

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he could to draw her back to life again. Among the books and letters her blind friend had sent her was his own poem *Gregory*. This her father held up before her eyes. In his daughter's eyes he saw an answering pleasure.

"Ah!" he said, "I knew that would move you."

Twelve days later she was writing Hugh Stuart Boyd that she was "pretty well" but still entirely confined to her bed, and when lifted from the bed to the sofa while the bed was being made "apt to faint."⁷

Sometime after Easter and before the 11th of July Edward Moulton-Barrett composed an inscription for Sam's tomb. Both the definiteness of the evangelical trend and a certain high candor characteristic of the father and his oldest daughter—with no attempt to conceal the kind of grief endured—mark the expression of the four final lines of the memorial inscription:

WHOSE ONLY CONSOLATION UNDER THIS
BEREAVEMENT IS THAT HIS SON DIED
IN THE FAITH OF JESUS, FOR THE
REMISSION OF HIS SINS.⁸

Sam's grave is side by side with that of his uncle, and they resemble each other in structure and in stone. It is therefore likely that both were carried out at the same marble works near Torquay, at Woodley's St. Marychurch.

II

It must have been that about the first of July of that year 1840 there were discussions of rearrangements in the members of the family who were to continue with Elizabeth Barrett. Sam was dead, and Stormie was in Jamaica. Unquestionably Edward Moulton-Barrett needed his oldest son Edward. Before Easter rumor had been busy with reports of improvement in Elizabeth. Despite the death of Sam, after the first shock and weeks of prostration, she had resumed a slight upward trend in slow recovery of health. It could not have been anything but

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plain to her father and to other members of the family who were with her that all hopes of rapid improvement were vain. Their lives, therefore, had to be accepted and arranged, whether in Torquay or in London, on the basis of what they were convinced would be a more or less permanent state of invalidism.

Something had agitated Elizabeth. Whatever it was, Bro was in her room with her on that first of July. Her physicians had said they would not answer for her life if she were agitated. Bro was not alone brother and dearest friend, he was also adviser by virtue of the fact that his sister believed him to be better than all other members of the family in kindness and nobleness.

On that day Edward took her hand, saying, "Ba, I love you better than them all, and I will not leave you till you are well." ⁹

It was the one assurance for which E.B.B. cared most. Probably, whatever rearrangement was in view, life in that sick-room resumed its even tenor of books, work on her poems, and the intense family love which she shared not only with Bro, but also with her father and her sisters Henrietta and Arabel. Her father had been with her on the 29th of May when she wrote Hugh Stuart Boyd that she was "pretty well." On the eighth of July, when she wrote her blind friend again, her father was still with her. In this second letter Elizabeth made a detailed statement about her condition:

I have not rallied this summer as soon and well as I did last. I was very ill early in April at the time of our becoming conscious to our great affliction—so ill as to believe it utterly improbable, speaking humanly, that I ever should be any better. I am, however, a very great deal better, and gain strength by sensible degrees, however slowly, and do hope for the best—"the best" meaning one sight more of London. In the meantime I have not yet been able to leave my bed.¹⁰

Three days later the second and great tragedy of her life overtook her. Edward and two of his friends, Captain Clarke and Mr. Vanneck, with an able seaman named William White,

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were going for a cruise of a few hours in Babbacombe Bay. Their sailboat was *La Belle Sauvage*, belonging to Carter Godfrey of Torquay.¹¹ It was a beautiful July morning, quiet at sea and sunlit everywhere. But something had gone wrong with the *alter ego* which Elizabeth and Edward shared, and she parted from him with "a pettish word."¹² . . . The family was not only in the midst, still, of sorrow over Sam and trouble about Stormie and the dangers to him of his life in Jamaica, but also there was difficulty about Bro. Bro was in love. Unlike his sister, he had no funds. E.B.B. had tried to make over her little fortune to him, and dispute with her father—and no doubt with Bro too—had ensued.¹³ Already Edward Moulton-Barrett's eccentricity about marriage was revealing itself. He opposed not only the making over of her funds to Bro, as probably Edward himself did, but also any arrangements for Edward's marriage. Whether the "pettish word" was about their difference of opinion over this or something else is not to be determined.

The reports of what happened vary. One record says that they were two or three miles off Teignmouth, which is in Babbacombe Bay a few miles to the north of Torquay, when in a squall the sailboat capsized. Another, that in crossing the bar of the inner harbor of Torquay and within sight of Elizabeth Barrett's windows on Beacon Terrace, the boat foundered and sank.¹⁴ Whatever the exact facts were with regard to the boat, all four men were drowned. Boats which had gone out that day came back one by one, but *La Belle Sauvage* did not return.

The night passed and Edward had not come. Day dawned on that 12th of July windless and clear, with the sea beneath E.B.B.'s windows like "paper for smoothness." The sun was shining as Henrietta and Arabel drew back the curtains of their sister's sick-room to show her that the sea could "hurt nobody." The words which tolled in thought were of herself, "You have done this!"

None ever spoke those words aloud, then or afterwards, to Elizabeth Barrett. They sought to reassure her as that day passed, with the sea smooth and the sun shining, that there was reason

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for hope. For days they waited, hoping against hope. She could neither speak nor cry as the hours of agony passed. Edward was the heart of her life. She knew, too, that this brother was the "crown" of her father's house, and through her she now began to know against all hope, this crown had fallen! Yet neither then nor at any other time did Edward Moulton-Barrett reproach her for the greatest loss which could come to the family of the Barrett. He had lost both his first and his second sons.

From Torquay Harbor and all along the coast the boats came out to hunt for the lost men. On the three nights following the disaster a watch by the sea's edge was kept, south within the curve of Tor Bay as far as Brixham; north along the shore of Babbacombe Bay as far as Teignmouth. Torches flared from the headlands, and search parties with lanterns covered the sands. But nothing—not a trace—was found. Then on the corner houses of village streets, on church doors and even on cliffs for many miles along that coast, appeared handbills offering big rewards for linens washed up on shore which were marked with the initials of those who were lost. One was an only son; another of the four was the son of a widow.¹⁵

In her room at 1, Beacon Terrace, Elizabeth Barrett lay now unconscious, then half-conscious, now herself and then wandering in her mind. Between that sick-room and the sea Edward Moulton-Barrett sought some trace of his son. There is no record of what those days meant to Elizabeth's physician Dr. Scully. That the amount of laudanum—the alcoholic solution of opium used universally then for tuberculosis—should be increased was inevitable. That, following upon the death of Bro, the disease of a sick mind in a sick body then declared itself is on record in her own words.¹⁶

On the 6th of August, a month lacking five days, all that remained of Bro which had not suffered a sea change was buried in Tor Churchyard, by the Reverend J. Richey. There was not then, and there is not now, any stone above that grave. On the church burial register is the following record:

NIGHT WATCH BY THE SEA

No. 1438 Edward Moulton Barrett (abode) Torquay (age) 33
yrs (ceremony performed) J Richey

Five years later, E.B.B. in one of the three letters she ever wrote about the loss of her brother said of her father in a letter to Robert Browning:

I felt that he stood the nearest to me on the closed grave . . . or by the unclosing sea. . . . I do not know which nor could ask.

Five days later, exactly one month from the date of the tragedy, the body of William White, "able seaman," was recovered and interred in Tor Churchyard.¹⁷ No trace of Vanneck was ever found.

While the snow still lay on the ground of the reluctant 1841 spring in Torquay, Elizabeth Barrett fought against "the tendency to lie down to sleep among the snows of a weary journey."¹⁸ It would seem that it was then she returned to herself sufficiently to *know* the inevitable, although from first to last, even with her own sister Henrietta in 1856, she was never able to speak or write again Edward's name.¹⁹ There is reason for believing that it was while she was still in Torquay she expressed her acceptance of the inevitable in this stanza of her poem *De Profundis*, no stanza of which was published until after her death:

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Grief may be joy misunderstood! In that line of her poem Elizabeth Barrett reached for the hidden meaning of her stricken life. In the submission to and acceptance of an Almighty Will she followed the pattern of her father's influence upon her. But it was then—at the time of Edward's death—she began to say to herself, as she was to write later to another:

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Cursed we are from generation to generation!—I seem to hear the “Commination Service.”²⁰

The voice she believed she heard was God in His anger denouncing the Barretts who should have had “some purer lineage than that of the blood of the slave.” And for the rest of her life in her sense of guilt for the death of her brother, Elizabeth Barrett regarded herself as, among those Barretts who were cursed, chiefest among sinners. There had come to her in her brother’s death an agony of regret. By nothing is her fundamental sanity and powers of self-control better tested than in her endurance of this agony over some twenty-one years.

III

Exactly five months from the day of the catastrophe, on the 11th of December, 1840, E.B.B. was writing the Barretts’ life-long friend, Mrs. James Martin. The Martins had evidently, from the context of this letter, gone to Torquay, either immediately following the disaster or later, and had returned to their home, Old Colwall, near Ledbury. The important news of the letter to Mrs. Martin was that Elizabeth had had a hasty note from her father, saying that Stormie had reached England after a sixty-day passage from Jamaica and was “looking perfectly well.”²¹ Charles John Barrett had gone at Easter time to Jamaica to take charge of Sam’s affairs, perhaps reaching Cinnamon Hill late in June. It must have been late in September before he could receive word that Edward had been drowned. Without delay Stormie, now the oldest son, had turned about to go back to England and to his father.

In December, 1840, Edward Moulton-Barrett left his card for R. H. Horne in London as an acknowledgment of his appreciation for all the kindness shown his daughter. E.B.B. wrote Richard Horne urging him to go to see the Barretts in Wimpole Street “before I am there.”²² Various kind offices passed between them and Horne. Elizabeth wrote that her

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father received tamarinds from the West Indies, and that her friend was to expect a jar of tamarinds from her father, and that he must use them.

She had fought against going to Torquay. Now she battled,—for her father's sake and as the one thing she could do for Bro in restoring something of an undivided family life to her father—for strength enough to return to London and 50 Wimpole Street. And to her the doctors were saying, "If you want to go to London you must eat some more soup."²³ Probably in March of 1841, when snow and east wind were buffeting even Torquay, her windows were "pasted down with brown paper" to keep out the cold air. It was then that Elizabeth Barrett was writing R. H. Horne that the snow and the east wind were making her uncomfortable and feverish, that she was hoping "steadily, for London at the end of May"; and that the only gladness she could associate with Torquay were his "offered sympathy and friendship!" In that same month two or three weeks later a letter to Mrs. Martin said that "kind, *honest* Dr. Scully," had said she was quite right to mean to go to London and that she would probably be fit for that journey early in June.²⁴

On the 10th of July, 1841, Elizabeth was not yet gone from Torquay, but from there was writing a letter to Horne, ostensibly about a lyrical drama *Psyche* on which they were collaborating. With that candor of hers which is far more blinding than the untruth would be, she stated that it was not impatience about their drama which made her write but her own personal impatience. Then she adds:

Do you know what it is to be shut up in a room by oneself, to multiply one's thoughts by one's thoughts—how hard it is to know what "One's thought is like"—how it grows and grows, and spreads and spreads, and ends in taking some supernatural colour,—just like mustard and cress sown on (wet) flannel in a dark closet?

Such "thinking" began with her, no doubt, while she still lay half-conscious or unconscious, her mind wandering. Year after

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year the "supernatural colour" of such thought controlled her, and in the midst of it she lost faith in herself, "on some points utterly."²⁵ Eleven years from the time of her brother's death, she wrote Mrs. Martin that it was the one event in her life which never became less bitter, but returned upon her "like a retreating wave, going and coming again."²⁶ In that year of 1852 in a letter of protest to Miss Mitford because her friend had written a few lines about her brother's tragedy, E.B.B said that she reeled at even the mention of his name.²⁷ She admitted that she was morbid, and in another letter that she was not rational. There was "*one face*"²⁸ which never ceased to be present with her, and, too evidently, it was not there—as Edward would have wished it to be—to console her or to bring her peace.

By June of 1841 Elizabeth Barrett's plans to go to London had become definite. Each day she was getting up for an hour to try out her strength. She was excited by the prospects of the journey to London. In the winter her father had promised her that she should go when it became "possible" but that until she did go Henrietta and Arabel must remain with her. Elizabeth had come to feel that part of the "evil" she did by being in Torquay was breaking her father's "domestic peace into fragments" by the unwilling necessity she was under of keeping her sisters in Torquay. She had been responsible for the greatest loss which could come to the family of the Barrett in the loss of an oldest son whose generous and serene presence had been unique among the Barretts. As things were, even the little she might give back to her father became impossible. By this time Dr. Scully had been brought to say not that she would inevitably die upon that journey but only that there was a "risk." Apparently Dr. Scully contradicted himself or Elizabeth Barrett did! On that 12th of June, 1841, she believed that in a fortnight they would set out.

But plans for the journey in the patent carriage with a thousand springs were postponed. Finally on the 28th of August she wrote Hugh Stuart Boyd:

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I go to restore to my poor papa the companionship of his family. Enough has been done and suffered for *me*. I thank God I am going home at last.²⁹

On the 31st of August she wrote the same friend that

the carriage which is to waft us through the air upon a thousand springs has actually arrived.

Hugh Stuart Boyd was not to think severely about Dr. Scully's "candour" in saying that this journey was likely to do her harm, but the separation of her father from his family and the associations of Torquay lay upon her like a "perpetual nightmare," and she was "impelled to escape—or to try to escape." Elizabeth had decided upon the risk of going, but that decision did not include sparing those who loved her any emphasis upon the uncertainty of her arrival in London. The following day, on the 1st of September, the Barretts began with her, so far as is known, the journey from Torquay back to London.³⁰ Curiously enough it seems always to have been September in which she took journeys important in her life. It was in September, 1832, she went to Sidmouth; in September, 1838, that she went by ship to Torquay; and in September, 1846, that Elizabeth Barrett took in her journey from London to Italy the most important journey of all.

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 ON the 2nd of October Elizabeth Barrett wrote the Greek Scholar that his letter and books had crossed the threshold of the house before she did and that to her they looked like his welcome home. She said that she had read, and then read *again*, the passages which Hugh Stuart Boyd had asked her to read; also that she coveted Arabel's walk the other day to see him. Then she added:

I shall often covet my neighbour's walks, I believe, although (and may God be praised for it!) I am more happy—that is, nearing to the feeling of happiness now—than a month since I could believe possible to a heart so bruised and crushed as mine has been.¹

It was with this sense of escape and of increase of happiness she crossed the threshold of 50, Wimpole Street and settled down to her life in her room on the third floor.

The room she entered in London she made, by degrees, her own. In that room hung Haydon's unfinished portrait of Wordsworth which the artist had sent her until he wished it again for finishing. In a deep window-box grew plants: scarlet runners, nasturtiums, convolvulus, and a great ivy root which her cousin John Kenyon had given her and which sent its vines up to Henrietta's room on the floor above.

Every morning, despite its sturdy climb up to Henrietta's room, her father would say about the ivy root, "Why, Ba, it looks worse and worse." In time a transparent blind, having upon it a castle, a gateway, walks, peasants and trees, was set

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in her window. A back window in a confectioner's shop, suggested her father, but it was upon its beauty of sunlight his daughter dwelt.

There, too, hung an Aeolian harp her father had given her and of which Flush was jealous. By no manner of means last or least, Flush Himself was there in that room, at first barking and trembling at the sound of the harp and later squeezing up close to his mistress and kissing her "expressively." But worse for Flush than any harp was Cataline the Cuba bloodhound who dwelt at 50, Wimpole Street, and was not as learned in the Christian Fathers as Flush and his mistress.

In that house were cheerful sounds: her father's laughter, perhaps his fiddle, and Henrietta singing to the guitar downstairs. There was excitement over an Andrea del Sarto Edward Moulton-Barrett had bought. Before it was hung over the mantelpiece in the drawing room, displacing the Glover hung there, Stormie and Alfred almost broke their backs carrying it up to the third floor for their sister to see. There was the gaiety of high-spirited young people,—Octavius the youngest, Sette a young barrister, Alfred in the early twenties, Stormie, Arabel who slept in Elizabeth's room, Henrietta with her callers coming and going, and a "little polka" while her father was away in Cornwall. And there was a child living in that house, their cousin Lizzie Barrett. The full name of this little girl was Elizabeth Georgina Barrett. She was the third child of Mrs. Williams's youngest son George Goodin Barrett. When E.B.B. wrote Mr. Kenyon about books for Lizzie, she had added that Lizzie was "not hard to please as to literature," for here was a little girl who was not reading Greek at eight years of age as E.B.B. herself had done, but *Swiss Family Robinson* and *Masterson Ready*. In another connection Elizabeth placed it on record that Lizzie Barrett was like the family in that she kicked and screamed and had the family temper.² The poem, *A Portrait*, E.B.B. wrote of this cousin is one of the six or seven most beautiful of her short poems:

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A PORTRAIT

“One name is Elizabeth.”—Ben Jonson

I will paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty. . . .

Oval cheeks encoloured faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

.....

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

Reunited, it was a large household of sons and daughters, of cousins coming and going, of servants, and of pets including two dogs and a parrot. Good Miss Mitford described the Barretts as belonging to that “best class in the whole world . . . the affluent and cultivated gentry of England.”³ In the midst of this family of nine sons and daughters Edward Moulton-Barrett, according to the custom of his forefathers, the plantocrats of the Island of Jamaica, ruled the destinies of all within 50, Wim-

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pole Street. As his own merchant for the sugar and rum which came from the Northside, he went daily and, for London, early to his office and returned home for the traditional late dinner at eight. Despite the limitation of time he could spend in his own home, in the midst of a household quick with the wit and merriment of young people, it is the father's laughter which rings the loudest and the clearest. Now he laughed at E.B.B. when she said that she was very busy.⁴ Then we see him walking up and down in her room, talking in a leisurely manner, and calling his daughter "My love" and "My puss." Now there is heard an echo of an argument about mesmerism between Elizabeth and her father in which she "in spite of papa" believes in mesmerism.⁵ Then comes an evidence of his love for beauty as he walks all over the house with an Australian branch Mrs. Martin had sent. As quick as his love for beauty is his detestation for a drug or a wine which seemed to him drugged, as did the wine of Cyprus which Boyd had sent. Glimpses are caught of a journey to Cornwall about an investment in mines there; of the arrival and departure of his ships the *Statira* and the *David Lyon*; of cargoes of wool, of coal, of beans. And again is heard the laughter in that household over "the safety of the beans" in the *Statira* and the predicament of Stormie and Henry who were aboard that dirty and quarantined ship.

In the pictures and sounds and words which still return from those days there is no direct evidence of the overwhelming loss and the grief through which Edward Moulton-Barrett had been in the death of his oldest son and of his second son. There is, it may be, something like indirect evidence in the increased emphasis of his evangelical habit of prayer with the members of his family,—unquestionably over-paternalism of a double type. Clandestine ways seem to have been somewhat distributed among the Barrett sons and daughters, including Henrietta's innocent polka during her father's absence. No one in that household understood better the inescapable irritation of family life than did its oldest daughter as, from her couch or her room, she sought to rationalize it. In one letter she wrote:

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What, after all, is a good temper but generosity in trifles—and what, without it, is the happiness of life?

Often it is the mere lifting of a word, the way in which she picks up that word and sets it down, which rings the changes on laughter or makes the reader conscious of the quiet amusement of what is left unsaid. There were the Hedleys who, she wrote, “were likely to be in England this summer again.” Her Uncle Hedley was coming the next week, and, she continues, “my aunt after settling the younger part of her family at Barèges for the summer, *ponders* coming.” The word and the italics together tell all—and more—than one entire chapter of a biography could make clear. This was the aunt who saw to it that E.B.B. and Bro were not separated.

II

From the late September, 1841, of her arrival at 50, Wimpole Street E.B.B. seemed to make a more or less steady gain in health. Early in the year of 1842 she had written Miss Mitford that she was quite well and walked to the sofa.⁶ In the summer of that year the spitting of blood stopped, she was walking about her room, had gone downstairs several times, and had even gone out of doors “in the chair.”⁷ And this despite the fact that her heart ached over the bulletins which came about the fatal illness of Miss Mitford’s father, and the news which had reached Elizabeth about the serious illness of her Torquay physician Dr. Scully.

Coming and going in her room again was her friend and medical man Dr. Chambers, kindly, conscientious, grave. Under his direction Elizabeth was taking laudanum, the alcoholic tincture of opium, the quantity of which could be lessened only as her health improved. It must have been common knowledge among her intimate friends that she was dependent upon opium. As early as 1842 Miss Mitford wrote her:

PARACELSUS

Three Mile Cross, May 5, 1842

Heaven bless you! I am tired to death, and I presume that my sleepy letter bears sufficient marks of my condition—thrice happy if it may come in aid of opium, and bring sleep to your eyelids. . . . Once again heaven bless you, my most dearest! My father sends his kindest love.

Your faithful,
M. R. Mitford.⁸

It seems probable that as early as December, 1843, Elizabeth had been conscious for some time of the conflict problems in her opium dependence. In writing to her blind friend Boyd she said:

Sometimes I have not been well, and sometimes I have had so much other necessary writing to do, that I scarcely knew how to procure my manumission. And then you had the satisfaction of the last word in the opium argument—a very great comfort, be it avowed, whether to man or woman!!⁹

Elizabeth's helplessness as she had come to depend upon some form of opium seems to reveal itself in dependence upon her maid Wilson. This dependence differed from the warm relationship often existing between mistress and maid in E.B.B.'s expressed sense of helplessness in the following sentences written her cousin, John Kenyon, in March, 1844, in which the emphasis falls upon her "actual circumstances":

I have had *such* a headache—and some very painful vexation in the prospect of my maid's leaving me, who has been with me throughout my illness; so that I am much attached to her, with the best reasons for being so, while the idea of a stranger is scarcely tolerable to me under my actual circumstances.¹⁰

It is in a letter to her friend Mrs. Martin about her determination to go to Pisa for her health that she makes this reference to her use of laudanum. This reference shows what her necessities had become in opium by October, 1845:

I am in the habit of taking forty drops of laudanum a day, and *cannot do with less*, that is, the medical man *told me* that I could

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not do with less, saying so with his hand on the pulse. The cold weather, they say, acts on the lungs, and produces the weakness indirectly, whereas the necessary shutting up acts on the *nerves* and prevents them from having a chance of recovering their tone. And thus, without any mortal disease, or any disease of equivalent seriousness, I am thrown out of life, out of the ordinary sphere of its enjoyment and activity, and made a burden to myself and to others. Whereas there is a means of escape from these evils, and God has opened the door of escape, as wide as I see it. . . .

Dearest Mrs. Martin, more than I thought at first of telling you, I have told you. Much beside there is, painful to talk of, but I hope I have determined to do what is right. . . .

Though today the wisdom of administering laudanum does not admit of discussion, yet Dr. Chambers, it would seem, was a man of common sense, judgment and high standing. The intricacies of his problem with Elizabeth Barrett, even as problems go, must have been unusual.

For three years, from 1841 to 1844, E.B.B. scarcely referred to her father, and to her brother Edward there was no direct reference at all. When a subject became more painful than she could bear she had a way of prohibiting reference to it altogether. With her father this way of suppression was even more characteristic and complete. At 50, Wimpole Street an attempted adjustment of father to daughter and daughter to father was going forward. Characteristically one said nothing at all about this and the other said but little. Elizabeth had returned to London, since she believed that her absence had broken up the domestic comfort of her father, in order that she might bring back the comfort of a well centered family life to him. She held herself directly responsible then, and to the end of her life, for the death of her brother. As she took up her life with her family again, it was her object, also, to restore what she could of that loss to her father. It was a loss for which she was guilty, and the very force of her anguish made her try to reach across a space of separation which, under normal circumstances, she would not have tried to bridge. The final statement of this

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superhuman attempt is found, I believe, in this inscription of her poems published in the year 1844:

Dedication

TO MY FATHER

When your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world; nor would it be possible for us to speak of it to one another, with voices that did not falter. Enough, that what is in my heart when I write thus, will be fully known to yours.

And my desire is that you, who are a witness how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day,—that you, who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them, every day,—that you, who hold with me, over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one Name,—may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if indeed I were a child again; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile,—and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition, by associating with the great pursuit of my life, its tenderest and holiest affection.—Your

E.B.B.

London: 50 Wimpole Street,

1844.

Elizabeth had been through many griefs and much illness; she was a woman of intellectual power, singularly honest and direct in all that she understood. She was, besides, thirty-eight years old and knew what she thought. The dedication is the dedication of herself, and her words must be accepted as stating what she means. Often in her own need she had called upon him, as when in Torquay in her sleep she had sought to find him, calling

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out his name again and again. She did not find her father to any degree that was satisfactory. Needing love, as only a woman capable of profound emotional experience can need it, and aware of her necessity for strength if she was to continue going forward, she sought for another symbol than her father.

Unable as she was, and every human being must be, to suppress the longing that the symbol of father, the all-knowing, the all-powerful, the all-loving, should have in it something God-like as in the symbolism of all developing races, it was inevitable that E.B.B. should turn elsewhere. And she did. In her medical men she found authority that was rational as opposed to the incomprehensible and irrational in her father. She found a relationship that, although it came with authority, yet stilled her physical and nervous miseries by means of laudanum or morphia and reassured her mentally by a type of care which, unentangled by the personal, considered her welfare. Not occasionally or accidentally but deeply set in the composite consciousness of race development is this sublimated symbol of the Good Physician as Father.

From the point of view of psychic factors as well as in other ways, Elizabeth's letters reveal in not a little detail what her medical men meant to her. As was her wont, with but few exceptions, she touched lightly, a hint of satirical wit in what she said, upon those matters which concerned her most. She jested about the "modesty and simplicity" with which physicians told their patients not to think or feel. There was one medical man who, looking upon poetry as a disease or "fungus of the brain," had carried the inkstand out of the room. It was curious to listen to them, she wrote later, for those physicians were such metaphysicians! ¹¹ The records she made about her medical men, the figures she used, reveal a relationship of "paternal" authority. Just before she was taken to Torquay, Dr. Chambers had been with her on two successive days and was to come a third. She wrote her friend Hugh Boyd that the physician had been "shaking his head as awfully as if it bore all Jupiter's ambrosial curls." ¹² A few days later she had said she

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was grateful to him "for a feeling and a sympathy" which she believed to be rare among medical men of such an "immense practice" as his was.

The irrational substitution of one symbol for the other is a type of difficulty which almost every doctor has to meet. But a reasonable interpretation of the physician's symbolism is one of his greatest assets, not only in establishing a relationship with his patient but also in the psychic factor of healing. If as psychometer of what she was mentally and emotionally, her poetry as well as her letters be taken, there will be found spirited rebound from what seemed to her the unreason in her father's conduct.

III

Before her thought ran so strongly on the power of her physician and her dependence on him, she had found in a poem a satisfying symbol in Paracelsus the physician. Robert Browning, the author of the poem, she was still to meet. Evidently long before Elizabeth Barrett met Robert Browning she had pasted a portrait of him inside her copy of *Paracelsus*. Later, but still before she met the poet, she had had the portrait framed and hung up. About a year after they had met and become lovers, she wrote Browning that she thought of that portrait as a "vulgarized caricature," containing nothing like except the hair.¹³ Back in the Gloucester Place days it must have been a mere coincidence that they had not met at the same dinner table. Then her cousin John Kenyon had planned to introduce young Browning to Elizabeth, and the plan fell through because of a temporary increase in her illness. In *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, published among the 1844 poems, she had written:

Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted
idyl,
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—
Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down
the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

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All in all her thoughts had for several years turned to him often and with admiration.¹⁴ On the 10th of January, 1845, Robert Browning wrote directly to Elizabeth Barrett about her poems which, with their dedication to her father, had so recently appeared.¹⁵

Early in 1845 a letter passed between them, an analysis of which suggests that she is trying to get up her courage to tell him something, that she is somehow forced or bound to frankness by knowledge of the power of Browning's penetration; and, finally, that there is conflict in her thoughts as she takes this first step in confession.¹⁶ Nor, so far, do these points contain the most important fact of all. The spring is hostile in her thought. And then in the midst of much that is redundant comes one of those matchless phrases of hers, "I only grow weaker than usual, and learn my lesson of being mortal, in a corner." After which—and the conjunction is pregnant with meaning—she leaps into a symbolism more momentous in her personal life than any to be found in any other letter she ever wrote:

I observe that you distrust me, and that perhaps you penetrate my morbidity and guess how when the moment comes to see a living human face to which I am not accustomed, I shrink and grow pale in the spirit. Do you? You are learned in human nature, and you know the consequences of leading such a secluded life as mine—notwithstanding all my fine philosophy about social duties and the like—well—if you have such knowledge or if you have it not, I cannot say . . . if you think I shall not *like* to see you, you are wrong, for all your learning. But I shall be afraid of you at first—though I am not, in writing thus. You are Paracelsus, and I am a recluse, with nerves that have been all broken on the rack, and now hang loosely—quivering at a step and breath.

It is improbable that from all the statements she made there are other words as significant as these three: "You are Paracelsus."

The great figure of Browning's poem, Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, fortunately for the safety of the alphabet commonly known as "Paracelsus," was

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distinguished chiefly as the physician of the Middle Ages who discovered and used in his practice both laudanum, the alcoholic tincture of opium, and mercury. Elizabeth Barrett's reference to this figure is psychologically of extraordinary significance, for it is plain that both authority and healing were symbolized for her in the figure of Paracelsus.¹⁷ Thrilling it is to find Elizabeth Barrett, just as she was sinking deeper and deeper into physical and mental bondage, escaping by means of all that is symbolized in that letter of March 20, 1845, to Robert Browning in those three words: "You are Paracelsus."

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WHAT must have been increasingly evident to the perception of Robert Browning was that Elizabeth Barrett gave careful planning to her seclusion,—in short made a work of art out of her illness. Often, in reporting the diagnosis of her physician, her comment does not tally with medical procedure. Dr. Scully in consultation with an Exeter physician agreed that with care she would

pass the winter, and rally in the spring, both hoping that I may be able to go about again with some comfort and independence, although I never can be fit again for anything like exertion.¹

Up to the last clause this sounds like the diagnosis of experienced physicians who knew well the control of the mind over the body. That medical men in their senses would at such a crisis in a sick woman's life say that she would never be fit again for anything like exertion seems doubtful. Undoubtedly there are illnesses which are sincere works of art. The neurosis basic to them is painstakingly nurtured over many years by the patient. There were several years before 1845 when even if she admitted to a friend that she was better Elizabeth did it in such a way that she aroused sympathetic anxiety. The pattern of an imagined protection or escape is repeated and repeated. That she was unable to repeat it with Robert Browning was due to the force of the symbol and the unbreakable strength of the transference neurosis. What she meant when she wrote that if

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he was not well on Tuesday, out of his kindness he was not to come, was not at all what she said. The inner meaning of this postscript was that this was a last attempt on her part to escape into one more imagined state of seclusion. The time was long past when she could write as she did to Hugh Stuart Boyd in 1836 that she was inclined to invite herself to his dinner table.

There are two words which occur again and again in her letters to Robert Browning. They are "peculiar experience" or synonymous expressions. In the contexts in which they are found these words might cover her father, or the opium. Passages of such significance are too many to quote; and the habits and details of her introspections are so voluminous that from sheer bulk they are difficult to analyze. The following passage under date of June 7, 1845, may be looked upon fairly both as typical and as a "key" passage for the entire group:

And bear with me above all—because this shows no want of faith in you . . . none . . . but comes from a simple fact (with its ramifications) . . . that you know little of me personally yet, and that you *guess*, even, but very little of the influence of a peculiar experience over me and out of me; and if I wanted a proof of this, we need not seek further than the very point of discussion, and the hard worldly thoughts you thought I was thinking of you yesterday,—I, who thought not one of them! ²

Certainly no one would question the "ramifications," for they are endless and cited in letter after letter. And endless and perverse are the details of that invalidism which she had come to cherish. About two months later she wrote:

I am in a peculiar position—and it does not follow that you should be ashamed of my friendship or that I should not be proud of yours, if we avoid making it a subject of conversation in high places, or low places.

Often it is difficult to decide whether some evidence from this supporting material is normal love psychology or the psychopathology of opium, for on the rim of the circle of experience there are points at which health and the lack of it touch.

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E.B.B. wrote:

I belong to that pitiful order of weak women who cannot command their bodies with their souls at every moment, and who sink down in hysterical disorder when they ought to act and resist.

It might be said that most of the members of the Moulton-Barrett family from time to time sank down in hysterical disorders, and that Edward Moulton-Barrett, rigid, wordless, stiffening to meet disaster, was only the other extremity of the same disorder.

It is true that in this letter, in the language of her mid-Victorian times, she refers to herself as "weak woman,"—delectable hang-over from the charms of Arabella Fermor, the eighteenth century and man-made conceptions of women. Yet Elizabeth Barrett was not at all the "weak woman" she called herself, but a woman carrying, at terrible odds, a multiple load of the psychic experience of Barrett backgrounds and, in so doing, showing heroic power. She said:

Heart and will are great things, but after all we carry a barrow-full of clay about with us, and we must carry it a little carefully if we mean to keep to the path.

In her letters from 1840 on, the under-rating of herself continues. Before 1840 it is not characteristic of her. It would be true to say this was due to her sense of conscious guilt for the death of her brother Edward. It would be in part accurate to say, that this self-depreciation was due to opium dependence. Only the social position and wealth of Elizabeth Barrett protected her, and, in a sense, have continued to shield her to this day from some of the cruel untruths spoken of opium dependents. The significance of these "protections" in her own immediate experience will be seen later. What they have resulted in today is an unthinking alliance to shield her "reputation" by those who in some cases have but little of her mental power, strength of character, and fearless plain-speaking.

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II

In her letter of May 6, 1845, to Robert Browning comes her first direct reference in an association so startling that, once understood, it cannot be forgotten:

And what is the reasonableness of it in the meantime, when we all know that thinking, dreaming, creating people like yourself, have two lives to bear instead of one, and therefore ought to sleep more than others, . . . throwing over and buckling in that fold of death, to stroke the life-purple smoother. You have to live your own personal life, and also Luria's life—and therefore you should sleep for both. It is logical indeed—and rational . . . which logic is not always . . . and if I had "the tongue of men and of angels," I would use it to persuade you. Polka, for the rest, may be good; but sleep is better. I think better of sleep than I ever did, now that she will not easily come near me except in a red hood of poppies.

In this passage the colors used are "life-purple" and "red hood of poppies." Over many hundreds of years poetically the word "purple," as history shows, was used to describe the color of blood. Originally it was the dye obtained from the molluscs *Purpura* and *Murex*, and, known as "Tyrian purple," was actually crimson. Obviously in this letter of May 6th "life-purple" means the color of life, that is the red of blood. To this "life-purple," to stroke it smoother, so that her lover may better bear the twofold creative life, the artist's life of psychic dualism, sleep should come more than to others. The figure suggests a garment to be thrown about him, even as the red hood of poppies folds her in for sleep. Early does it become evident that for E.B.B. opium is not just medicine. She had hypostacized it: it had become a being.

A half year later, about November 15th, there follows a letter from Elizabeth Barrett to Robert Browning in which the direct reference to opium brings with it unmistakably a note of apology. What had passed between them, or what had happened to her, to make her seek authority for her opium-taking in the

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figure of her medical man, will never be known. But the fact is plainly stated in these sentences written two days later:

And I want to explain to you that although I don't make a profession of equable spirits, (as a matter of temperament, my spirits were always given to rock a little, up and down) yet that I did not mean to be so ungrateful and wicked as to complain of low spirits now and to you. It would not be true either: and I said "low" to express a merely bodily state. My opium comes in to keep the pulse from fluttering and fainting . . . to give the right composure and point of balance to the nervous system. I don't take it for "my spirits" in the usual sense; you must not think such a thing. The medical man who came to see me made me take it the other day when he was in the room, before the right hour and when I was talking quite cheerfully, just for the need he observed in the pulse. "It was a necessity of my position," he said. Also I do not suffer from it in any way, as people usually do who take opium. I am not even subject to an opium-headache.

The clinical history of the opium factor in the world-famous romance of these two poets reveals in sharp outline the uncompromising truthfulness of Elizabeth Barrett. Yet this passage from the letter shows her on the defensive. It becomes clearer and clearer as this history is studied in the letters that her truth-loving nature was not affected by her habit,—as ugly legend concerning the effects of drug addiction says it must be. In relation to this difficulty, in so far as she understood it, it will be found, I think, that she remained candid and responsible. That she did not understand the implications of her position is evident in the difficulty she found at first in understanding Robert Browning's anxieties. Her life had been too sheltered to make it possible for her to see that *via dolorosa* as it is. Apparently, after one of these misunderstandings when Browning took her condition seriously, he wrote:

As for my question about the opium . . . you do not misunderstand *that* neither: I trust in the eventual consummation of my—shall I not say, *our*—hopes; and all that bears upon your health immediately or prospectively, affects me—how it affects me!

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On the 30th of August, 1845, Robert Browning, who had been corresponding with Elizabeth since the 10th of January, who had met her on the 20th of May, had actually known Elizabeth Barrett for three months and a week, set down in a postscript:

I trust you see your . . . dare I say your *duty* in the Pisa affair, as all else *must* see it . . .

In the reply to this letter E.B.B. wrote that he must have been in jest about their being in Pisa "before or as soon as we were" and that even if Robert Browning determined to go at all, they must wait a little. Dr. Chambers evidently towards the close of August had advised Elizabeth Barrett to go to Pisa for the winter and its warmer climate,—he would not answer for it if she did not go! She was hoping to take with her Arabel and either Henry or Storm. On the 4th of September she wrote that Dr. Chambers on Saturday had said much good to her, and that the Pisa case was strengthened by his opinion and injunction. . . . But as the "doing" was coming nearer, it all began to seem impossible, especially "in this dead silence of Papa's." She closed this letter with the statement that she had had the kindest of letters from Mr. Kenyon urging her to go. On the 13th of September Robert Browning assured her that he would print what he had on hand, take what it brought him, and go to her at Pisa where one might live for £100 a year. On the 17th of September Elizabeth Barrett wrote Browning:

I write one word just to say that it is all over with Pisa; which was a probable evil when I wrote last, and which I foresaw from the beginning—being a prophetess, you know. I cannot tell you now how it has all happened—*only do not blame me*, for I have kept my ground to the last, and only yield when Mr. Kenyon and all the world see that there is no standing. I am ashamed almost of having put so much earnestness into a personal matter—and I spoke face to face and quite firmly—so as to pass with my sisters for the "bravest person in the house" without contestation.

Sometimes it seems to me as if it *could not* end so—I mean, that the responsibility of such a negative must be reconsidered . . . and

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you see how Mr. Kenyon writes to me. Still, as the matter lies . . . no Pisa! And, as I said before, my prophetic instincts are not likely to fail, such as they have been from the beginning.

E.B.B. implied that her father did not love her and that she had been forced by the Pisa issue to see that he did not.

It is as essential to make plain the strength of her will power as to admit her habit of self-depreciation. In a letter to her friend Mrs. Martin, under date of October, 1845, she referred to her intentions to go to Pisa:

Certainly I have made up my mind to do it, and I shall do it as a bare matter of duty; and it is one of the most painful acts of duty which my whole life has set before me. The road is rough as possible, and as far as I can see it.³

Although obstinacy was present, with its suggestion of mere negativism, Elizabeth's was a genuine, flexible, living will power based on energy and reason. In an earlier letter she had written Browning:

No one cares less for a "will" than I do . . . for a will in the common things of life . . . in one's pleasures and fantasies, one would rather be crossed and vexed a little than vex a person one loves . . . and it is possible to get used to the harness and run easily in it at last; and there is a side world to hide one's thoughts in, and "carpet-work" to be immoral on in spite of Mrs. Jameson, . . . and the word "literature" has, with me, covered a good deal of liberty as you must see . . . real liberty which is never enquired into.⁴

Here is the sense of a moral life, of mental courage, that have remained plastic, touched with wit, adjustable. In another letter, while there was still hope of her going to Pisa, as Dr. Chambers wished her to do, she wrote: "Be sure that I shall be 'bold' when the time for going comes—and both bold and capable of the effort."

And then, test of all tests of the flexibility of will, the reaction to disappointment when she realized that unless she made

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a breach with her father which could not be re-crossed, the plans must be relinquished. There is no break—not even the thinnest crack—in the determination of her attitude, for she wrote Browning:

You may be quite sure that I shall be well this winter, if in any way it should be possible, and *I will not* be beaten down, if the will can do anything.

Towards the close of these love letters which passed between them, comes this characteristic statement by Elizabeth Barrett:

I might perhaps, in the storm excited, among so many opinions and feelings, fail to myself and you, through weakness of the body. Not of the *Will!*

The capital and the italics in writing the word “will” are hers. Although, mentally speaking, the eternal triangle of her conflict, her father, her invalidism, and the induced drug addition, could scarcely have been worse in combination than it was, there was little or nothing any more of the regressive in her attitude towards reality.

III

From the first there is evident in the famous love letters, as well as elsewhere, that energy which commands unusual experience and is able to break through any average bondage to the conventional, the usual, and somehow to find escape. . . . Elizabeth Barrett was loyal to men, but—or because—she knew them. Not only had she many brothers silhouetted against Barrett backgrounds but also the problem which for her had been reticular for all other problems, vexations, losses, in her life had been her relation to her father. In order to see something of the dimensions of this comprehension of hers, involving as it did both the ideal and un-ideal, she should not be thought of as a romanticist in sex.

Yet the love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning have given rise in the popular mind to exactly this mis-

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understanding, and such misunderstanding diminishes quite unfairly the stature and strength of her human relationships. She knew men light o' love and biologically false, as well as faithful unto death and beyond. Blithely did she touch a dark spot on the circumference of marriage in one of her earlier letters to Browning:

To see the marriages which are made every day! Worse than solitudes and more desolate! In the case of the two happiest I ever knew one of the husbands said in confidence to a brother of mine—not much in confidence or I should not have heard it, but in a sort of smoking frankness,—that he had “ruined his prospects by marrying”; and the other said to himself at the very moment of professing an extraordinary happiness . . . “But I should have done as well if I had not married *her*.”

Although from January until the 20th of May, 1845, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning had been frequent and voluminous correspondents, they had not met. They had established a relationship different from a literary intimacy. It was a personal intimacy. Each had become deeply interested in the other in a manner which had some contact with poems but which was distinct from it. With admirable self-control and sweetness Robert Browning urged but did not intrude his wish to see her. In the various reasons which she brought forward for not seeing him, this subtlest of the psychologists of his day uncovered her difficulty. Though Browning did not so define it, though the forms and limits of hysteria have not as yet been adequately defined, her increasing disinclination to see anyone outside the family group was part of the nervous disorder which Dr. Chambers believed he stabilized by the use of laudanum and then of morphia. The word “mistrustfulness” appears in several letters early in May. E.B.B. did protest too much when she wrote:

so far from being of an inclination to mistrust you or distrust you, I do profess to have as much faith in your full, pure loyalty, as if I had known you personally as many years as I have appreciated your genius. Believe this of me—for it is spoken truly.

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She had failed to reckon with the energy of the symbol, and in her condition the most powerful symbol possessed her in the words "You are Paracelsus" and bound her to Robert Browning. In the figure of the physician, as she relinquished hope of understanding between herself and her father, she had found a benign authority by means of which she might still escape from disease and into something like a normal freedom. She was being swung along by a force, a transference neurosis, over which she had no more control than she would have had over a force of nature. This conscious helplessness reveals itself in her letters to Robert Browning about the deferred and yet inevitable meeting. From father to physician, physician to the symbol of Paracelsus and Paracelsus to Robert Browning were all steps she had to take in the transference begun in Torquay and completed some six years later. Her protest Robert Browning turned into an absurdity by the plain statement of his reply:

My friend is not "mistrustful" of me, no, because she don't fear I shall make mainprize of the stray cloaks and umbrellas downstairs, or turn an article for "Colburn's" on her sayings and doings up stairs,—but spite of that, she does mistrust . . . *so* mistrust my common sense,—nay, uncommon and dramatic-poet's sense, if I am put on asserting it!—all which pieces of mistrust I could detect, and catch struggling, and pin to death in a moment, and put a label in, with name, genus and species, just like a horrible entomologist.

Having turned, too, the admiration of a "Mr. Simpson" for himself into an absurdity, and having suggested that Mr. Simpson's final and unflattering conclusions for Robert Browning might well become those shared by Miss Barrett, he made Elizabeth Barrett's tentative permission to call on her definite by stating that he would call at two on Tuesday the 20th of May. He had written Friday night. She wrote Saturday in reply asking Robert Browning to make the hour three instead of two, and she added to this letter the following postscript:

If on Tuesday you should be not well, *pray do not come*—Now, that is my request to your kindness.

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Browning might well have replied to this letter but he did not. He maintained a complete silence from Friday night till Tuesday afternoon at three when he appeared at 50, Wimpole Street and was taken upstairs by one of E.B.B.'s sisters. He stayed exactly one hour and a half, from three to half after four. That Tuesday evening he wrote back to her:

I trust to you for a true account of how you are—if tired, if not tired, if I did wrong in any thing,—or, if you please, *right* in any thing—(only, not one more word about my “kindness,” which, to get done with, I will grant is exceptive)—but, let us so arrange matters if possible,—and why should it not be—that my great happiness, such as it will be if I see you, as this morning, from time to time, may be obtained at the cost of as little inconvenience to you as we can contrive. For an instance—just what strikes me—they all say here I speak very loud—(a trick caught from having often to talk with a deaf relative of mine). And did I stay too long?

I will tell *you* unhesitatingly of such “*corrigenda*”—nay, I will again say, do not humiliate me—*do not* again,—by calling me “kind” in that way.

I am proud and happy in your friendship—now and ever. May God bless you? R.B.

CHAPTER XLII

CLIMAX

IN the development of her relation to Robert Browning Elizabeth went through many stages, two of which, it would seem, are more or less exactly indicated in letters of September 16, 1845, and May 6, 1846,—an interval of almost eight months pregnant with thought. In the first—the letter of September 16, 1845—she says that in some interchange of ideas (whether in letters or in visits I do not know) she “*did state*” to him “the difficulties most difficult” to herself. From the context it is evident that the issue is one of unworthiness,—a word used *ad nauseam* in her letters. Elizabeth Barrett goes on to say that if she were “different in some respects and free in others by the providence of God” she would accept the great trust of his happiness. Then she continues:

But something worse than even a sense of unworthiness, *God* has put between us! ¹

In the morally emphatic days of those mid-Victorians they said that sort of thing. In this letter of 1845 it is possible to find various explanations in the context: some episode in a former and largely imaginary love-affair, tuberculosis, drug addiction, her father or something out of Barrett backgrounds. However, in this letter, the condition indicated, and the emphasis on time, would seem to point to some association established in her own mind between the unworthiness of her state to become his and her bondage to opium.

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Modesty was an essential trait of her nature. In one of her letters to Robert Browning the last sentence and signature run: "Look down on your own Ba." Although love and common-sense are not as a rule the best of running-mates, yet Browning took no advantage of his masculine prerogative, and in his reply he wrote, "I look *up*,—always up,—my Ba."

One half year from the time she saw him in her own room at 50, Wimpole Street, came the statement and the pledge of her love for Robert Browning, coupled with memories of her uncle Samuel Moulton-Barrett and with consciousness of Jamaica. When she was a child, Sam had given her a locket. Of this locket, on the 13th of December, 1845, E.B.B. wrote Robert Browning:

I have put *some* of the hair into a little locket which was given to me when I was a child by my favourite uncle, Papa's only brother, who used to tell me that he loved me better than my own father did, and was jealous when I was not glad. It is through him in part, that I am richer than my sisters—through him and his mother—and a great grief it was and trial, when he died a few years ago in Jamaica, proving by his last act that I was unforgotten. And now I remember how he once said to me: "Do you beware of ever loving!—If you do, you will not do it half: it will be for life and death."

So I put the hair into his locket, which I wear habitually, and which never had hair before—the natural use of it being for perfume:—and this is the best perfume for all hours, besides the completing of a prophecy.²

The growing separation from her father, the powerlessness of her physician, the collapse of the Pisa plan, the developing strength of the symbol of Paracelsus, either released or drew her in the direction of Robert Browning. Her sudden capacity for seeing certain aspects of her father's nature was both real and unreal. In the conflict which love set up in her and in her struggle towards Robert Browning, she was on a new level of energy with new ability to face and comprehend traits which were not new. Also the nature of passionate love resulted in unconscious, biologic exaggeration of all experience, whether

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joy or sorrow, blindness or sight. Hers was both by nature and by inheritance a luxuriant emotional endowment. Whatever the restraint upon the women of the family of the Barrett, they shared with the men the emotional trends definitely shaped towards certain expressions over some two hundred years and in the patterns of release which those trends had found in Barrett Creole experience. She was incapable of intentional falsification, yet she swung from deification of her father to the conviction that he was less than human in his attitude towards her. Neither extreme represented the facts of the character and temperament of Edward Moulton-Barrett. In a new form it was the old story of Shelley and the "Brown Demon." At 50, Wimpole Street there was no "Demon" of any color whatsoever, but only a man of neurotic inheritance whose habit patterns were all set in forms of arbitrary power, in the accumulation of family wealth, in the defense of family inviolability, and all against a background of disastrous marriages, some of them between cousins.

Into her father's decision that his daughter should not go to Pisa entered the traits of his temperament. Edward Moulton-Barrett was a man of more than ordinary fineness and integrity,—fineness of feeling and integrity of conduct. For the hard wear and tear of unusual experience his emotions were too delicate. This delicacy was coupled with developing inflexibility of the will power. Also into this decision entered certain well-defined facts. In the first place it was Dr. Chambers who had advised him to send his daughter to Torquay. There the news of his son Sam's tragic end had reached him; there in Babbacombe Bay his oldest son had been drowned; and there his daughter's reason and life had both been in jeopardy. In this disastrous year of 1840 Elizabeth Barrett's dependence upon laudanum had been increased, and she had now, some five years later, become dependent upon both laudanum and morphia. He hesitated to take the advice again of Dr. Chambers for a "cure" either in Torquay or in Pisa, especially under the actual circumstances of her dependence on opium. Finally, over the years his children

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had given their father a right of way straight through the very heart of their own independence and self-respect. At the worst there had been hysterical scenes but never year after year any persistent, courageous, and independent development of their own lives. No doubt he believed that the family honor was in his keeping, and it never occurred to him that a code of honor, as any other structure, benefits from time to time by repair work or rebuilding. In the father's reactions and behavior in this crisis in the life of his daughter, now thirty-nine years old, there was nothing new or different from the type of decision he had made again and again for his children. That which was new and different found expression in the emotions and acts of his daughter, Elizabeth Barrett.

II

It is important to attempt to measure Browning's consciousness of the menace of drug-addiction to Elizabeth Barrett. It is greatly to the credit of his perception that Robert Browning was more troubled than her medical man by the possible harmfulness of opium, as his letter of February 4, 1846, reveals:

so I will make you laugh at me, if you will, for *my* inordinate delight at hearing the success of your experiment with the opium. I never dared, nor shall dare inquire into your use of that—for, knowing you utterly as I do, I know you only bend to the most absolute necessity in taking more or less of it—so that increase of the quantity must mean simply increased weakness, illness—and diminution, diminished illness. And now there *is* diminution! Dear, dear Ba—you speak of my silly head and its ailments . . . well, and what brings on the irritation? A wet day or two spent at home; and what ends it all directly?—just an hour's walk! So with *me*: now,—fancy me shut in a room for seven years . . . it is—no, *don't* see, even in fancy, what is left of me then! But *you*, at the end; this is *all* the harm: I wonder. . . . I confirm my soul in its belief in perpetual miraculousness. . . . I bless God with my whole heart that it is thus with you! And so, I will not even venture to say—so superfluous it were, though with my most earnest, most loving breath (I who *do* love you more at every breath I draw;

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indeed, yes dearest,)—I *will not* bid you—that is, pray you—to persevere! You have all my life bound to yours—save me from *my* “seven years”—and God reward you? ³

The tone of pleading is unmistakable. And her immediate reply on February 5th would indicate that at last she understands the anxiety her condition is causing him, for she says:

And that you should care so much about the opium! Then I must care, and get to do with less—at least. On the other side of your goodness and indulgence (a very little way on the other side) it might strike you as strange that I who have had no pain—no acute suffering to keep down from its angles—should need opium in any shape. But I have had restlessness till it made me almost mad; at one time I lost the power of sleeping quite—and even in the day, the continual aching sense of weakness has been intolerable—besides palpitation—as if one’s life, instead of giving movement to the body, were imprisoned undiminished within it, and beating and fluttering impotently to get out, at all the doors and windows. So the medical people gave me opium—a preparation of it, called morphine, and ether—and ever since I have been calling it my amreeta draught, my elixir,—because the tranquillizing power has been wonderful. Such a nervous system I have—so irritable naturally, and so shattered by various causes, that the need has continued in a degree until now, and it would be dangerous to leave off the calming remedy, Mr. Jago says, except very slowly and gradually. But slowly and gradually something may be done—and you are to understand that I never *increased* upon the prescribed quantity . . . prescribed in the first instance—no! Now think of my writing all this to you!—And after all the lotus-eaters are blessed beyond the opium-eaters; and the best of lotuses are such thoughts as I know. . . .

May God bless you, best and dearest. If you are the *compensation* blessed is the evil that fell upon me: and *that*, I can say before God.

In this last letter she seems unconscious of the fact that laudanum also is opium, its alcoholic tincture. That she had taken for many years. She had, too, “tried all sorts of narcotics.”

The “little language” of the letters may again and again cover some reference to opium which is now past uncovering.

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Many of these references were based on some understanding between them,—now become the undecipherable language of flying phrases. On the 2nd of February, 1846, she was writing Robert Browning about his “taking the half of [her] prison.” Was the prison referred to her opium? There is the glimpse of the shadow of her unhappy bondage behind so many sentences, so many paragraphs, so many thoughts. Another one of the sentences from Robert Browning’s letter written about the 6th of February constitutes another such flying phrase:

All the kind explaining about the opium makes me happier. “Slowly and gradually” what may *not* be done? Then see the bright weather while I write—lilacs, hawthorn, plum-trees all in bud; elders in leaf, rose-bushes with great red shoots; thrushes, whitethroats, hedge sparrows in full song—there can, let us hope, be nothing worse in store than a sharp wind, a week of it perhaps—and then comes what shall come. . . .

The figure of speech, the week of “sharp wind,” suggests a reference to the so-called withdrawal agony. The “picture” of their conversations together about the problem of opium in her life becomes fuller and clearer as their correspondence continues. In her letter of the 24th of April, 1846, Elizabeth Barrett used an obscure figure which can be made somewhat clear. She wrote:

All my wisdom seems to depend upon being pricked with pins . . . or rather with something sharper.

Was this the then newly discovered use of the hypodermic?

III

In the early part of the nineteenth century (1803-1805) Serturmer, a chemist at Einbeck, experimenting chemically with opium, discovered morphine, an alkaline base. And in this discovery is found the beginning of modern alkaloidal medicine and the course of the “Lesbian” problem of Elizabeth Barrett’s life. She repeatedly gives morphine as her drug. Cases of habitua-

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tion to this alkaloid may be found in the literature antedating hers. Opium was for the masses, morphine for the classes. Opium had been praised and advocated by the medical men of all time. It is not strange that the laity of the nineteenth century should have turned to a drug whose virtues were so extolled by the doctors. It was no less inevitable that the writers of the day should have been interested in opium's weird potencies. Unfortunately for our modern world, in the writings of De Quincey is found an influence in literature towards the abuse of opium. Weird potencies! Yes, but not all the men and women of note who became the victims of the powers of opium were interested in any potency except that of health and the chance to continue the work which they loved. Even a short list includes so many temperaments, so many degrees of character and self-control, that the moralist tempted to discourse on "drug fiends" must lose either his reason or his discourse! The shortest nineteenth century list would contain such disparate types as Wilberforce, Coleridge, the Wedgwoods (those sturdy friends to all poets and of John Kenyon), De Quincey, Harriet Martineau, Edgar Allan Poe, Branwell Brontë, Eleanor Siddall (Rossetti's wife), Mrs. Carlyle, James Thomson, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson and many another in the history of modern poetry and prose, known and unknown as drug-addicted.⁴

In the life of Elizabeth Barrett the dates of discovery of morphine and introduction of the hypodermic needle may or may not have been important. Nothing in the known history of the hypodermic proves her familiarity with the needle except such a figure as that quoted. Her medical man, Dr. Jago, was among the foremost of his time. This fact in itself is not conclusive. Fuller and clearer becomes the fact that what they wrote about her difficulty must have been only a fraction of all they said about it when together. It should never be forgotten that Browning's interpretation of E.B.B.'s invalidism was both delicate and generous. Browning had no morbid love for ill health as such. Indeed, as later letters about "Pen" to Isa Blagden

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reveal, Browning loved vigorous health, beautiful and abundant. His chivalry touched her infirmities with "a silver sound." Yet this "touch" was without sentimentality, for he not only expressed willingness to share her pain with her, he did so share it over some fifteen years of triumphant love despite all physical defeats. In his letter postmarked the 8th of April, 1846, Browning was neither prattling about a "cross" nor glorifying himself as bearing it. But as he faced their life together, he knew what was before him. In 1846 he wrote that it was a "glory above all glories" to live and serve her in her sick-room. This complete dedication of himself to her life comes out unexpectedly at times in gratitude for some release from anxiety about her condition. The following sentence is a good illustration of such gratitude:

And I have to thank you with all my heart for the good news of the increasing strength and less need for the opium—how I do thank you, my dearest—and desire to thank God through whose goodness it all is!

The degree of Browning's consciousness of the menace of drug addiction to Elizabeth Barrett must bear a direct ratio to his knowledge concerning its history. It does not come as a surprise that Robert Browning's letters to Elizabeth Barrett show that he knew that opium could be taken for other than therapeutic purposes, and that he had by that knowledge established associations between opium and its use which had nothing to do with the spirituality of Elizabeth Barrett's world. Also the make-up of Browning's mind being what it was, he could not possibly have escaped reflections on opium's relation to heredity and environment and its predisposing influence towards psychopathologic tendencies. For more than ten years, the bondage which can come from opium had lain in Browning's mind, and the thought of it must have been long and creatively at work in the shaping of the great and beautiful figure of Paracelsus. In what Browning had to write, and no doubt in what he had to say about her use of opium, there was

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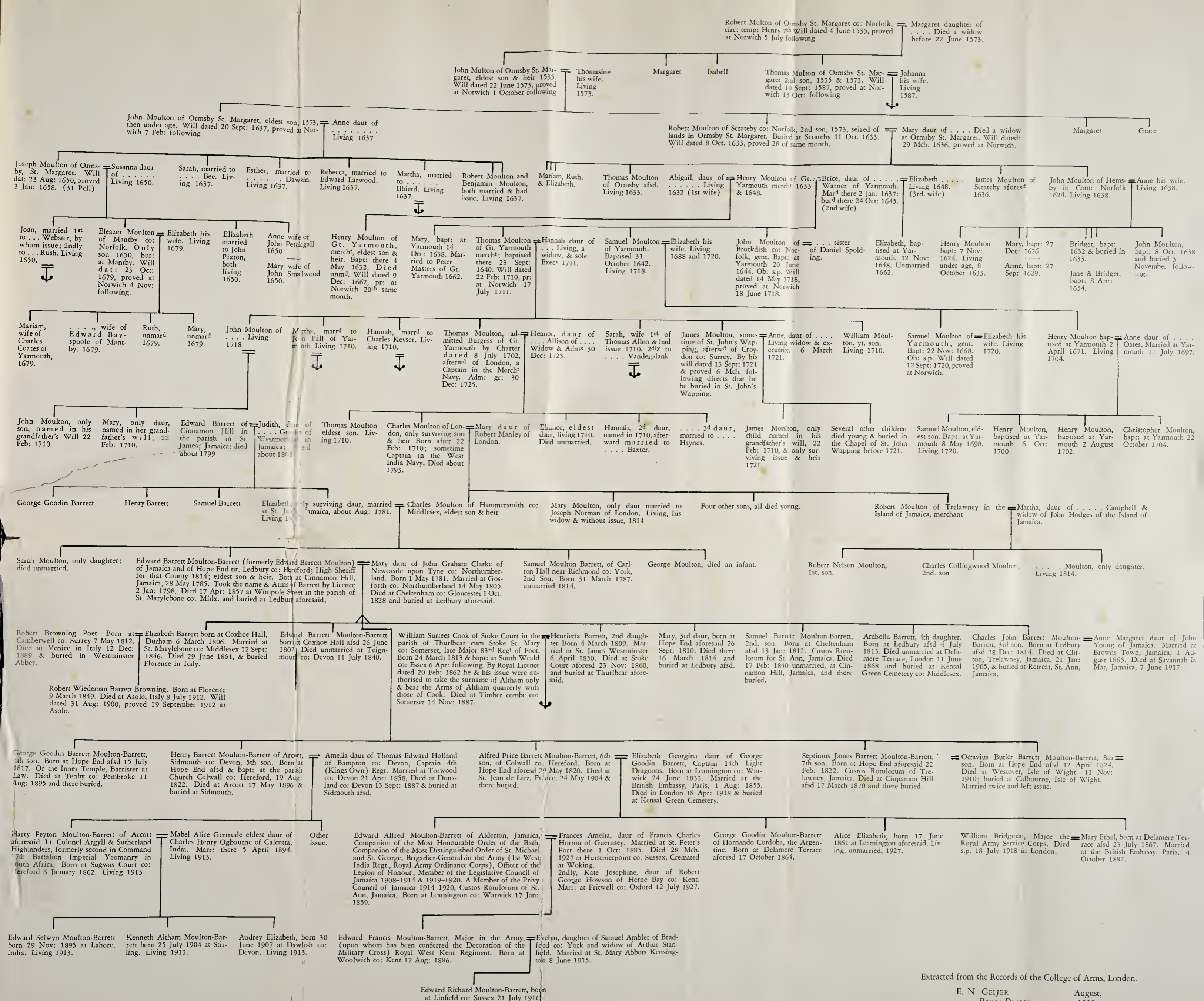
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for a time a wild swinging of the pendulum from the sublime to the vulgar. On the 1st of June, in the mistaken attempt at a light touch, he wrote her:

You know I look on you with absolute awe, in a sense,—I don't understand how such a creature lives and breathes and moves and does *not* move into fine air altogether and leave us of the Etty-manufacture! I have solemnly set down in the tablets of my brain that Ba prefers morphine to pork, but can eat so much of a chicken as Flush refuses—a chapter in my natural history quite as important as one in Pliny's (and Ælian's too)—“When the Lion is sick, nothing can cure him but to eat an Ape”—though not so important as my great, greatest record of all—“A cup of coffee will generally cure Ba's headaches . . .”

As the references to her drug addiction in the letters which passed between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning are studied, it is seen that socially and historically speaking he knew much more about the involvement and implications of the drug habit than she did. Also that in his mind moral factors entered into the condition.

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TREPPY, in a bad humor and out walking with the patient Arabel, began moaning over the wickedness at Wimpole Street and the indifference of those wicked ones to her.

“And besides,” she added, “it is much better I should not go to Wimpole Street at this time when there are so many secrets. Secrets indeed! You think that nobody can see and hear except yourselves, I suppose; and there are two circumstances going on in the house, plain for any eyes to see! and those are considered *secrets*, I suppose.”

“Oh, Treppy,” said Arabel, “you are always fancying secrets where there are none!”

“Well, I don’t fancy anything now! I *know*—just as *you* do.”

Then something was said about the long-talked-of journey to Italy, and Arabel asked, “Treppy, do you think she *will* go to Italy?”

“Why there is only one way for her to go—but she may go that way. If she marries, she may go.”

“And you would not be surprised?” asked Arabel.

“*I!* not in the least—*I* am never surprised, because I always see things from the beginning. Nobody can hide anything from *me*.”

And so, wrote E.B.B.,

she smoothed the darkness till it smiled, and boasted herself back into a calmer mood. But just observe how people are talking and

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inferring! It frightens me to think of it. Not that there is any danger from Treppy. She would as soon cut off her hand, as bring one of us into a difficulty, and *me*, the last. Only it would not do to *tell her*,—she must have it in her power to say “I did not know this” . . . for reasons of the strongest. To occasion a schism between her and this house, would be to embitter the remainder of her days.¹

And it was to Treppy that Elizabeth Barrett paid her first visit outside the windows and doors of 50, Wimpole Street, which, though she does not say so, was part of her training for flight. Nowhere do the letters say just who Treppy was, and it is debatable whether E.B.B. knew much of the history of Treppy. What Elizabeth did know she told in a letter to Robert Browning. And it is plain that wherever she was, Treppy's least interest brought amusement, zest and heightening with them. Treppy gives a party and that leads Treppy's favorite “grandchild,” Elizabeth, to give information to Robert Browning. On that June second, 1846, E.B.B. will tell him what she has been doing to be so “very, very tired,” and she begins by telling him about Treppy:

learn that name by heart . . . whom we all of us have called “Treppy” ever since we could speak. Moreover she has nursed . . . tossed up . . . held on her knee—Papa when he was an infant; the dearest friend of his mother and her equal, I believe, in age—so you may suppose that she is old now. Yet she can outwalk my sisters, and except for deafness, which, dear thing, she carefully explains as “a mere nervous affection,”—is as young as ever. But she calls us all “her children” . . . and I, you are to understand, am “her child,” *par excellence* . . . her acknowledged darling and favourite, —perhaps because tenderly she thinks it right to carry on the love of her beloved friend, whom she lived with to the last. Once she saw you in the drawing-room—and you perhaps saw her. She dines here every Sunday, and on other days of course often, and has the privilege of scolding everybody in the house when she is out of humour, and of being coaxed by slow degrees back into graciousness. So, she had full right to have me on my first visit—had she not? and the goodness and kindness and funniness of the reception were enough to laugh and cry over. First . . . half way upstairs,

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I found a chair, to sit and rest on. Then the windows were all shut up, because I liked it so in my room. And then, for occulter reasons, a feast was spread for Arabel and Flush and me, which made me groan in the spirit and Flush wag his tail, to look upon . . . ice cream and cakes, which I was to taste and taste in despite of all memories of dinner an hour before . . . and cherrybrandy!!! which I had to taste too, . . . just then saved alive by an oath, on Arabel's part, that I was "better without it." Think of dear Treppy!—of all the kindness and fondness! Almost she kissed me to pieces as the "darlingest of children." So I am glad I went—and so is Flush, who highly approves of that class of hospitable attentions, and wishes it were the way of the world everyday. But I am tired! so tired! The visiting is a new thing.

What they called "the Pisa business" had seemingly been the reason that Edward Moulton-Barrett had ceased to come to his daughter's room in the evening. Outwardly in 1845 the "Pisa business" had reached a conclusion with Elizabeth Barrett's decision that she would not involve any of her sisters and brothers in the paternal displeasure. Nevertheless, with the tenacity characteristic of her, both individually and as a Barrett, discussion of the plan had not been relinquished. In determination John Kenyon, too, was a "Barrett." He had made up his mind that his cousin should go to Italy but only under conditions which were right for all, as well as for her. On Tuesday, the 29th of July, 1846, John Kenyon called at 50, Wimpole Street, talking with Henrietta and Arabel for some time before he let Elizabeth know that he was there.

To Henrietta and Arabel he said, "I want to talk to you . . . sit down by me and listen."

He then told them that it was Mrs. Jameson's wish to take E.B.B. to Italy and that he had told her "that only a relative would be a fit companion." Also he said that he had made plain the detail of the discussion of the Pisa business when it had come up the year before. At his hands Edward Moulton-Barrett was not spared, either to Mrs. Jameson or to Arabel and Henrietta.

Then to the sisters he said, "It is painful to you perhaps to hear me talk so, but it is a sore subject with me, and I cannot

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restrain the expression of my opinions. . . . I have told Mrs. Jameson everything—it was due to her to have a full knowledge, and I have set before her the impossibility she is under of doing any good.”

Upon that John Kenyon turned to the sisters with a direct question, “Does Ba dwell on the idea of Italy . . . does she ever speak of it?”

“Yes,” they answered, “she has made up her mind to go.”

“But *how?*” replied John Kenyon. “She can’t go alone—and which of you will go with her? You know last year, she properly rejected the means which involved you in danger.”

Henrietta, advising that nothing should be said or done, replied, “Ba must do everything for herself. Her friends cannot help her. She must help herself.”

“She must not go to Italy by herself,” he answered. “Then, how?”

“She has determination of character,” replied Henrietta. “She will surprise everybody some day.”

“But *how?*” John Kenyon kept on repeating uneasily, still unable to reach Treppy’s shrewd solution.

Before he left he instructed them to tell their sister of his conversation with Mrs. Jameson.

And before that day was closed E.B.B. knew that Mrs. Jameson knew of her father’s peculiar mental condition and of her dependence upon opium.

Elizabeth was not always successful in escaping the human interest which surrounded her. Mrs. Jameson called. She was a warm-hearted, tempestuous, beautiful young Irishwoman with well-cut aqualine features and red-gold hair. In stature she was of middle height and somewhat heavily built. Anna Jameson radiated vitality. Indifferent to public opinion, she was, as other handsome women have been, indifferent to dress. In a group of New York women, Julia Ward Howe overheard one of them say of Anna Jameson, “How like the devil she does look.”² Mrs. Jameson and a note of good protective coloring which Elizabeth had sent had crossed each other. E.B.B. was “thrown”

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from her resources as Mrs. Jameson offered her services as companion for the much-discussed journey to Pisa. Impossible, was Elizabeth's reply.

Mrs. Jameson answered, "Mr. Kenyon threw cold water on the whole scheme. But *you!* Have *you* given up going to Italy?"

No escape into the weather was possible, and Elizabeth Barrett replied earnestly and directly, "No, that I have not certainly. I feel deeply how your great kindness demands every sort of frankness and openness from me towards you,—and yet, at this moment I cannot be frank—there are reasons which prevent it. Will you promise me not to renew the subject to Mr. Kenyon? not to repeat to him what I have said? to wait until the whole is explained to you?"³

Good Mrs. Jameson promised. But this visit was followed by another visit.

"Anything settled?" asked Mrs. Jameson as she walked into the room. The little Anna Murphy in her was not to be discouraged by any handicap to escape to Pisa.

Edward Moulton-Barrett had accused his daughter at one time of having brought herself into the condition in which she then was by living on dry toast and tea. Unquestionably he had begun to feel for his daughter something of the weariness which many healthy men come to feel for a woman who is always ailing. Despite her actual and visible improvement, something of this impatience had carried over into the summer of 1846. The Hedleys were with the Barretts at Wimpole Street. While her uncle and aunt were in E.B.B.'s room talking with her, Edward Moulton-Barrett entered.

Her Aunt Hedley said to him, as he came in, "How well she is looking!"

"Do you think so?" answered her brother-in-law.

Meekness was not one of Mrs. Hedley's traits, and she snapped back, "Why do *you* not think so? Do you pretend to say that you see no surprising difference in her?"

"Oh, I don't know," came the reply. "She is mumpish, I

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think." There was a pause. Then he continued, "She does not talk."

"Perhaps she is nervous," Aunt Hedley explained.

Unquestionably her father had perceived some part of the change in Elizabeth and had been puzzled by it. Whatever "it" was, it was an evidence of facts about which he had no knowledge whatsoever. To herself her position had become horrible. To hear her father's voice, to meet his eyes, made her shrink. To encounter her brothers left her trembling. To receive the sympathy and understanding of her sisters filled her with fear lest they, when all became known, should suffer with her.

John Kenyon's undeniable curiosity was more than matched by his cousin's flashing wit and presence of mind. Elizabeth, Arabel and Flush had gone out to drive with their cousin in his carriage. Flush is included in this relationship, as well as in the drive, because that was the language of kinship both his mistress and Flush spoke.

As they started out Kenyon asked, "Did Browning stay much longer with you?"

"Yes—some time," was the reply.

They were on their way to see the Birmingham train. They saw it. They were on their way back.

With a leap *in medias res* John Kenyon exclaimed, "What an extraordinary memory our friend Browning has!"

"Very extraordinary," said E.B.B., "and how it is raining!"

How close upon her was their knowledge of her secret love for Robert Browning one episode will illustrate. There are many references to "dear kind Stormie." He is seen coming and going, unselfish in his interests, going on some none too comfortable journey for his father, rejoicing when his sister reached the place in her recovery where she could walk downstairs. Within three weeks of the flight, Arabel entered her sister's room to say that Stormie had suddenly touched her, and asked, "Is it true that there is an engagement between Mr. Browning and Ba?"

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Though taken unaware Arabel replied, "You had better ask them, if you want to know. What nonsense, Storm!"

"Well," he answered, "I'll ask Ba when I go upstairs."

George was standing by, looking grave as a judge. But when they and some of the other brothers went up to their sister's room, no questions were asked.

Coming and going, too, in that house was little Lizzie Barrett, often with Treppy, often to be found in Elizabeth's room, playing with Flush, reading, dreaming, drawing pictures. Or the quaint three are seen taking their places in the carriage beside Henrietta, who is going out to dinner. It is one of those long English twilights on a June evening in 1846. After dropping Henrietta the three went for a drive in Hyde Park, driving close to the Serpentine, watching the ruffling of the water and the shadows gathering. Flush had his head out of the window and liked it all except when he caught sight of some one washing a little dog. Then he drew back into the carriage, licking his mistress's hands, as she said for an *Ora pro nobis*. Lizzie was happy, talking to her cousin, who was thinking of Robert Browning and not of what the child was saying. They saw as they drove home the gas on in the shops and E.B.B. heard Lizzie saying that when she was grown up she was not going out to dinner like Henrietta but meant to drive in the park like Ba or do something even better than what they were doing, which would be living in the country in a "cottage covered with roses." Again she is seen on the stairway to E.B.B.'s room, looking for Edward Moulton-Barrett and when she reached Ba's room "so sorry" to interrupt Ba and Mr. Browning. Somewhere in the offing of a drawing-room on that day was the Barretts' cousin, Samuel Goodin Barrett from Jamaica. He should have been in Brittany but was actually, to Elizabeth's disgust, in 50, Wimpole Street receiving visitors in the drawing-room.

II

Elizabeth Barrett knew that no one of her father's children would ever marry without making a breach with him. He was

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“deceiving himself,” for the “real obstacle” was “in his own mind.” Marriage was one of the subjects which Edward Moulton-Barrett would not have discussed before him. His daughter struggled in towards her father, believing that all she knew of what was best in him was there, deeply covered, like the fountain in the rock. It would have been impossible for her to understand that exactly the opposite was the truth, and that no spring gushed there any more. A few years before Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett had made their decision to be married and to flee from Wimpole Street, Henrietta and her sister had had an encounter with their father about one of Henrietta’s love affairs. The total result of this encounter had been that Henrietta’s knees had been made to ring upon the floor and Ba had fainted. In the early months of her friendship with Browning, she had warned her lover not to think too hardly of her father, saying that he had seen only the side of peculiar wrongness, and that when Browning had walked around him he would have other thoughts of him. A month earlier she had written:

there never was (under the strata) a truer affection in a father’s heart . . . no, nor a worthier heart in itself . . . a heart loyaller and purer, and more compelling to gratitude and reverence, than his, as I see it! The evil is in the system—and he simply takes it to be his duty to rule, and to make happy according to his own views of the propriety of happiness—he takes it to be his duty to rule like the Kings of Christendom, by divine right.

Back to mind comes another passage in her letters to Robert Browning: that her great-great-grandfather had flogged his slaves “like a divinity.” This absolute supremacy, then, in which slaves or chattel slaves were ruled, was nothing new in the history of the family of the Barrett. In another letter E.B.B. wrote Browning:

The root of the evil is the miserable misconception of the limits and character of parental rights—it is a mistake of the intellect rather than of the heart. Then, after using one’s children as one’s chattels for a time, the children drop lower and lower toward the level

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of chattels, and the duties of human sympathy to them become difficult in proportion.

With Edward Moulton-Barrett the conditioning had been in part by the "system"—the plantocracy—rooted in the traditions of his family. But there was another and powerful influence at work in his attitude towards his children. Elizabeth had written Browning:

Once I heard of his saying of me that I was "the purest woman he ever knew,"—which made me smile at the moment, or laugh I believe, outright, because I understood perfectly what he meant by *that*—viz—that I had not troubled him with the iniquity of love affairs, or any impropriety of seeming to think about being married. But now the whole sex will go down with me to the perdition of faith in any of us.

In those sentences may be found some of the difficulty in E.M.B.'s attitude towards his children: a deviation in his comprehension of sex which had been brought about by his knowledge among several groups of his family of the sex denigration characteristic of so much of the early life of Jamaica and by his mother's unhappy marriage with Charles Moulton. It had become his conviction that love which completed itself in sex relationship was not pure,—a point of view made evident to him by the West Indian backgrounds, as he believed, and reinforced by both Scripture and his Chapel tendencies. A "monomania," John Kenyon called it. E.B.B. knew and said

that he never *does* tolerate in his family (sons or daughters) the development of one class of feelings.

As so often happens with such natures, he made a bad matter worse by making an exception of his own experience in family life. "Then came the trials of love," wrote E.B.B. in one of her letters to R.B. in reference to her brother Edward's love affair and to Henrietta's.

In the light of the growing fixation or monomania, take the following passage from an 1846 letter from Elizabeth to Robert:

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Knowing what is excellent in him well, loving him as my only parent left, and for himself dearly, notwithstanding that hardness and the miserable "system" which made him appear harder still, I have loved him and been proud of him for his high qualities, for his courage and fortitude when he bore up so bravely years ago under the worldly reverses which he yet felt acutely—more than you and I could feel them—but the fortitude was admirable. Then came the trials of love—then, I was repulsed too often, . . . made to suffer in the suffering of those by my side . . . depressed by petty daily sadnesses and terrors, from which it is possible however for an elastic affection to rise again as past. Yet my friends used to say "You look broken-spirited"—and it was true. In the midst, came my illness,—and when I was ill he grew gentler and let me draw nearer than ever I had done: and after that great stroke . . . *you* know . . . though *that* fell in the middle of a storm of emotion and sympathy on my part, which drove clearly against him, God seemed to strike our hearts together by the shock; and I was grateful to him for not saying aloud what I said to myself in my agony, "If it had not been for you" . . . !

To those who have worked out the background the reference to Bro's "trials of love" which took place in Torquay is clear enough. To those without that background of knowledge this passage is susceptible of an evil interpretation.

It has been the misfortune of Edward Moulton-Barrett to have those who had an insufficient knowledge of the backgrounds of the family life—explicable, perhaps, for these backgrounds have been difficult to trace—misinterpret passages from his daughter's letters. And it has been the even greater misfortune of his daughter, whose heart would have been broken by the thought that her words could harm her father, to have written many passages on which the uninformed have seized to his cost. Lady Byron, the friend of Mrs. Jameson, the generous guardian of poor Harriet Martineau, said that she knew that she was burned every day in effigy but that the effigy resembled her so little that she was not offended. . . . The full publicity of Edward Moulton-Barrett's fate did not overtake him until more than half a century after his death.

The normal, kindly, generous home life which Robert

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Browning lived with his parents and with his sister Sarianna must have increased the nightmare of her situation for him: the double prison of her dependence upon her father's will and upon the strength of opium. For the first time in his life Browning began to be subject to nightmares. Under one symbol and another he was obliged to watch Ba being tortured. He would have taken the half of her prison,—indeed all of it! But how? It was Surtees Cook, their cousin, who asked Edward Moulton-Barrett "if children were to be considered slaves." To Ba Robert Browning had written in much the same way that Captain Cook had spoken: "you are in what I should wonder at as the veriest slavery." But to the end Browning struggled to think kindly and generously of Edward Moulton-Barrett. For E.B.B., too, there was experience verging on that of nightmare: double experience. Over a long time she could not draw together the lover who wrote to her and the lover who was present in her room. Under the increasing pressure of the events which surrounded them and the decision which must be reached—which *was* reached—the two "personalities" were merged. Daily she was coming closer to reality, and despite the wretchedness of her position with all its hazard to peace, she looked well and she slept well. Nevertheless the daily conditions of her life had become intolerable. She now wished to avoid all needless delay in departure.

Some four months before their flight together, she wrote:

Papa brought me some flowers yesterday when he came home . . . and they went a little to my heart as I took them. I put them into glasses near yours, and they looked faded this morning nevertheless, while your roses, for all your cruelty to them, are luxuriant in beauty as if they had just finished steeping themselves in garden-dew. I look gravely from one set of flowers to the other—I cannot draw a glad omen—I wish he had not given me these.

Edward Moulton-Barrett's love for flowers was one of the marked traits of his nature. One day in August, less than a month before her flight, her father entered her room. She was writing. Startled, she shut her writing case as he walked across the room

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to her. He spoke of the weather and the fact that the nights were growing cold. Suddenly he caught sight of the flowers on his daughter's table.

"What a beautiful colour those little blue flowers have!" he exclaimed.

Elizabeth was so frightened that she could scarcely answer. Her father observing nothing amiss left the room, asking the invariable question: whether he might do anything in the City for her. She continued to interpret her father in terms of her past relationship to him, although outwardly her life was changed and inwardly her father was no longer the same. She was glad that he came no longer to pray with her and glad that he came infrequently. She had too much to hide from him; she was burdened with too great responsibility for those around her. If her father were to guess what was her actual relationship to Robert Browning and what were their plans, he would have turned Wilson out onto the street.

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TIME travelled forward five months, and without his understanding it something more had penetrated the density of Edward Moulton-Barrett's developing fixation. He entered his daughter's room on a Saturday evening, the first week in August, and found her lying on the sofa in a white dressing gown.

He said, looking as if the thunder of the day "had passed into him," "Has this been your costume since the morning, pray?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "only just now, because of the heat."

Then he continued, "Well, it appears, Ba, that *that man* has spent the whole day with you."

Ba attempted to explain that the rain and the thunderstorm had held Robert Browning there. Her father had already taken up the matter with Arabel, and he had been peremptory with her: it would not do if his daughter became ill with fear to have only Mr. Browning in the room! ¹

On the night of the 10th of September, 1846, Edward Moulton-Barrett reached one of his sudden decisions: he must have 50, Wimpole Street empty for a month for cleaning, painting and repairing. Characteristically sudden and final, George was to be on the way the day following to take a house at Dover, Reigate, or Tunbridge. Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning knew that they were approaching the time of their marriage and their flight to Italy. But this pronouncement by Edward

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Moulton-Barrett precipitated them upon a decision in the immediate future. The time for flight had *come*. She had considered the possibility of telling her father. She had wondered whether disobedience or the unauthorized act would be the greater shock to him. But no, it would not do to ask him. She would be robbed of all power to act. Afterwards they would be humble and beseeching. She wrote Browning on Saturday, the 12th of September:

Almost everybody is to be away at Richmond, at a picnic, and we shall be free on all sides.

She saw clearly and humorously what the gossip about her approaching marriage to Robert Browning would cost them both. In a letter of the 4th of March, 1846, she said:

The roar of the world comes up too, as you hear and as I heard from the beginning. There will be no lack of "lying," be sure—"pure lying" too—and nothing you can do, dearest, dearest, shall hinder my being torn by most of the particularly affectionate friends I have in the world. Which I do not think of much, any more than of Italy. You will be mad, and I shall be bad . . . and *that* will be the effect of being poets!

Young, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning knew their world. Older, they knew it not less. These infrequent and uncharacteristic records of the sordid, the vulgar aspects, of the minds of good people, have their value analytically. Browning, later, speaking bitterly in reply to a published poem containing references to the "nameless drug" which his wife took, is not Browning unprepared for it. The "fly-life" of our human nature Elizabeth Barrett touched off early in a comment on some poetry activities of the *Athenaeum* of which she did not approve: "Only flies are flies and have fly-life in them."

It becomes apparent as the famous love letters of these two volumes are paged and re-paged that Browning and Elizabeth Barrett had, with time, grown as used to the confidences of speech as to those of letter-writing. References to the morphine are lighter in tone and more matter of fact, as if both had become

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accustomed in thought to sharing this problem. On the 5th of August, 1846, Robert Browning wrote to E.B.B.:

you have, as I believe, less use, fewer uses for money than ordinary women,—you also have an absolute *necessity* for whatever portion you *do* require,—such a necessity as *they* have not, neither.

E.B.B., too, in writing to Robert Browning that his family had much to pardon and overlook in her, said “among the rest, the painful position imposed on you by my miserable necessities.” Her grandmother, Mrs. Moulton, had left her four thousand pounds. There are references less definite than Elizabeth Barrett Moulton’s letter-will which suggest that just before she died her son Samuel Moulton-Barrett turned over funds to his beloved niece. Elizabeth’s funds were invested in ship shares in the *David Lyon*, which was chiefly in the West India trade. Her funds were also placed in the Eastern Railroad and in Drury Lane Theatre. According to Stormie, his sister had in income some three hundred a year. In capital funds E.B.B. had all told about eight thousand pounds more or less. Every three months her father gave her from forty to forty-five pounds. On August 6, 1846, she writes, “My greatest personal expense lately has been the *morphine*.” The italics are hers. It would seem that Elizabeth Barrett spent a not inconsiderable amount of her small income from her grandmother and her uncle on morphia. This suggests that either her father was aware of her needs and would not meet the expense or that he did not know fully the situation in which his daughter was.

On August 21st Browning writes to her:

I think—now that the week is over with its opportunities,—and now that no selfish complaining can take advantage of your goodness,—that I will ask you how *I* feel, do you suppose, without my proper quantity of “morphine”? May I call you my morphine?

And speaking of “proper quantities”—there were some remarks of yours which I altogether acquiesced in, yesterday, about a humiliating dependence in money-matters; though I should be the first to except myself from feeling *quite* with the world there—I have told you, indeed,—but my case is not everybody’s.

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And then comes Elizabeth Barrett's reply, as perplexingly light in tone as his inquiry:

Can I be as good for you as morphine is for me, I wonder . . . even at the cost of being as bad also? Can't you leave me off without risking your life,—nor go on with me without running the hazards of all poison. Ah!—it will not do so. The figure exceeds me, let *it* be ever so fatal. I may not be your morphine, even if I shall be your Ba!—you *see!*

The references to her addiction, from May 6, 1845, to August 22, 1846, cover one year and three months of complete understanding between them of what the exact situation was. Is it not probable that they were attempting to carry lightly a problem which, as they approached that day and hour when, after flight, they would take up their lives together as man and wife, seemed to them both increasingly heavy? Also the exaggeration through illness of her desire to escape from opium may have increased her desire to escape from her father, since he, too, represented regression.

II

On Monday the 22nd of September all the Barretts were to leave 50, Wimpole Street for Little Bookham where George had taken a house for the month's absence from London. Within a few days Elizabeth Barrett must either depart with Robert Browning or depart with the Barretts for Little Bookham. Time pressed now, even upon the advertisement with which they were not yet done. Again on the 17th she wrote:

You might put in the newspaper . . . of Wimpole Street and Jamaica, or . . . and Cinnamon Hill, Jamaica. That is right and I thought of it at first—only stopped—seeming to wish to have as little about poor Papa as possible. Do as you think best now.

Browning answered that if she went to Bookham troubles would only multiply. And, he continued,

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As you leave it to me,—the name, and “Wimpole St.” will do. Jamaica sounds in the wrong direction, does it not? and the other place is distinctive enough.

So did one of the subtlest of psychologists and tenderest of men brush aside the return Elizabeth Barrett made in this great moment of her life to that Jamaican past which had created the tragedy from which she was to seem to escape for a time.

Although neither Elizabeth Barrett nor Robert Browning had any knowledge of how closely the Jamaican backgrounds had been shared by the Barretts and the Tittles, it is a matter of psychologic interest and importance that among the last letters they wrote each other before their flight, both Elizabeth and Robert returned in thought to their common West Indian backgrounds. The poet said of his father Robert Browning, Senior, that he was tender-hearted and chivalrous to a fault. Whenever his son questioned his father about his early life in St. Kitts, Browning Senior would always shut his eyes involuntarily, showing the same marks of loathing he did when any form of cruelty was mentioned.² On the 26th of August Browning wrote E.B.B. that he thought it to the “infinite glory” of his father that he was poor. His mother had told him the night before while they were alone together that Robert Browning, Senior, had “conceived such a hatred to the slave-system in the West Indies” where his mother Margaret Tittle was born that he gave up all his West Indian prospects, even supporting himself while in St. Kitts by some means unconnected with the system of slavery.

As the moment approached for their final step, her distress grew. She wrote Robert Browning:

Then . . . I have lived so in a dream for very long!—and everything, all undertakings, all movements, seem easy in dream-life. The sense of this has lately startled me. To wake up suddenly and find that I have wronged you—what more misery?—and I feel already that I am bringing you into a position which will by some or many be accounted unworthy of you. Well—we will not talk



Scharf sketch of Crawford's bust of John Kenyon
By permission of the National Portrait Gallery



Monclar Portrait of Robert Browning
Pasted in E. B. B.'s copy of Paracelsus

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of it—not now! there is time for the grave consideration which *must be*. Let us both think.³

When Elizabeth Barrett and Wilson left the house, E.B.B. staggered so that they stopped at a chemist's for sal volatile and so she was enabled to go on. It was on that morning between quarter before eleven and quarter past eleven, Wilson with her, a cousin with him, they were married in Marylebone Church,—there where her beloved grandmother had been buried. In August Elizabeth Barrett had told her friend Hugh Boyd of her intention to marry Robert Browning. He was the only friend she did tell. Immediately Elizabeth left the Church she went with Wilson over to Hugh Boyd's. From there she sent Wilson back to 50, Wimpole Street, while she herself rested, ate a dinner of bread and butter, drank a little Cyprus wine, and waited for her sisters to come for her. This they did with "grave faces," for they had missed her and Wilson. She allayed their fears, reminding Arabel of the fly of which she had spoken last night and which she had taken to Mr. Boyd's. They did not *know*. It is another story at what they guessed. On the way back to 50, Wimpole Street they passed Marylebone Church, a "cloud" before E.B.B.'s eyes.

The next morning—Sunday morning—all her brothers, some "female friends" from Herefordshire, her sisters, and Treppy were in her room, laughing and talking, and it was like "a sort of fever." In the midst of this bedlam, during which Elizabeth had promised Treppy to dine with her the next day if Treppy would give her bread and butter for dinner, the bells began to ring.

"What bells are those?" asked one of the friends.

"Marylebone Church bells," answered Henrietta, standing behind E.B.B.'s chair.

Following upon this group came John Kenyon, his great spectacles on, his eyes looking as if they "reached to their rim all the way round."

His first sentence was, "When did you see Browning?"

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Elizabeth changed color, as he saw, but answered quickly, "He was here on Friday."

She then leapt immediately into another subject, knowing that he perceived something if not all. This was that good cousin who had long ceased to wonder at any extreme of foolishness produced by love.

His last question, as he rose to go, was, "When do you see Browning again?"

III

Among the last few letters Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning wrote each other as they waited for the moment of flight to Italy, there was set down this statement in the most important of those letters:

Would you put it this way. . . . At such a church, by such a minister, Robert Browning Esquire, of New Cross, author of "Paracelsus," to Elizabeth Barrett, eldest daughter of Edward Moulton Barrett Esquire of Wimpole Street. Would you put it so? I do not understand really, . . . and whether you should be specified as the author of "Paracelsus."

So towards the end, as at the beginning before they met, E.B.B. found satisfaction and security in the symbol of Paracelsus the Physician. . . . But no, Browning thought that their marriage statement could not be put that way. He wrote that he "avowed" her and that was enough glory for him, but he declined the avowal of *Paracelsus* in their wedding advertisement. The eternal triangle of conflict, from the mental and physical imprisonment of which Elizabeth Barrett was trying to escape, was made up of her father, and all that he was bound by in Barrett backgrounds, both parts of her invalidism in the real and the imaginary conditions, and her drug addiction. And the more the completeness and inclusiveness of this condition is understood, the more astounding do her vigor and her courage become. There were many generations of Barretts who had successfully resolved in their own lives the excitement, the dangers,

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the disasters of their adventures and their love. Again and yet again between them and extinction had been nothing but some personal courage or some Northside cutwind. It is a strange fact that at the last it was the Barrett habit of following emotional trends—and that alone—which gave to Elizabeth Barrett the strength to break through all surrounding conventions and find her way into a new life. Up to this time these emotional trends had on the whole been an escape mechanism by which the system of the family of the Barretts had been set deeper in the group life and made more impregnable in its domination and its tyranny over the individual. Then a member of that group handicapped nervously and physically shattered the history of three hundred years, and in flight broke through and surmounted Barrett backgrounds. The strength of the “drive” can be understood only if the psychic as well as physical aspects of opium dependence are understood and its escape from the world of reality. Now for the sake of Robert Browning, she was struggling outward towards an unknown world of glaring light, strange places, strange faces.

It was settled. Robert Browning would meet Elizabeth Barrett at Hodgson's “*from half-past three to four precisely.*” At five they would leave Vauxhall, arriving in Southampton at eight; and at nine they would leave the Royal Pier, Southampton, for Havre. So was it planned and so was it carried out. The night before her boxes—few in number—had been sent to the Vauxhall Station. On Saturday afternoon about half after three, with Wilson and Flush beside her she walked down the two flights of stairs from her room, and out the front door of 50, Wimpole Street. With Wilson and Flush in the “fly” beside her she reached Hodgson's and her lover. . . . In this great hour of her life, Elizabeth Barrett left the known for the unknown as did Ensign Barrett when, in the eleventh century, under the command of Colonel Henry de Ferrers, he had left Normandy for Great Britain; and as Hersey Barrett, the Pioneer, had done when in the seventeenth century he had sailed from Cornwall to the West Indies; and Sam Barrett in

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the eighteenth century when he departed from the prosperous Southside of Jamaica for the unknown of the Northside.

By midnight of that Saturday, the 20th of September, 50, Wimpole Street knew that they had fled, but the Brownings—Wilson and Flush with them—were well out upon the sea. It would be difficult to say who on this night was the braver: Browning, who was assuming for better or for worse a greater personal burden of relationship than any other recorded in modern literary history, or Elizabeth Barrett, who, even as the family of the Barrett was being extinguished, was now launched upon the most heroic adventure in this Colonial romance.

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IN THAT September of 1846 in London John Forster was in his office of *The Daily News* when the proof of the newspaper was sent to him containing the announcement of the marriage of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Thinking it some kind of a joke, Forster went into a "great passion," ordering up the Compositor. The Compositor came. He had but copied what he had been given. Forster then demanded the MS. from which the notice had been taken. The Compositor brought it. Instantly John Forster recognized Browning's sister Sarianna's handwriting. The day following came a letter from Robert Browning himself saying that he had meant to tell him or to write him. Hesitating between the two, he had done neither.¹

Even then, while the Edward Moulton-Barrett myth was in its early stages of growth, J. Arnould writing to his and Browning's friend Alfred Domett in New Zealand could describe Elizabeth Barrett's father as a tyrannical, arbitrary, puritanical rascal who went "sleekly about the world, canting Calvinism abroad, and acting despotism at home." Of this "rascal" many had thought and continued to think gratefully as a generous friend: among them Miss Mitford. While Arnould was writing the word "rascal" Edward Moulton-Barrett was maintaining ideal provisions for the hundreds of black employees on his estates on the Northside in Jamaica,—provisions which made the provider poorer and the recipients richer. Arnould, with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the mythologist, then

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went on to write of E.B.B.'s "enforced" seclusion, leaving little choice between the sleek rascal and a Bluebeard who has locked his victim in her room and taken the key.

Such is the childlike eagerness of the human mind for myth that Arnould could give his version, with no need for transitions or citing of source for his authority, of what Elizabeth Barrett said when Robert Browning wished to ask Edward Moulton-Barrett openly for his daughter: "If you do, he would immediately throw me out of the window, or lock me up in a darkened room."² What E.B.B. actually wrote R.B., and what, no doubt, was repeated, was that Robert Browning would be saved all the trouble of coming upstairs to her by her father throwing her out of the window to Robert Browning.³ From 50, Wimpole Street E.B.B.'s father is said to have said to John Kenyon—perhaps in his thoughts the cause of this "misfortune"—: "I have no objections to the young man, but my daughter should have been thinking of another world."⁴

This quiet remark had been preceded by a scene of hurricane violence. Edward Moulton-Barrett, a heavy book in his hand, was standing upon the staircase when Henrietta told her father that Elizabeth "had gone off" with Robert Browning. He dropped the book or he threw it. In either event Henrietta, in dodging the book, slipped and fell down. Legend has it that her father knocked her down. That is possible but unlikely. It is one thing to throw down a book. It is another to throw down your daughter. As Octavius Barrett remarked, "My old Dad was hasty, very hasty!"⁵

It was the gift and genius of Elizabeth in which her father took pride that was partly responsible for setting the world against him. The transition on the part of her public from "some divine things by Miss Barrett" to the chivalrous protective attitude, with its condemnation of even a silence which seemed to handicap or limit her, was as natural as it was unjust. Sir Frederic Kenyon wrote gently, on the basis of what were then the scanty materials of Barrett backgrounds, of Mr. Barrett's "unaccountable indifference to his daughter's health and

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wishes.”⁶ The fact is that her father was full of fear for himself, for his daughter, for them all. His confidence in the security of their Barrett backgrounds was gone. The only possible continuation or safety lay in doing as they had always done. There is no intimate presentation of the life of her home, except E.B.B.’s own picture of it as, under the “drive” of the most powerful flight motive in human experience, she sought for escape to her lover.

With Edward Moulton-Barrett the saturation point of the emotions had been reached and a form of alarm clock insanity had set in. That saturation point was reached in part because of life-long inability to express himself, and it was coupled with inflexibility of the will. Behind Edward Moulton-Barrett lay twenty years of loss and disaster: in 1825, a heavy and permanent loss in fortune; in 1827 his brother’s departure from England to take up his residence in Jamaica; in 1828 the death of Edward Moulton-Barrett’s wife; in 1830 the death of Sam’s wife in Jamaica; in 1831 the death of his mother followed by heavy estate troubles in Jamaica; in 1832 the relinquishment of Hope End; in 1834 the estate reconstructions, with disastrous financial problems involved, due to the change-over from slavery to the apprentice system; in 1837 the death of his brother Samuel Moulton-Barrett in Kingston; in 1838 his daughter’s serious illness; in 1840 the death of his son Sam at Cinnamon Hill and the drowning of Edward at Torquay.

The letters which were coming to him at 50, Wimpole Street from his daughter he did not open: that was part of his decision to forget her. Although the records which remain suggest that several scenes of hurricane violence followed one another, they also suggest that silence soon resumed its control of him. His attempt to go ahead took for him some unusual forms, as well as the usual form he had shown in his family: planter autocracy. After the family returned from their month at Little Bookham, Edward Moulton-Barrett was seemingly in “high spirits,” every day inviting friends to dine with him when he came back from the city.⁷ . . . At 50, Wimpole Street he

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stated that he would forget his daughter, and that he would think of her as dead.⁸ He wrote his daughter one letter, casting her off from the family, and he never wrote her again. Outwardly he seemed to have dropped all thought of her and "all thought" included all responsibility for her investments and income. With an aggressiveness which must have cost him much, John Kenyon took up the management of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's money matters, for her sake deliberately placing himself in a difficult position. Despite his tendency to escape into happiness and pleasure, John Kenyon not only took over the management of his cousin's affairs, but also he wrote the Brownings to draw on him when they needed money,—an offer of which they took no advantage at that time.⁹

II

Although Elizabeth Barrett had been nurtured by Jamaica—if not born there—, and her life in every one of its great events controlled by the background of the Barrett life in Jamaica, she feared Jamaica. In one of the first letters she wrote after leaving London for Italy, she referred to the island as "that dreadful Jamaica."¹⁰ In another:

Two things in Arabel's letter made me uneasy—she refers incidentally to George's speaking of Storm's going to Jamaica—which I hope refers to something long ago . . . and not that there is talk now of his going to Jamaica. Oh—if but dearest Storm would but turn his eyes another way . . . any other way in the world.

Yet she would have slipped easily into the beauty and comfort of the plantation life, breathed gratefully the kindness of its soft, warm air; grown strong in the radiance of its sunlight; she would have been thrilled by the wonder of its great mountains; known a happiness which her Creole nature could never know in England and which she was merely approximating in Italy; and finally her ministry to its simple dark-skinned people would have brought her both a satisfaction and a challenge she could

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find in no other way. She would have been as great a figure in Jamaican life as was her great-grandfather Edward Barrett.

More important than any other help in stabilizing the first freedom and happiness of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning was Mrs. Jameson. In London Elizabeth had had to refuse Mrs. Jameson's invitation to go with her to Pisa. To her amazement Mrs. Jameson received a note while she was in Paris saying that E.B.B. and R.B. were married and that they were in Paris on their way to Italy. Aunt Nina, as the poets came to call her, opened her arms to both, kissed them both—later data would seem to suggest that Flush also was included!—and carried them off to the Hotel de la Ville, placing them in an apartment above hers. Elizabeth Barrett shared with Robert Browning—then a relatively unknown poet—the “usual human bliss,”—and poverty. The poverty did not condition the bliss and that despite the fact that from the first hour of her life she had been accustomed to wealth and its advantages and disadvantages, together with the sense, besides, of being a member of one of England's privileged families.

For her, developing experience was to bring deepening knowledge of herself. The most irreplaceable record of this self-knowledge “sixteen cousins” were to destroy. This record consisted of the letters which she wrote to her father, who on her flight had written her the one letter casting her off. Of this letter and one from her brother George she wrote Arabel and Henrietta:

They were very hard letters, those from dearest Papa and dearest George— To the first I had to bow my head—I do not seem to myself to have deserved that full cup, in the intentions of this act—but he is my father and he takes his own view, of course, of what is before him to judge of. But for George, I thought it hard, I confess, that he should have written to me so with a sword.

From another letter written to Mrs. Martin in November, we know that she could not believe that her father would forget her, as he had said, and go on thinking of her as dead. In a

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letter written to Mrs. Martin a few weeks later she said that George's letter had pained her more "than all papa's dreadful words." ¹¹

R.B. had chanted:

Oh to be in Pisa,
Now that E.B.B. is there! ¹²

And it was there that Mrs. Jameson and her niece left Elizabeth and Robert Browning. Confident and self-sufficient now, the Brownings were content to be alone in Italy. For a few years they had what is natural and right for all: great happiness. Pictures there are of them sitting close together at breakfast, Flush far from London dog thieves grown happier, too, but therewith impudent and noisy, unsubdued even by the fleas which made him tear his pretty coat to pieces. Deeper glimpses there are of thoughts turning to those at home: gratitude to Mr. Kenyon for "having thrust his hand into the fire for us by writing to papa himself," and for being to them what John Kenyon was to become increasingly: "father, brother, friend"; a letter to Miss Mitford saying that nothing is changed between them, "nothing can ever interfere with sacred confidences, remember"; Arabel praying for her in the place where they used to pray together, and Arabel going more and more among the poor; Stormie gone to Jamaica, and then a letter saying that Jamaica was "done for at last"; Alfred and Henrietta playing a joke on their friends and former neighbors: the Peytons of Barton Court; thoughts about little Lizzie Barrett, "my portrait"; and the marriage of her sister Henrietta in April, 1850, to Captain Surtees Cook and her exile from 50, Wimpole Street. Those who had had even a glimpse of Newcastle-upon-Tyne persistence were probably not surprised by the victory won by Surtees Cook. This was followed in 1853 by the marriage of Alfred with his cousin Lizzie and their exile from home.

Not a little of the flight of messages to and fro over the Channel is evident. Treppy worries about her dear child in Italy because of a possible war there. She had sent them money

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and the Brownings were spending it on coffee. Treppy had moved and is settled again, and Elizabeth sends her kisses for her dear cheeks and her lips, too. Treppy has lost her spectacles and cannot see to write. According to Elizabeth it is the plain duty of her father to get Treppy a pair:

Still, I think, somehow that if I were in London, I could dig up a pair of spectacles somewhere, north, south, east or west. Why not ask Papa to get a pair? he has only to select the strongest magnifying glasses you know, and that anybody can do.¹³

It may or may not be significant that Mr. Barrett is expected to get the spectacles for Treppy when "anybody" could do this, and, therefore, either Henrietta or Arabel might have bought them. In 1849 there is a suggested glimpse of Treppy at Wimpole Street for Christmas dinner and of the cap that Treppy wore:

Tell me of Trippy—how she is, dear thing, and give her a heap of kisses from me. Tell her that I wish her a new happy new year—May God bless her. I fancy her at your Christmas dinner, and I wish I could help to put on her cap—there's one of my Christmas wishes for myself! May the rest be not as vain. I think of Wimpole Street just now.

In the same year the Brownings gave a "tea and coffee," and very magnificent it was, in the manner of dearest Trippy's—only following at a humble distance—tell her.

Of her father she wrote a message so deeply embedded in her innermost life that the message should not be dissected out from its context:

Always mention dearest papa. I dream of him and pray for him. Do you be in good spirits my best and own Henrietta, and take courage and hope for all things. Make Arabel go out for my sake. Kindest love to dear Trippy, and all at home. How I love them all!

Elizabeth had had a letter from home saying that everybody was well and happy,

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and dear papa *in high spirits* and *having people to dine with him every day*, so that I have not really done anyone harm in doing myself all this good.

And did she still believe that her "poor dearest papa will be melted into opening his arms" to them? She said so. She had made and was to continue to make many approaches to her father and brothers. It is a notable fact that the brothers were more subordinated to the father's will than were the sisters. She worried about her father continually, writing him letter after letter, humble and beseeching letters. The letters were not returned, and, although he never replied to them, she concluded that he read her letters.

III

The Brownings had been in Pisa since October. There towards the close of March, 1847, E.B.B. had her first miscarriage,—a miscarriage of five months date. This misfortune she believed to have been due to her own stupidity. The only gain to the Brownings from the misery of it all was experience. Wilson had "suspected" Mrs. Browning's "condition," "and she had great fears about the influence of the *morphine* &c." Then Elizabeth continued in this letter to Henrietta:

Robert of course made a fuss besides, and entreated me to call in Dr. Cook. I was frightened out of my wits by the suggestion about the morphine, and out of my *wit* by the entreaty about Dr. Cook . . . and being wrought upon on all sides, I pacified Robert and my own apprehensions by agreeing to appeal to Mr. Jago . . . just to ask him whether *in such a case* the morphine would produce *such another case*.¹⁴

She was, apparently, unwilling to take Dr. Cook into her confidence about the morphine, and she had refused to have him called in to diagnose her condition, which she herself had believed to be some strange form of a cold. Then came the crisis and Dr. Cook came. E.B.B. learned too late how faulty her

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knowledge of pregnancy had been. To this letter Mrs. Browning added a postscript: "The morphia did *no* harm at all." Only the morphia—altogether contrary to present day knowledge—was pronounced harmless! There were to be other miscarriages—in all there were four, two of which are traceable in the letters—, but none could come with the shock which ignorance brought the Brownings in the miscarriage of March, 1847.¹⁵ In the Huxley letters of Mrs. Browning to her sister Henrietta—letters unfortunately cut—the context under date of March, 1848, makes unmistakably clear that another miscarriage had taken place.¹⁶

Sometime during the spring of 1848 the Brownings took a lease in Florence of the Casa Guidi suite which had been the favorite of the last count:

six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them quite palace rooms and opening on a terrace.¹⁷

It had become plain to the Brownings that they were "throwing money into the Arno" by taking furnished rooms, and that although suitable furniture for such rooms as the Palazzo Guidi must come slowly, nevertheless they would in the end be richer. Flush considered the terrace full of risk and would not walk there *à trois* for fear of being pushed off into the street. But he was glad enough to bark alone upon the terrace or to go alone with his mistress. From the street they had no spectators at windows—just the grey wall of a church. One who was to become very dear to the Brownings, Kate Field, an American girl, has left this vivid picture of these rooms:

. . . the square anteroom, with its great pictures and piano-forte, . . . the little dining-room covered with tapestry, . . . the long room filled with plaster casts and studies, . . . the large drawing-room, where *she* always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the old iron-gray church of Santa Felice. . . . The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and the old pictures of saints that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Large bookcases, constructed of specimens of Floren-

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tine carving . . . were brimming over with wise-looking books. . . . Dante's grave profile, a cast of Keats' face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon, . . . all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand musings. A quaint mirror, easy-chairs and sofas, and a hundred nothings that always add an indescribable charm, were all massed in this room. And the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair near the door. A small table, strewn with writing-materials, books, and newspapers, was always by her side. . . .¹⁸

There in the rooms of Casa Guidi in Florence the Brownings gathered about them more and more friends of their own stature and interests: among artists and sculptors were Hiram Powers, Harriet Hosmer, William Wetmore Story, Seymour Kirkup, and Mrs. Jameson; among authors, Mary Boyle, Judge Hillard, Margaret Fuller, Isa Blagden, Charlotte Cushman, Kate Field, Walter Savage Landor, Bulwer Lytton, Frances Power Cobbe, the Thackerays, the Hawthornes, and many others.

It was in the year following the second miscarriage that Mrs. Browning gave birth in Casa Guidi on the 9th of March, 1849, to a boy. Browning's letter, describing the birth of their only son, was begun at four o'clock in the morning—two hours after the birth of Pen, and was not finished until after one. It reads in part:

This is written on the 9th of March at 4 o'clock in the morning, to tell you that thro' God's infinite goodness our blessed Ba gave birth to a fine, strong boy at quarter past two; and is doing admirably . . . 9 o'clock . . . Ba is going on perfectly good. . . . Now God has rewarded our dearest, most precious of creatures for her perfect goodness, patience, self-denial and general rationality. That resolution of leaving off the morphine, for instance. . . . 11 o'clock. Dr. H. has just been: Ba and Babe are quite wonderfully well; Babe has got the nurse he was beginning to call for, and is feeding like a hungry man.¹⁹

When Robert Wiederman Barrett Browning was born his mother was forty-three years old. Pen was to remain the only living child of the Brownings. Among the Brownings large

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families had been characteristic; among the Tittles, with the exception of John, the children had averaged three to four in number; among the Barretts an unusual number of children had been characteristic of almost all branches, so that it could not be said that either Edward Moulton-Barrett's family of twelve-children or his great-grandfather Sam Barrett's family of fifteen children was phenomenal. Although the size of a family is not a "nose," it is nevertheless an index feature and like the nose is characteristic of a family. Had Elizabeth married at about the usual age, the probability is that she would have repeated this trait of the West Indian groups and have been the mother of a large number of children.

The love for children was natural to her in more senses than one: she had not only been bred to it, but also by the loss of her mother while some of her brothers were still little, she had been placed in a maternal position; and, finally, in both the personal and impersonal senses she was deeply a woman. "The Cry of the Children," with its plight of the little ones she did not know, came from her heart quite as much as "A Portrait" with its perfect record of the sensitive child nature of the privileged cousin who lived with them. There is no record anywhere which would suggest that E.B.B. considered children as "nuisances." Perhaps they are, but that was not the language spoken by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Fortunately for Pen, his mother did not overload his development with the spiritual qualities with which Wordsworth endowed them. Yet to her, too, children were beings worthy of grave consideration. Of this trait of her companionship with children Augustus Hare has left these few brief sentences:

. . . Many are the old friends we have seen, but most frequently the Marchesa Peruzzi, Story's daughter, who has all his agreeable power of narration. "The reason why we loved Mrs. Browning so much as children," she says, "is because she always treated us as her equals, and talked to us as such. Pen and I used to sit at her feet, and she was just as courteous to us as to any of the grown-up people." ²⁰

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Sweet pictures there are of her relationship with her little son. She refused even to look at her child until her husband could show the baby to her. "A lovely fat, strong child, with double chins and rosy cheeks," his mother described him.²¹

Then fell the stroke of grief upon those three in Italy. A few days after the birth of Pen, Robert Browning's mother died in Camberwell, England. Elizabeth had never seen her, and Robert Browning, though he was passionately devoted to his mother, had not seen her for three years. Knowing the intensity of his love for their mother and his inability to leave his wife, Sarianna had sent several messages which served to break the full force to her brother of the shock of their mother's death. In the first letters to Sarianna after Pen's birth, E.B.B. showed her tender and generous sympathy by not even referring to her child; and in a letter under date of the 1st of April by expressing her gratitude for Sarianna's unselfishness.

More than half a year later, with the wit characteristic of her, Mrs. Browning reveals her husband taking the normal protective joy of the father in his child:

He knows Robert and me quite well as "Papa" and "Mama," and laughs for joy when he meets us out of doors. Robert is very fond of him, and threw me into a fit of hilarity the other day by springing away from his newspaper in an indignation against me because he hit his head against the floor rolling over and over. "Oh, Ba, I really can't trust you!" Down Robert was on the carpet in a moment, to protect the precious head. He takes it to be made of Venetian glass, I am certain.

Pen, who was barely three years old, she dressed in a white felt hat, with white satin ribbons and feathers, and little trousers up to his knees and long white knitted gaiters. Aunt Jane Hedley thought he looked like Sette, and Elizabeth thought that the smile did. A year later he was taken to see a cow milked. Pen refused to drink the milk, for he explained to his mother, "It came in such a questionable shape."²² Singularly tender-hearted was this little son, refusing to eat rabbit: "Penini no want to eat labbit, poor sing!"

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IV

In that autumn of 1856 it was plain that John Kenyon was seriously ill. In January this beloved man of letters had been in an alarming condition, and then later had gone to Cowes to complete his convalescence. In May the Brownings had pleaded to be permitted to go down to Cowes to see him. On the 9th of September they were in Cowes and Mrs. Browning was with Kenyon correcting the proof of the poem *Aurora Leigh* which she was to dedicate to him. A letter written five days later to Sarianna Browning makes both his suffering from cancer and the inevitable outcome all too evident. As they were leaving him to go to Henrietta, Elizabeth wrote that she did not think he would die yet, but that if he were younger she would be more hopeful. Then she added, "His kindness to us is beyond description." Even cancer could not subdue the radiance of that kindness. On the 3rd of December came merciful death. The "apostle of cheerfulness," as James T. Fields called Kenyon, was no more. E.B.B. was to write of her cousin that he had been to her what her father "might have been" and that now the place was "empty twice over" in her loss of the "bright face," the "sympathetic hand," the "princely nature." In that year and the next Elizabeth Barrett Browning was to test even more fully than she had done already the truth of John Kenyon's statement in a note of sympathy:

Only live on, and this once smiling world is changed into a huge cemetery, in which we ourselves hardly care to linger.

Kenyon's brother Edward, also a rich man, had been sent for in John Kenyon's last illness. But it was Edward who died first, and, dying, left his fortune to John. John Kenyon had, therefore, two large estates to distribute, since neither brother had children. It is not strange then that Elizabeth should have sent Henrietta this word about the residuary legatees:

How extraordinary, that eighty thousand pounds (£80,000) should be left to the residuary legatees, besides their specific

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legacies! Surely it must be by a great oversight on the part of the testator. I think so. I am much disappointed about you. Robert spoke warmly of dear Surtees—he took an opportunity of doing that: but, you see everything was determined in a hurry and agitation, and between wanderings of mind, at last.

In another letter to Henrietta she wrote that Arabel represented their father as much vexed because he had not been made a legatee:

If the principle of relationship had been recognized *at all*, (*which it was not*) he had his *undoubted* claim.

During the last years of his lifetime John Kenyon had allowed the Brownings £100 a year. On his death he left them £11,000, £6,500 to Robert Browning and £4,500 to his cousin.

v

In Penini's fourth year, in August, 1851, the three, Ferdinando, their manservant, with them, had been in London at 26 Devonshire Street, John Kenyon's residence, and on that 21st of August E.B.B. wrote Henrietta:

Tonight—or rather at six this evening—we go to Trippy's, on account of baby, who sticks to me like a burr—rose as he is.

In September, 1852, in London was the record of a “magnificent fete.” Treppy must then have been about eighty-four years old, and still gay, and hospitable in the splendid way of the Jamaican table. Three more glimpses we get of her before the end. In 1855 she was ill, but, despite her age, there had been a “wonderful change,” and she was well again. In July, 1856, Arabel was down in the dining room seeing Treppy while E.B.B. was at Arabel's desk in 50, Wimpole Street, writing to Henrietta. In October, the Brownings were in London. On that October 1st Penini and Ferdinando had gone to Treppy's carrying her chickens and cream, “and she was gracious to the chickens and cream.”

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But she was old and making her will, bequests which included a parrot for Penini and a legacy for his mother. A few months later—in March, 1857—E.B.B. wrote Arabel in reply to a letter telling of Treppy's death in the Wimpole Street house: "Death is a bridge to go across, and no more." Almost ninety years old, Treppy had gone across to greet her life-long friend and her children.²³ She was gone where, perhaps, she expected to see the good master Sam Barrett, Northside, who had flogged his slaves like a divinity, and the good slaves who had been flogged,—all one family now. She was gone where she expected to see again the "dear man" and his wife Judith and the beloved friend Elizabeth Barrett, their child. She was gone where she expected to see her "children," Pinkie and Captain Sam, Henry and George Goodin, and the next generation—what was a generation to Treppy!—in Bro, and in Sam who had died at Cinnamon Hill. She was across that bridge in time to welcome the dearest of all her friend's children in whose house she had died. Again the drifting cloudy eyes had seen Cinnamon Hill Great House: the big cotton tree where the children had played, and the cutwind. The deaf ears had heard wave breaking on wave over the coral reefs. . . . And where were even the shadows of Lucinda and Rosetta?

With such as Treppy there, it might be gay and kind in heaven! In youth and in old age, charming she must have been, dear as a warm and roguish creature may become dear. The "adopted favourite" of Edward Barrett, provided for in the will of his older brother Samuel, she was to know, bind together, and to hold in affection five generations of Barretts: Edward, her patron; Elizabeth his daughter and her friend; the four children of Elizabeth; the eleven children of her "child" Edward, and the children of his children. And the last glimpse of her shows Penini on his way with Ferdinando carrying chickens and cream,—not chicken SINGULAR BUT CHICKENS PLURAL for such as Treppy!

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CONSPICUOUS among those who were associated with E.B.B. during the last years of her life were Isa Blagden, Harriet Hosmer, Kate Field, William Wetmore Story and his family, Walter Savage Landor, Hiram Powers, Kirkup and Lord Lytton. Of Isa Blagden, Trollope wrote: "more universally beloved than any other individual among us." Robert Browning described Isa as "bright, delicate, electric woman."¹ Fortunately for the present it is still possible to get some sense of the intense vitality of the Isa Blagden whom all loved and all called "Isa," and to see again the sensitive, keen, humorous, loving face.² Possible, also, to see the landscape from her Villa Bricchieri windows in Bellosguardo: the distant mountains, the near-by heights with their houses and castles, the city of Florence. In Isa's Villa lived not only Isa but also all the dogs whom she befriended. Alfred Austin wrote of Isa:

Nor was the tenderness of her heart limited to her own species. I might say that she turned her house into a hospital for dogs, were it not that none of them were, in any sense of the word, invalids. But they had been dogs in distress at some period or other, and their misery had caused their first acquaintance with, and final adoption of them.³

In Villa Bricchieri lived with her such human friends as Frances Power Cobbe, and Kate Field whom she took under her wing. There came and went twice a week little Pen beloved by Isa; and there again can be heard Pen's father wrangling with

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Isa over some book or some music, or discussing spiritualism with Isa and the deceptions which he believed were being practised on his wife by the mediums, his voice becoming more and more indignant.

In a letter which Mrs. Browning wrote Isa, she said, "You are an angel, dearest Isa, with the tact of a woman of the world."⁴ Some special tenderness of feeling she had for Isa Blagden which she had for no other friend, and it increased throughout the eleven years of their friendship. Her confidence in Isa, as well as her tenderness, may well have been due to the perfect heart of Isa united with tact as perfect. But it was more than that, residing possibly in some similar tragedy of experience. One letter Elizabeth closed with

Write to me, my dearly loved Isa. You who are true! let me touch you!

Yours ever from the heart.

Ba

To Isa, as to sister or to husband, she turned with her stories about Pen. Loved by all, even as his mother was, Pen was adored by his parents and by Isa Blagden. As a child beautiful Pen must have been, for all the Italian neighbors referred to E.B.B. as "the mother of the beautiful child."⁵ The following portrait of Pen by Nathaniel Hawthorne is unequalled in vividness, and filled with a kind of shuddering sympathy and prophecy:

I never saw such a boy as this before; so slender, fragile, and spirit-like,—not as if he were actually in ill-health, but as if he had little or nothing to do with human flesh and blood. His face is very pretty and most intelligent, and exceedingly like his mother's. He is nine years old, and seems at once less childlike and less manly than would befit that age. I should not quite like to be the father of such a boy, and should fear to stake so much interest and affection on him as he cannot fail to inspire. I wonder what is to become of him,—whether he will grow to be a man,—whether it is desirable that he should.⁶

Elizabeth's trust in Isa reveals itself not only in her certainty that Isa would wish to hear all that she had to tell about Pen

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but also as it could in no deeper way,—in this paragraph about her husband:

Yes; love him. He is my right “glory”; and the “lute and harp” would go for nothing beside him. . . .⁷

Her worship of literary fame had become love for husband, for child, for friend.

Who was this beloved Isa? In October, 1858, E.B.B. wrote Isa:

I am saddened, saddened by your letter. We both are. Indeed, this last news from India must have struck—I know it did. Still, to your generous nature, long regret for your dear Louisa will be impossible; and you, so given to forget yourself, will come to forget a grief which is only your own. For she was in the world as not of it, in a painful sense; she was cut off from the cheerful, natural development of ordinary human beings; and if, as was probable, the conviction of this dreary fact had fastened on her mind, the result would have been perhaps demoralising, certainly depressing, more and more. . . . Some of those whom you think enviable, if they showed you their secret griefs, unsuspected by you, would leave tears in your eyes for *them*, not *you*. Every heart knows its own bitterness and God knows when the bitterest drop is necessary for the heart's health. May He bless you, love you, teach you, strengthen you, make you serene and bright in Him, dear, dear Isa. I have spoken as to a sister; I have spoken as to my own soul in an hour of faintness. Let us take courage, Isa.

This is the only reference of which I know to India in a letter to Isa. What Isa's family history was no one knew: her father an Englishman, her mother, perhaps, a native of India. What her heart was, everybody knew from the closest friends to the most friendless dog. T. A. Trollope had no information about Isa which he imparted to anyone. Madame Villari, in whose arms Isa died, when asked by a friend who Isa Blagden was, knew no more than Trollope recorded in a few paragraphs. Madame Villari told a friend that there were “vague rumors of her being the child of unmarried parents.” There was, too, rumor of Hindoo or Oriental origin, and it is said that her appearance gave color to the idea of the Eastern strain in her blood.

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Of her friend Harriet Hosmer, whose spontaneous genius asserted itself in sculpture which is still remembered, Frances Power Cobbe has written in her book *Italics* that nature was in a rare and kindly mood when she created Harriet Hosmer. Possessed as Harriet Hosmer was of a man's courage and steadfastness of purpose, she kept a girl's fullness of fresh life. Witty, droll, humorous, with a mouth "all rippling-over with laughter and glee," the massive forehead and large clear eyes revealed her capacity for "creating majestic works of art."

"Bewitching sprite" Frances Power Cobbe called Harriet Hosmer; "Dear little Ruffian" wrote a friend from home, Lydia Maria Child.⁸ "Young Miss" her Master John Gibson called her. Of her in 1854 E.B.B. had written to Miss Mitford:

the young American sculptress, who is a great pet of mine and of Robert's, and who emancipates the eccentric life of a perfectly "emancipated female" from all shadow of blame by the purity of hers. She lives here all alone (at twenty-two); dines and breakfasts at the *cafés* precisely as a young man would; works from six o'clock in the morning till night, as a great artist must, and this with an absence of pretension and simplicity of manners which accord rather with the childish dimples in her rosy cheeks than with her broad forehead and high aims.⁹

In America a young girl seventeen years old, Kate Field, the daughter of Joseph Field, the actor and the lineal descendant of Nathaniel Field, wrote in her Journal in 1856:

Well, they pretend to say that God intended women to be just what they are. I say that He did not, that men have made women what they are, and if they attribute their doings to the Almighty, they *lie*. The time will come, but my grave will be many centuries old.¹⁰

The Brownings and others saw quickly the simple sincerity and courage of that young American girl. J. J. Jarves said to Kate Field, "It is impossible for you to lie. You have a tell-tale face." Isa Blagden wrote Mrs. Browning of Kate Field's mother as the dove who hatched the eagle. Perhaps it was this quality

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of the eagle which gave Kate Field a singular sympathy for Walter Savage Landor. Something untamable there was about him too. Certainly Kate Field brought him in the closing years of his life more understanding than anyone else except Robert Browning.

One day lamenting the years Landor said to Kate Field, "I wish I were dead and buried."

Kate's swift reply was, "Buried or not, Mr. Landor, you will always live."

II

A score of men and women who actually knew her have left records of their knowledge or their impressions of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of these records about two-thirds were made by women: Miss Mitford, Frances Power Cobbe, Jane Carlyle, Mrs. Andrew Crosse, Mary Boyle, Anne Ritchie, Mary Somerville, Elizabeth Kinney, Sara Coleridge, Mrs. Twisleton, Kate Field, Olivia Le Vert and Sophia Hawthorne. Among the men were Judge Hillard, Charles Eliot Norton, Bayard Taylor, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Locker-Lampson, Daniel Home, "E.D.," and two anonymous writers, one writing under the pseudonym of the "Easy Chair," the other in an unsigned article in *Harper's Weekly*. Two of the men were Englishmen; the others were Americans. Of the women five were Americans and eight Englishwomen. These numbers are not in themselves of any interest except that for two reasons they are significant. In the first place the greater number of women writing about Elizabeth Barrett reveals the peculiar loyalty which women felt for her. In the second place more than half of these men and women were Americans. It was one of the Englishwomen who said that Mrs. Browning was supposed to be an American. And it was an American in *Harper's Weekly* who said that she resembled a delicate American school girl. Not infrequently did Harriet Hosmer have some remark made to her by English people about "your countrymen the Brownings." When she expressed surprise at "their ignorance of their proud possession," they would

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counter with "Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Browning is English, but Mrs. Browning is an American?"¹¹ But on Bayard Taylor, Browning made "the impression of an American rather than an Englishman."¹²

All who described E.B.B.'s figure spoke of it as small or slight or fragile, Hawthorne describing her as the "pale small person." Sophia Hawthorne wrote about her "fairy fingers," but the more practical described her hand as the "thin white hand of an invalid," or "pale thin hand" or "poor little hands." Where descriptions of her costume occur, Elizabeth is always pictured as dressed in black. Mrs. Crosse wrote of garments that "fell lopping around her." Sophia Hawthorne wrote of a black velvet dress. Something in the life and richness of this impression makes one eager to set the description down again:

The smallest possible amount of substance encloses her soul, and every particle of it infused with heart and intellect. I was never conscious of so little unredeemed, perishable dust in any human being. I gave her a branch of small pink roses, twelve on the stem, in various stages of bloom, which I had plucked from our terrace vine, and she fastened it in her black-velvet dress with most lovely effect to her whole aspect. Such roses were fit emblems of her.¹³

Sophia Hawthorne wrote, too, of her deep pain-furrowed face. Elizabeth Kinney of the plain mortal beautiful in immortal expression. Others set down such brief comments as these: pain-worn face; pale small face; pale wasted face. Sara Coleridge wrote of E.B.B. that she was "pale, hard featured"; and Mrs. Crosse that she was "hard featured and non-sympathetic." The seeming contradiction among some of these descriptions can be resolved through the comment of one who was certainly qualified to speak: William Michael Rossetti. Rossetti wrote:

. . . the fact is that her face was a very difficult one to make impressive in a work of art, the features being far from regular or imposing. It was a countenance of April shine and shower, to which full justice could only be done by its own varying and exceptional play of expression.¹⁴

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The chief irregularity in her features resided in her mouth which has been described as hard, immobile, obstinate; another said, ugly, large and projecting. Harriet Hosmer wrote of the nose

slightly disposed to upturn; the mouth, well perhaps in this feature we discover the key to some of Mrs. Browning's less delicate verse, large, full-lipped, yet harboring always a sweet compensating smile.¹⁵

Because of the overdevelopment of her mouth, her chin seemed to be diminutive. Despite years of illness her teeth had the West Indian perfection and whiteness.

About her eyes there must have been something far more than commonly striking, for of them Sara Coleridge said that there was something "very" impressive in her dark eyes and brow. Harriet Hosmer wrote of them as "large and loving and luminous as stars." Splendid eyes, another called them, adding that E.B.B.'s eyes were calm and deep, looking through and through the person she addressed. Several wrote of the penetrating quality of Mrs. Browning's eyes, but Kate Field described them as beautiful large brown eyes, in them the confidingness of a child with poet passion of heart and of intellect. The color is variously given as dark, as brown, as soft grey, as sapphire, as bluish grey, as black. The probability is that they were bluish grey.

Much attention has been devoted to Mrs. Browning's hair, which was striking in part because it was done in a mode not of her own times,—long ringlets strangely out of fashion, said Mrs. Crosse—and in part because the mode in which she wore her hair became an inseparable feature. Black or brown is the color usually assigned to it. But both John Bigelow and Bayard Taylor described it as chestnut. This statement by Cephas Thompson is probably correct:

I have a decided recollection—having known her well, through my seven years' sojourn in Italy—that the color of Mrs. Browning's hair was dark brown, almost black, but not what is called blue or raven black. It was not what is ordinarily called chestnut at all.¹⁶

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Mrs. Twisleton was so specific in her description, and Kate Field so close in her friendship, that their descriptions of Mrs. Browning's hair not only confirm Cephas Thompson but also should be accepted as final: beautiful thick brown hair worn in curls covered with a black cap, and thick curls of dark brown hair. . . . April shine and shower there must have been in the light upon her hair and in the color of her eyes.

Into the chemistry of what a person is said to be or to resemble always enters the equation of the person who makes the observation. Only this fact can account for the seeming contradictions in human perception. Women of equal if not similar abilities could comment in one instance on E.B.B.'s reserved proud aloofness, and her listening reticences, and in another on her incomparable sweetness, affectionateness. Some found her matchlessly earnest, with gossip in her presence out of place. Others wrote of her as timid, sympathetic, motherly. "Artless yet impassioned, noble, sincere," recorded another friend, and with an expression and manner calm and melancholy. To Mlle. Merlette, Mrs. Bridell-Fox said:

Elle avait l'air d'une vieille enfant, ou d'une jeune grand'mère . . . Le génie et la finesse, la bonté, avec une douceur angélique, une *résignation joyeuse*, tout cela se lisait sur sa physionomie . . . Elle s'oubliait toujours pour penser aux autres, n'avait nulle coquetterie, nulle affectation.¹⁷

Harriet Hosmer, under the daily obligation to transfer her observation to her sculpture, was, among those who knew E.B.B., the most highly trained to describe Mrs. Browning. Harriet Hosmer's emphasis on her "calmness" has, therefore, special authority.¹⁸

Sophia Hawthorne said of Mrs. Browning that she was pale and looked ill; Mrs. Twisleton that she looked "like an invalid but a self-contained one." Many spoke of her "low" voice, adding such descriptive words as plaintive, tremulous, "shrill sweet tenuity," agreeable, clear, curious, gentle. Harriet Hosmer wrote of the "somewhat labored enunciation peculiar

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to delicate health." Mrs. Ritchie commented on the way in which she lisped her "r's"; Frances Power Cobbe on the "calm strength" E.B.B. had in speaking. Chiefly her friends among women commented on her conversation, finding it "full of sense and purpose." She talked no commonplaces; all that she said was always with meaning. Her conversation was trenchant, weighed, measured. Her voice and her conversation seem to have been expressive of her mental qualities. Mary Somerville wrote of Mrs. Browning that she had high mental qualities; Olivia Le Vert and the "Easy Chair" that she had varied and profound learning and rich rare learning. Judge Hillard—the one man in this group who has commented on her "uncommon profound learning," added the usual male accolade: "even measured by a masculine standard."

E.B.B. wrote in *Aurora Leigh* that women love one another's mental gifts. Women have shown that they love, too, one another's traits of character. Her friends among women emphasized again and again her modesty and simplicity. Elizabeth Kinney stated that Mrs. Browning was simple as a child; Olivia Le Vert "simple and unassuming in manner as a child." "Yourself (not herself)," wrote Kate Field, "was always a pleasant subject to her." Self-forgetful, full of humility, tender, "every one loved her," wrote the despised Daniel Home of *Sludge the Medium* fame.

So it was that she gained an influence over all she came across, not likely, you would think at first sight, to be exercised by one so unpretending, so anxious always to receive rather than to give knowledge

wrote "E.D." Hawthorne, with his strange psychic penetration, stated in the following passage one aspect of E.B.B. on which no one else has commented:

It is marvellous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence. It seems to me there were a million chances to one that she would have been a miracle of acidity and bitterness.

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Her benevolence, as well as her features, was part of her inheritance, for it had come to her not only from her father but also from generations of West Indian ancestors.

III

E.B.B. had no kinship, even the remotest, with the bishop of whom she wrote in *Aurora Leigh*:

He must not
Love truth too dangerously, but prefer
The interests of the church.

Neither the world's way, nor popular acclaim swayed her in the least. In her work there is nothing which suggests that she evaded either by tactful sentences or in conduct the issues which devotion to principle brings. She knew what had to be paid for principle and she was prepared to pay. She was "democratic" when to be that brought with it the same opprobrium socialism was to bring later. Indeed it went further than that! She spoke sympathetically of "John Mill" and socialism.¹⁹ Of Margaret Fuller, her tragic death and her socialism, Mrs. Browning wrote:

Only God and a few friends can be expected to distinguish between the pure personality of a woman and her professed opinions.

E.B.B.'s loyalty to women was marked and seems to have been part of her sympathetic understanding of the nature and problems of women and of her intellectual courage and power. In *Aurora Leigh* her satire lashes out many times in defense of women. The very inception of the title of *Aurora Leigh* seemed to promise trouble for those men who claimed exemption from justice to women. In writing of her days in Florence, Harriet Hosmer recorded:

One day at dinner Mrs. Browning said in half-soliloquy, 'I wonder which is the best name, Laura Leigh or Aurora Leigh?

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and asked both of us our opinions. Browning gave his vote in favor of Aurora, and I not knowing at all to what she referred and thinking merely of the sound, said, "Oh, Aurora, Laura Leigh lacks backbone." When the book was published Mrs. Browning remembering this casual remark sent me a copy with the message that she "hoped it contained backbone."²⁰

Elizabeth Barrett Browning had left the manuscript of *Aurora Leigh* in the hands of her publisher in October of 1856, a year memorable in the struggle for married women's property rights. Just before Easter one petition—no less than seventy had been sent to Parliament containing more than a score of thousands of names—containing the signatures of 3,000 women had been presented, "amongst whom were ladies who had made the present epoch remarkable in the annals of literature": Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Isa Blagden, Sarianna Browning, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Jameson, Mrs. Carlyle, Geraldine Jewsbury, Harriet Martineau, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Gaskell and others. In commenting on the story of this petition Mary Howitt wrote:

Various little incidents of interest have occurred, such as a very old lady on her death-bed, who asked to put her name on the petition, and thus wrote her signature for the last time.²¹

The Married Woman's Bill was quickly muffled in legal terms. Unwound from its man-made, protective sententiousness, the simple facts in both the "eye" of the law and social experience, were: (1) that the wife was not recognized by law; (2) that she was the husband's property, with the exception that he could not sell her as he could his horse and his dog, for the wife had claim on the same protection as that granted the slave,—and no more; and (3) that she had no property rights, for all that she brought with marriage became her husband's property, as also all that she earned after marriage. Blackstone summed it up for the common law:

The husband and wife are one person in law; that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during marriage.

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A man's interpretation of unity in which the woman—not the man—is deprived of all civil rights! But some women of that day had more wit in them, for the preamble in the following sentences set at defiance any male notion of a “womanly” acceptance of such male pronouncements and the sanction of judges who approved the husbands who ousted “their wives of the rights conferred on them by Common Law”:

We might here object to the very strange way of effecting a union, by *suspending the legal existence* of one of the parties, were we disposed to jest; but the subject is too grave, and we will simply ask what crime the woman has committed by the act of marriage, that she is instantly deprived of all civil rights, which in most countries is considered as the punishment of felony?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was stating the position of women clearly and often with bitter irony in *Aurora Leigh*: women who were thought by men too weak to stand alone were strong enough to bear such leaners on their shoulders; too poor to think yet rich enough to sympathize with the thoughts of men; incompetent to sing yet competent to love! E.B.B. was one of the “strong-minded and independent,” as were the majority of the women who were her friends. It should be remembered that *Aurora Leigh* was written after her marriage. Except for her flight from home it would never have been written at all, or, if it had been, the title would have been *Laura Leigh*! Of such women as men praised for their “womanly” qualities E.B.B. noted with finality in *Aurora Leigh*:

their, in brief,
Potential faculty in everything
Of abdicating power in it.

She saw women as their own worst enemies, their induced passivity betraying themselves, betraying the good of the world in permitting the continuance of warfare and injustice to children. No wonder this poem written by a woman was troubling Parliament and was being cited there!

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The early English Common Law had been liberal. The wife's real property was not transferred to the husband at marriage. The husband was entitled to a life interest in her lands, and after her death this interest continued if there was a child. In the case of the wife, the law provided one-third of her husband's estate regardless of whether there was a child. The personal property of the wife did go to the husband, but it was at that time insignificant. The late seventeenth and early eighteenth century wills of the Barretts reveal clearly the independence and power of women. All these rights were lost—through the aggressiveness of men and the inertia of women—by the lifetime of the most distinguished and powerful of the women of the family of the Barrett. Sir William Blackstone had stated that married women had lost by “imperceptible degrees” their right to one-third of their husbands' estates.²² An Anne Barrett of the seventeenth century could not have made the will she did if she had lived in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, nor that friend of the Tittles, Rachael Hartshorne, have carried on the business she did. By the middle of the nineteenth century a married woman could not acquire property, could not sue or be sued, and had no civil rights which she could assert in a court of justice. She could effect neither a loan nor a mortgage. The husband's interests were always preferred. And, finally, a husband no longer was obliged to will one-third of his estate to his wife. Today women are regimented in Germany in a nation completely dominated by men, until they are no freer than cattle in a compound; women in England are fighting to keep their footing of opportunity. As women in America are being pushed out of their posts in schools and colleges, in business and government, in order that men may have these positions, women as a group are too indifferent to the welfare of other women, too selfish, to resist, and with too little imagination to see the inroads fascism is making in American life.

When E.B.B. had left her father's house, she was incapacitated by law to carry forward the business connected with the income from her property. Her father had refused to act for

Isa Blagden
*By permission of
Lilian Whiting*



The Vanderweydt Portrait
of Kate Field

*By permission of Lilian
Whiting*



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

From an old engraving

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her, and her brothers were in accord with him. Had not her cousin John Kenyon taken over the responsibility, it is not difficult to see what would have become of what she had, and to foretell the effect upon her. Elizabeth Barrett's emotional development was complete when she finished her work on the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. But her development in social insight and responsibility over some fifteen years was remarkable after her marriage to Robert Browning. E.B.B.'s loyalty to women will gain in interest, and, it may be, in significance when it is remembered that she grew up in a family composed chiefly of men and wholly dominated by them.

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SINCELY in extent had the Barrett estates become, for the family owned some 31,000 acres, many houses and many sugar mills, thousands of slaves and cattle, barquediers, wharves and even ships. Inspection of the *Jamaica Almanack* for 1840 reveals the historic aspect which the Family of the Barrett had taken on. The strength and the rigidity of these Barretts lay in the fact that they made no departures. They had been planters extensively manufacturing sugar and rum—as Samuel Goodin Barrett was doing—and to a lesser degree indigo and coffee; and they were merchants selling these commodities. Although not their whole official history, this was their whole economic history for about two hundred years, 1655 on down to 1857,—a date almost as epoch-making in its finality as the death of Edward Barrett in 1798.

In 1840 prosperity seemed to surround the Goodin Barretts in the person of Samuel Goodin Barrett. The close of February and the first week in March, Falmouth, formerly made up chiefly of penns and plantation lands owned by the Barretts but now become a large town made up of many holdings, was preparing to welcome his Excellency, Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Governor's host was to be Samuel Goodin Barrett on the estate of Greenwood which had come to him on the death of his uncle Richard Barrett. In the *Falmouth Post* and *Jamaica General Advertiser* for the 4th of March is the following description of the Governor's arrival:

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The town of Falmouth has seldome been more gay and cheerful than during the past week. Vast were the preparations, and considerable was the anxiety manifested by persons of all classes, for the arrival of our highly esteemed Governor, Sir Charles Metcalfe. His Excellency accompanied by His Secretary, Capt. Higginson, drove into town about eight o'clock on Wednesday night, the 26th. ult. and proceeded to "Greenwood," the elegant mansion of S. G. Barrett Esq. On the following day he visited, "Orange Valley," "Green Park," "George's Valley," and other estates in the neighborhood and we are informed, expressed himself highly pleased with the splendid buildings and machinery on the three above-mentioned properties. In the evening, Mr. Barrett, gave a princely entertainment to a select party, and on Friday morning, His Excellency repaired to this town Falmouth, where he arrived soon after eleven o'clock, in Mr. Barrett's Carriage, drawn by four beautiful and spirited Horses. . . .¹

Greenwood is still in a good state of preservation and in use. Once upon the verandah of Greenwood House, looking out upon Barrett Hall estate and down upon the sea, Sir Charles Metcalfe might well have been impressed by the intricate organization of a great Jamaican estate: its acres set out in guinea grass and in cane, its plantain walks, its lime kilns, its pastures, ponds and wells, its gardens, sheep pens, cattle runs, its buildings, negro cottages, hospitals, kitchens, its mills and trash houses, its plantations of cocoanut trees, its roads and paths leading to Falmouth and Montego Bay or down to the sea.²

In a record which John Candler made in 1840 the progress and prosperity on the Barrett estates in both St. James and Trelawny speak for themselves:

8th month 20.—Left the hospitable habitation of our excellent friends the Burchells, who had treated my illness as though it gave them no inconvenience whatever, and pursued our journey to Cornwall, a missionary station of the Jamaica Presbytery. . . . At Cornwall we found the missionary H. M. Waddell had just left home, but his wife, full of kindness, prepared us breakfast and dinner, and sent us away with many good wishes. . . . At Cornwall we met Frank Chambers, a black man, overseer of two estates, which he manages very prudently: and at Hampden we were glad to find

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that George Blyth had founded a Temperance Society of 1326 members of whom 364 have signed the abstinence pledge.³

Here then was a pilgrimage over a St. James and Trelawny area, owned almost wholly by the Barretts, on which the report of the Quaker John Candler was wholly favorable. Where proprietors and missionaries alike had been "good shepherds" the plantations had no insuperable difficulties.

Lord Olivier has pointed out that although the Barretts were opposed to the abolition of the blacks, they had behaved as "honourable and intelligent Englishmen."⁴ As my account of the work of the Excellent Lady has shown, the Barretts had permitted their slaves to be both converted and educated,—indeed, they had done their share in creating a foundation on their own estates for the education of the negroes. Not alone schools started between the years 1827 and 1831 on the estates of Retreat Penn and Cinnamon Hill by the Excellent Lady, but schools which came later on other Barrett estates testified either directly or by some liberal right of way to generous principles. At Benledi Cottage, Waddell had carried on a school for his people's children, as well as in his own house. Also at Barrett Hall, before the death of Richard Barrett, a lame negro youth, trained by the Waddells, but unfit for estate labor, had carried on a school among the negro houses. One day Richard Barrett was riding by, and espying some of the pickaninnies learning their lessons under a tree, asked them what they were doing.

The children grinned: "We read book, Massa."

"And who teaches you to read book?"

"Richard, Massa."

"And who teaches Richard?"

"Parson teach we all, Massa."

"Indeed! I suppose parson will soon teach the goats to read."

"Yes, Massa," shouted the children gleefully, merry over the idea of having the goats as schoolfellows.⁵

The blacks had recovered from the pitiful psychic illness

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which had filled the hospitals preceding their complete emancipation, and for awhile their condition seemed full of promise as well as happiness. Yet the disrepute in which labor was held by the whites during slavery tended to discourage rather than encourage the blacks to work. Moreover nine-tenths of the improved land was under absentee-ownership, which meant less skillful management and added expense. Two other factors entered into Jamaica's downfall: the heavy mortgages already on many estates when the emancipation bill became law, and the sharp division and consequent antagonism between capital and labor resulting from the virtual elimination of the "middle man" during slavery. These factors inherent in the Jamaican system would, says Bigelow, have brought economic ruin whether or not the tariff laws had been changed and the slaves freed.⁶ There was an attempt, too, on the part of proprietors to force labor by fixing rents at such a level that the negroes would have to work. Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote his sister:

There is one evil here, the want of a sufficient laboring population, which it will be difficult for man to remedy—it may be done in time, but not, I fear, soon enough.⁷

Not only were the provision grounds assessed but the rental of both house and grounds varied according to the number of people occupying them. The result was that many who could or would not pay the rental were thrown into prison, and both antagonism and demoralization were increased. On the North-side, and especially around Montego Bay, conditions were made worse by the efforts of a corrupt and sanguinary press to increase the hostility of the planters to the peasantry.⁸

The Barretts had not abused missionaries. They had taken no economic advantage of the wages of the apprentices because of the change-over from slavery to freedom. They were now reaping the reward of their intelligence and humaneness. That reward was to be short-lived; but it must have been eminently satisfactory while it lasted. Where the traditions and the management of an estate had not been on the whole ideal—as they

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had been on the majority of the Barrett estates—troubles became serious. On such plantations the only hope of sending the work forward lay in importation of labor. For the years 1840-1842, £152,000 were allocated from the public taxes for this importation, thus forcing the native laborers to pay in part for the transportation of rivals.⁹ It was the old predatory human story in which the strong preyed upon the weak. After reaching Jamaica even women and children died of starvation, died in prison, died of disease, and there was none to care, only more labor to be imported.

Part of the anomaly of a changing order lay in the fact that a brown lady sat at the Governor's table. In 1850 the wife of the Mayor of Kingston was a brown woman. So also was the wife of the Receiver General—one of the highest public offices of the Island. Black men, as well as white, were now sitting in the House of Assembly. The House of Assembly, with all its customs embedded in slavery, was unfit to legislate for freed negroes. Nor, would it seem, had the addition of black and colored members made a bad matter much better. To C. J. G. Rampini it was said:

The brown men ruined it, they were so poor, so greedy, and so fond of hearing themselves speak. They were mostly all lawyers; and although they habitually lived on green plantains and salt fish, spoke as if they were rich planters, feeding sumptuously every day on turtle soup and old Madeira.¹⁰

II

About the year 1840 the steamers of the Royal Mail Company began to take the place of sailing ships in West Indian transportation.¹¹ Packet brigs were no longer the sole dependence for communication with other colonies and with "home." The freedom of communication was increasing rapidly. One of its gains, in reducing to two weeks and a half a voyage which had taken about six to eight weeks, was bringing disaster to the city of Kingston and other mercantile centers in Jamaica. To

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the stores—wholesale warehouses—at the west end of Harbour Street and Port Royal Street in times past had come Spanish American merchants from the republics around the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and from across the Isthmus of Panama. Followed by servants bearing treasure on their heads these merchants had traded for the goods stored in the great warehouses. But with the introduction of steamers it was as easy, or easier, to visit European markets. Spanish American merchants came no more to Jamaica. Their lucrative trade was lost. Grass grew in the streets of what had once been in Kingston a mart almost as important as the fabulously rich marts of Port Royal before the earthquake of 1692.

On this journey following the news of Sam's death, historic and symbolic for the Moulton-Barretts, did Stormie cross in one of the packet brigs to which for almost two hundred years the family of the Barrett had been accustomed? Or did he go on one of the ships then called "splendid steamers" to New York and tranship to the West Indies? For three years, or since 1837, steamers had been plying to and fro between England and America. At least one fact is certain: that Charles John embarked on a sailing ship, on his return voyage, which took sixty days. In a letter to Mrs. Martin, under date of the 11th of December, 1840, E.B.B. wrote from Torquay:

A note from papa has brought the comforting news that my dear, dear Stormie is in England again, in London, and looking perfectly well. . . . Papa's note was hurried. It was a sixty day passage, and that is all he tells me.¹²

At some time following Stormie's arrival in Jamaica the end of May or early in June, 1840, Hope Masterton Waddell called at Cinnamon Hill Great House upon Sam's brother, and there told Stormie many of the details of those last days. In September, 1840, had come the word of the drowning of Bro. In October Stormie turned around and went home. It was in this year it was ordained, by the fact that Charles John Barrett was now the oldest son and by the fact of an unselfish disposition, that

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he should—whether conscious of it or not—have begun playing the rôle of planter which later was to set him so completely into the life of the Island and customs of the country. Six years passed after the death of Sam and of Bro before Stormie returned again to Jamaica. But he was to return again and yet again and there finally to be fatefully embedded.

During the ensuing few years the struggle sharpened between the savagery or barbarism of the past and the civilized opportunities which were now opening for at least a portion of the blacks. Curiously conflicting facts were evident. On the one hand there are records of intelligently generous acts on the part of some of the former Barrett slaves which would compare favorably in their sense of responsibility with any similar acts on the part of white men. On the other hand on some of the Barrett estates there are records of outbursts of myalism and of obeah so alarmingly primitive that it is difficult to understand how such a manifestation could have followed the emancipation of the slaves. On the Barrett estates and in the neighborhood of the Barrett estates Hope Waddell had several encounters with them over the sick and by the grave. Much of their power resided in their supposed sorcery in catching shadows or the spirits of those living or dead. For the dead the myal men carried about tiny coffins in which, after much leaping about the grave, and much grasping, the spirit of the dead man or woman was seized and buried to bring peace. This group of fanatics on the Northside, especially in the parishes of St. James and Trelawny, was not limited to a few but mounted into the hundreds, even thousands. They congregated in the open under the cotton trees which were part of their worship, handkerchiefs tied in a strange way about their heads and other handkerchiefs bound tightly about their waists. They could be seen sitting under trees or in hollow trees or open pastures singing songs, or sacrificing fowls or running along the road madly by night, following a firefly or a flying bird. This running they called "flying."

In marked contrast to such sorceries were the sober, gener-

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ous acts of some of the Barrett slaves in some of the congregations. With complete consecration, William Knibb had carried forward the work of his congregations in Falmouth, in Oxford and Cambridge and on other estates which belonged to the Barretts or were associated with them. This consecration seems to have disregarded any thought for the earthly security of himself and his family. In April, 1842, Knibb was laying a financial report before the members of his congregation, together with the title deeds of the chapels which were out of debt.

Some one from the congregation inquired, "Minister, have you took care and got a house for your wife?"

"No," answered Knibb, "do you think that I would take your money without your leave, and buy a house for Mrs. Knibb?"

The congregation then learned that the house in which Knibb and his family lived, even the beds on which they slept, belonged to the church and not to them.

Then a member spoke, "If you have not got one, it is time you had. You go to Kettering, to the land left that belongs to you, and you build a good house there and we will pay for it."

And Edward Barrett, the former slave, added, "Set about it soon, minister; you may cut [die] and we cannot bear the thought that your wife should go home. Let her stop here."

William Knibb took the advice and set about building the house at once. It cost £1,000 sterling. When it was finished he made it over to Mrs. Knibb and the children, for he was himself unwilling to hold any property.¹³

Three years later the Northside had two great losses: the departure on the 11th of January, 1845, of Hope Masterton Waddell with his family for new mission work in Old Calabar, Africa; and the death of William Knibb on the 16th of November. Two years later Stormie had returned to Jamaica. In one of E.B.B.'s letters written from Florence in August, she said:

Jamaica appears cooler than Italy this summer. Tell Stormie that he is not to let the humming of the bees be too loud for thoughts of me. . . .¹⁴

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In Italy, which was hotter by night and not so cool by day as Jamaica, E.B.B.'s thoughts, strangely enough, were busy with the Jamaica crops as she wrote Henrietta:

You would smile to see how interested I have grown in Jamaica crops, &c. Robert shows me the least of the news that way, and certainly it never interested me before. But I think now of the pleasure it gives my poor dearest Papa. I like to think that he is in good spirits. As to dear dear Stormie, it is not for his sake so much. Crops are not wanted to make him rich. Let me have every detail of him; and mind you get him to write to me.

The psychology of this letter would seem to be the psychology of crumbs if one is hungry. In March, 1848, Stormie was still on the Northside. When in Italy Robert Browning had brought in a letter for his wife which was embossed in black with the "well known griffin seal" of her family. In her fear E.B.B. wept again and again, thinking "vague thoughts about Jamaica,"¹⁵ Sam's death there, and Stormie's bondage to the estates of his forefathers.

GIANT FOSSILS

A STUDY of the Barrett family as a corporation covering these two hundred and fifty years of their colonial romance reveals that their sense of property included the family as "property." It might be said that the nature of the wealth which was theirs, as, for example, sugar plantations, enforced for success a high degree of corporate family effort. It was this type of property which helped to produce the traits the Barretts showed in centering, in genius in their management of land, and in an exaggerated paternalism. So carefully did Barrett testators surround their estate that provision was made even for the unborn. James Barrett ran a clause in his will which made special provision for the child *if* his wife was "ensient" at the time his will was proved. And Niclaes Barrett, his nephew, provided for the following unborn: an eldest or only son, youngest sons, each and every daughter, and finally for the unborn children of his unborn children! It might with truth be said that here was a testator who left neither clause nor heir unturned! Nor did Edward Moulton-Barrett's will differ in any way from the type will of his family. It provided for the family succession; it was scrupulous in its sense of family responsibility; and it sought to control, in the cases of Elizabeth, Henrietta and Alfred, any departure from the family domination. . . . It had been in the year following the cholera year in Jamaica that Edward Moulton-Barrett made his will. He gave all his family portraits to his son Charles John. To Mary Trep sack, who was then living in Welbeck Street, he

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bequeathed £200. Charles John and George were made executors. He made bequests to his daughter Arabel and to all his sons, including Alfred. There is no reference to E.B.B. or to Henrietta. This was in April, 1851. In August, 1855, after the marriage of Alfred with his cousin Lizzie Barrett, Edward Moulton-Barrett opened his will. This is the codicil which he entered:

Now I hereby revoke and make void the said several directions and bequests so far as regards the interest to be taken thereunder by my son Alfred Price Barrett in my said Will named And I hereby direct my said Trustees to pay and divide the produce of my said real and personal estate when sold as in my said Will directed and the annual income and profits thereof respectively until sold equally between and amongst my five other children in the same way as if the said Alfred Price Barrett had not been named or referred to in my said Will.¹

His will was the natural result of the losses and tragedies which had come to him, of his mental make-up, and of his family background in wills.

The family inversion of interest had expressed itself in many ways. Among these ways was intermarriage, a tendency *not* unconnected with the family tendency to use generation after generation the same family Christian names. By the names "Septimus" and "Octavius" Edward Moulton-Barrett had not overlooked either his daughters or the family trend. Rather he bowed to the will of his grandfather, whose property was entailed upon the first son of Edward Moulton-Barrett, failing whom the succession ran: second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth. Here were Septimus and Octavius to meet the legal clauses. Nonus and Decimus were not to be! So much more binding mentally did the legal network of Edward Barrett seem to his grandson and heir, that in the effort to meet the demands made by law, Edward Moulton-Barrett actually stepped outside the family names in the baptismal records for Septimus and Octavius.

That the hazards of inheritance and perpetuation were seen

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and felt by Edward Barrett's grandson finds a possible confirmation in the large number of his children: eight sons and three living daughters. Between the years 1794 of Captain Samuel Barrett's death in Jamaica, when Edward Moulton-Barrett was a boy nine years old, and 1795, when George Goodin Barrett died, the injury to the family security must have seemed almost insurmountable. That it was Edward Moulton-Barrett's intention that the family of the Barrett should survive through his sons and daughters is obvious. Yet the conflict with his own intentions, too, is evident in his subsequent unwillingness to have them marry and so through their children carry on what he had lived to maintain. With little or nothing known of the background of anxiety against which the Barretts had lived for several generations, his clear intention and the conflict with his own purposes have only added to the confusion surrounding him. In the midst of this confusion the heavy stress which he himself laid upon the authority of the father in the home is illuminating. Overemphasis is manifest of that which is sometimes hidden from sight, whether it be a shoal over which the waves ride high or a relationship. . . .

Elizabeth Barrett's predicament has been all too often explained on the ground that it was a father-bound environment. Her predicament was not so great as her father's. It was she, not her father, who found a limited escape. . . . The increasing inversion of interest showed itself, too, in the almost invariable selection of the occupations which Barretts had always followed: those of the law, of planters and land holders, of merchants, of the military profession and of public office, in their love of ancestral land and in the ruts of an unbroken use and wont. So much are these facts true that the conspicuousness of Elizabeth Barrett's gift as a poet might well have been a warning to the family that there would be some separation from Barrett ways,—as there was in her defiance of family domination, in marriage out of her own class, and in an independence of life unknown to the Barretts.

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II

A family does not over many generations, and for almost three hundred years,—probably for three times that length of time—follow certain emotional trends without creating certain nervous needs and reactions which increase without adequate control mechanisms. In a sense all Barrett emotion was “entailed,” and any outward movement of that emotion away from the group was quickly checked. Edward Moulton-Barrett did not create the conditions of his family, any more than Edward Barrett the Builder created his will, a gold-washing machine which attempted to return without loss every flake of family property to the Barretts. They had ceased to be free agents in the spending of lives which must be reinvested in Barretts or “misspent.” The place in the sun which the family had held had been maintained exactly in proportion to the continuance of family domination and of similar traits, altered merely in their outward expression but not in their nature. As, through the action of fate in death and disaster, Edward Moulton-Barrett’s control of himself and of his family slipped, there are moments when it might seem that one thousand years of development of the family of the Barrett was to come to an end with the close of the life of one little woman. The future will decide whether Barrett cycles of adventure, pioneering, achievement are complete or whether they will go on to further expansion. Some families are like giant mimosa trees rooting and re-rooting themselves throughout what seem to be endless eras of time.

The records which remain show Edward Moulton-Barrett to have been a man of high integrity, an integrity for which his daughter never lost her respect. When in the first place the issue of whether she was to go to Pisa or not to go, and under what circumstances, had come up, Edward Moulton-Barrett could not speak—or at least he did not speak—of his daughter’s opium dependence which had grown with the years of her invalidism. He had seen the use of opium fixed on her in Tor-

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quay during those two years of absence from home. This, as well as the distant tragedy of Sam's death and the more visible tragedy of Bro's death, may have contributed to his fear of having her away from "home." It is true that it was not his nature to defend his actions by making any open statement. It is equally true that neither he nor any other father would care to say openly that his daughter was drug addicted. He was also firm in misfortune, and tenderly loving in many aspects of his family life. For her, too, whether Elizabeth was fully conscious of that fact or not, Edward Moulton-Barrett's "greatness" was that of his race. In placing Treppy's happiness in his care, his mother left her son a quaint bequest. It was a trust which he kept to the end, even to one clause of his will by which he sought to protect Treppy after his death, not knowing that she would die a few weeks before he did. Yet because of the traits of crowd "thinking," what Arnould wrote his friend Domett has found not only a welcome but also many and long echoes. In the midst of what is otherwise a singularly just and sane comment by "R.S." in *The New Statesman* for 1930 the statement was made:

I do not myself think Edward Moulton Barrett's passion for tyranny is explicable.²

Yes, it is explicable against the background of the West Indian generations with, added, the fact that Edward Moulton-Barrett had through disaster and suffering lost his balance. For both father and daughter there was an inescapable need to dominate all in the family group. Several times sorrow or tragedy brought them closely together for a little while. This was true in 1837 and twice true in 1840. But for each the generations had created a conflict from which there was no escape and a coming separation which was destiny. Unfortunately for his daughter and for her father, she had studied Greek but she had studied neither Jamaica nor those Barretts of the Northside. She had, as she herself says, merely nibbled like a mouse among the boxes in the Hope End attic at the "giant fossils" of her past. . . . Grate-

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fully, even if reluctantly, the inference is reached that a partial but definite psychosis had set in with her father. There is ground for believing that in the Barrett family it was commonly thought that as the years went on he was not wholly sane. Insanity is preferable to monstrosity. For this the factors in family background and in experience lay in his childhood and were developed by the tragedies of later years. A growing fixation, or "monomania," as John Kenyon had called it.

The irreparable injury which had come to Edward Moulton-Barrett when he was a child sprang out of the circumstance that his father was not of the kind to satisfy a son's normal pride. And the men of the family of the Barrett were not normally but abnormally proud! This was the first broken link in adaptation to his environment. From the beginning he could have had no balanced conception of what it meant to be a father. Through his own lack he had developed an exaggerated conception of the importance, of the dimensions, of fatherhood, an importance over-emphasized by generations of family development. This constituted the neurosis which with time and through an accident became a psychosis in harsh, tyrannical paternity.

John Kenyon's statement, "We are all Cousins in Jamaica," was almost the exact truth. Even some cousinship by marriage of the Tittles to the Barretts might be traced. There were many marriages between cousins among the Barretts, fortunate enough as marriages go. But there were three notable exceptions, all coming within what might be called "life influence" upon Edward Moulton-Barrett. One of these instances involved the bar sinister, one miscegenation and the bar sinister, and one murder. From the vividness and intensity of the personal life of members of the Barrett family, which does emerge even from records all too scanty, it is evident that their emotional life was both deep and inclusive. "Cousin" with the Barretts was not some indefinite connection. Had Edward Moulton-Barrett's sanity not been of the broken-link or interrupted variety, the family trends, which had among other trends led to the

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marriage among cousins, would have been gratified by Henrietta's engagement to Captain Surtees Cook, the grandson of John Graham Clarke's second wife, as would also the interest of his son Alfred in his little cousin Lizzie Barrett. There is, too, to be taken into account the unhappy or unfortunate married life of Edward Moulton-Barrett's mother, its influence on him and his attitude towards marriage.

III

In the lifetime of Edward Moulton-Barrett the Northside estates had been through two crises: the first after his grandfather's death at the close of the eighteenth century when Edward was fifteen and Sam was thirteen. After the grandfather's death the course of the estates was slightly downward. The second crisis began at the close of the year 1831 with the Insurrection of the Slaves, passing through various stages of development, including the First of August, 1838. As a family they had been caught up into a public discussion as bitter as any in history, and they had taken part in it, and had had to meet it and to readjust their fortunes and their lives to its final pronouncements. For ten years Samuel Moulton-Barrett, by sheer force of his personality and his work, had succeeded in checking the downward trend, with the result that when the Jamaican plantations were precipitated upon ruin by new sources of sugar culture, disastrous trade agreements and the insurrection, the Barrett estates, impaired with the majority of other Jamaican estates, nevertheless continued stable. Edward Moulton-Barrett's mind seems to have had little of the "pioneer" quality characteristic of his great-grandfather Samuel in the early eighteenth century. And neither he nor his brother was original in the sense of becoming responsible for innovations or departures from well-established customs in estate management. Yet his management had the quality of the ideal. With both brothers, the one an absentee, the other resident in Jamaica, the dominant trait in the idealism of their estate manage-

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ment was practical. It was a sense of personal responsibility for the welfare of those dependent upon them, possibly a form of paternalism expressing itself by means of improved conditions which included housing, wages, education and religion.

Many of the great leaders in Emancipation were definitely evangelical, among them Wilberforce and Fowell Buxton. Samuel Moulton-Barrett, as his letters have shown, was sympathetic with the evangelical movement which had accompanied the movement for the emancipation of the slaves. Edward Moulton-Barrett was himself a devout chapel member. In the character of his home life he was markedly religious. It is not possible to state in any detail to what extent this religious character was in conflict with his inherited pro-slavery traditions. Because he was "absentee," to conclude that he was blind to the issues involved in the entire emancipation movement would be unwarranted. His oldest daughter is responsible for the written statement that her father was not a nice observer but at intervals very wide,—“he is subject to lightnings.”³ . . . That the West End Barretts were conscious of defeat and of struggle—indeed believing that as a family they had been cursed by fate—becomes evident both in the letters and the poems of their most eminent member. Accumulating anxieties had consolidated themselves into fears centering about property and family continuity. The “scrupulous attention” to financial matters was an heroic attempt on the part of Edward Moulton-Barrett to maintain against outer and inner disasters, and single-handedly after the death of his brother in 1837, those great estates his grandparents and uncles had built up, which were the basis of the support of himself and his large family.

The years in which came the constellation of his trouble included 1837 to 1840, in which came the death of his brother and his two eldest sons. What had been happening to him was merely not seen because no event had occurred to bring the evidence to the surface. It was impersonal, as a hemorrhage in the eye is impersonal, directed against no one, not concerned with seeing anyone or anything. While outwardly he was still

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a "young" man, through the blows of events and the conflicts of inner suffering, there had come about the deadening and then the death of certain areas of the emotions. E.M.B. became "peculiar," to use his daughter's most often repeated word about him, and behaved strangely. For him the co-ordination of certain functions of the emotions was no longer possible. Human beings are given to acting as if the present were sufficient unto itself,—and in some respects it is indeed more than sufficient! But the derivation of the present from the past is there and in control,—there even when nothing of it is actually visible. The undeniable partial psychosis which controlled him had sprung out of his own immediate background with its want of a father whom he could respect, and with the memory of his mother's unhappiness, and out of an age long past, with its trends of many generations. . . . It is absurd to believe that Edward Moulton-Barrett, or Elizabeth Barrett, could escape from the "giant fossils" of their past, or even from the slander and sentimentality of the present.

IV

Within sixteen years of the Barrett occupancy, the Hope End of the Barretts had been torn down and another mansion erected in its place. In its turn this house was partially destroyed by fire. The lake beside which the Barrett children played and where E.B.B. and her brothers and sisters rowed and fished with nets is overgrown. Where the mansion stood, nettles bloom now and columbine and peonies, and in their midst lie stones of all shapes and sizes which were once part of the walls of Hope End. Today a chance inquiry in Ledbury of an intelligent-looking stranger about Edward Moulton-Barrett brought this comment, "He was a horrible man, wasn't he?"

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C HARLES JOHN (the beloved "Storm" of E.B.B.'s letters) wrote that his father "throughout a long life had never committed one act unworthy of a man of honour." His son was careful to explain in the following words the circumstances under which his sister's flight took place:

My father acted as his own merchant for his Jamaica estates, and on that account went daily to the city. He never met Mr. Browning. He was aware of his visits, and he regarded them like the visits of Miss Mitford and Mr. Kenyon, as affording my sister pleasure. He was also aware of Mr. Browning's intimacy with Mr. Kenyon, who was a friend and a distant relative.

My sister had been an invalid for years. By the directions of Dr. Chambers her room was kept at a certain temperature, and she never left it.

Under these circumstances my father lost his daughter. He had loved her from her childhood. He never recovered from it. I venture to say few fathers would take the hand of a man who had so acted.¹

Elizabeth Barrett had not been married three years before she sprang into anxiety about her father's physical condition. She rejected Henrietta's statement that they could not expect their father to be as strong as he had been. She saw that the change in him had taken place in the last year.² It was not *age*, even if he were ten, fifteen, twenty years older, which made him weaker. It was that he was not *well*.

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For some time Mrs. Browning had believed that the letters which she sent her father were read by him. In May, 1849, several weeks after the birth of Pen, Mrs. Browning wrote Mrs. Martin that she had not only written her father but also her brothers just before her confinement. The sons had taken the part of Edward Moulton-Barrett and were, from first to last, with the exception of Alfred and Henry, much more under the domination of their father than were the daughters. E.B.B. told Mrs. Martin that save for one brother she might as well have written to a rock, and that she felt more embittered by her brothers than by her father, for she knew her father's "peculiarities." She thought it would be an immense gain, even if he did not reply, to have him read her letters. She went on hoping and she went on writing "the humblest and most beseeching of letters." The time came when she was not so confident that her father read these letters, and then the time when she knew that her letters were unread. . . . In the summer of 1851 when the Brownings were in London, Mrs. Browning and Browning wrote to Mr. Barrett. Elizabeth besought her father, even if he would not see her, at least to kiss Pen. Edward Moulton-Barrett did not reply to his daughter. To Robert Browning he wrote violently saying that he had cast off his daughter for ever and returning to him in two packets all the letters, seals unbroken, which Elizabeth had written him in five years. "Sanity" which permits an act so cruel as the return, with seals unbroken, of a daughter's letters suggests a monstrous Edward Moulton-Barrett for whom in the early years of his relationship to his mother, to his brother, to his wife and to his children, there is no preparation. . . . In leaving London that September, 1851, they drove down Wimpole Street, E.B.B. looking up at the windows of 50, Wimpole Street "through some bitter tears."

Many years later, at the time of Pen's death, the letters addressed to her father were found unopened still. They became the property of sixteen living cousins who thought that it would be a sacrilege to open the letters and who burned them. How-

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ever honorable this act in intention, the tragedy of the sixteen cousins is that they did exactly that which was in opposition to Elizabeth Barrett's belief that, if they may instruct others, the secrets of our daily lives should be open to men hereafter. Two of her brothers, Charles John and Octavius, had been indignant over Pen's publication of his father's and mother's love letters. No doubt this fact gave impetus to the burning of the letters which their sister had written her father. But by the destruction of these letters was lost the final evidence which would have made it impossible to crystallize the slander which has centered around the figure of Edward Moulton-Barrett and his daughter.

Had Elizabeth Barrett Browning written an autobiography as Harriet Martineau did, it would have ranked among the most truthful and relentless books ever written. When Elizabeth Barrett set down the following words she knew what she was saying, for her measure was her own struggle:

We should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls, let them be open to men hereafter, even as they are to God now.

Her measure of what struggle meant in the lives of others would not be an unfair estimate of what struggle had become in her own life. Neither the moral hardness of the Puritan—with which Browning was somewhat afflicted—nor the mental softness of the sentimentalist handicapped her. Within her letters—the only prose records—lie details of brilliant psychological analysis of others but not of herself. The family involvement, the data of Barrett backgrounds, the invalidism (one scarcely knows which to place first), her drug addiction in the midst of the family of the Barrett, made her unable to give an adequate picture of her own life.

In March, 1854, there is the record that Mr. Barrett had asthma. Five months later, in October, he had a serious accident at 50, Wimpole Street in breaking his leg. This resulted in

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permanent lameness. Elizabeth's letter about this accident is to Miss Mitford:

Ah, dearest friend, you feel how I must have felt about the accident in Wimpole Street. I can scarcely talk to you about it. There will be permanent lameness, Arabel says, according to the medical opinion, though the general health was not for a moment affected. But permanent lameness! That is sad for a person of active habits. I ventured to write a little note—which was not returned, I thank God—or read, I dare say; but of course there was no result. I never even expected it, as matters have been.³

To her father at the time of the accident she wrote saying that she had heard of it and how she felt. She made Pen write the direction to give the letter "a chance of being opened."⁴

The accident which resulted in the permanent lameness of her father had been an accident to his daughter. While she could make herself believe in his happiness and well-being, there was more confidence in her own happiness. But with the onset of trouble at Wimpole Street her heart began that "walking up and down constantly through that house of Wimpole Street," and was "tired, tired." Letters to him, pleading and loving, were written, and were set aside unopened at Wimpole Street. To the end her love tried to re-establish itself with her father, for in character and in the depth of his culture she was never to know anyone as close to her as he was. Over the years she had been separated from him, his picture hung opposite her bed.⁵

After the accident and the lameness there came news that Edward Moulton-Barrett was better. For two or three years the life at Wimpole Street seemed to be stabilized. But then followed other records of illness. So far as they knew nothing very serious. A few days before the word of Edward Moulton-Barrett's death had reached them a letter had come from Arabel saying that her father was ill. Then a letter from George saying that he was dead. And his daughter knew by that letter that the kindly, dark blue eyes were closed for ever.

Robert Browning wrote Mrs. Martin:

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I suppose you know, at least, the very little that we know; and how unaware poor Mr. Barrett was of his imminent death: "he bade them," says Arabel, "make him comfortable for the night, but a moment before the last." And he had dismissed her and her aunt about an hour before, with a cheerful or careless word about "wishing them good night." So it is all over now, all hope of better things, or a kind answer to entreaties such as I have seen Ba write in the bitterness of her heart. There must have been something in the organization, or education, at least, that would account for and extenuate all this; but it has caused grief enough, I know; and now here is a new grief not likely to subside very soon.⁶

Browning was right. There was something in both organization and education which made Edward Moulton-Barrett what he was. In a letter to Henrietta, Browning called his passing "Strange and sudden and mournful." Of his wife, he wrote that she was "no more shaken than was inevitable, and far less than I should have expected."⁷ Did Browning after ten years of life with her not understand the inability she shared with her father to speak of grief or at times to find any form of expression? No, he understood. Years later in a note to Dr. Furnivall explaining the reason he was unable to give him certain information, he wrote:

The personality of my wife was so strong and peculiar that I had no curiosity to go beyond it, and concern myself with matters which she was evidently disinclined to communicate.⁸

To his brother-in-law, George, Browning wrote that the wounds in her heart never healed altogether "though they may film over." . . . Edward Moulton-Barrett's funeral took place in Herefordshire, where he was buried beside his wife in the Church of All Angels, Ledbury. Nearby was the Hope End of their happy days.

II

During the years, planter-wise, Charles John was shuttling to and fro between Jamaica and "home." Following his father's

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death in April he was by early summer back from Jamaica. In August Mrs. Browning wrote Mrs. Jameson:

I get letters from my sisters which make me feel "*froissee*" all over, except that they seem pretty well. My eldest brother has returned from Jamaica, and has taken a place with a Welsh name on the Welsh borders for three years—what I knew he would do. He wrote me some tender words, dear fellow. . . .⁹

Bryngwyn, the place he had taken near Oswestry, belonged to John Rose Palmer, the grandson of the Custos John Palmer of Rose Hall.¹⁰ In another letter six weeks later to her sister Henrietta, E.B.B. expressed the wish that Henrietta go to Bryngwyn for that would give Storm pleasure and do Henrietta good. Then she added:

He is a dear fellow and always was, and I love him with my whole heart.¹¹

Five months later there is a picture of Charles John and Septimus on the way back to Jamaica. Elizabeth had heard with pain that they were gone

and in that horrid creeping David Lyon too, which I have no manner of reason for respecting. They will be weeks and weeks on the sea. What an absurdity to go, it seems to me.

Did this sister or Henrietta or Arabel know of the ties which were drawing Storm back to Jamaica? Five months later Charles John, Octavius, Septimus and Alfred were near their sister in France, not far from Le Havre where E.B.B., Robert Browning and Pen were staying. They did not come to see her and she wrote sadly to Henrietta:

See now I lose my own dear Stormie, not to speak of Occy and Set and Alfred. But then they needn't have lost me, if it had seemed worth while to find me.

In February, 1859, it was plain that Storm would soon be in flight for Jamaica. His sister wishes him to have a copy of the Talfourd portrait, also a copy of *Aurora Leigh* to take with

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him. But if Charles John is determined to go soon to Jamaica, *Aurora Leigh* will not be in time. Then she added:

Give my tender love to my dearest Storm, and tell him how, whenever I hear of his saying a word of me, it thrills through me.

The patriarchal system of slave holding has more often than not included concubinage,—the inevitable concubinage existing since time was between the masters and the women of an enslaved group. The wills and other records of the Barretts have revealed that in the customs of the country, including concubinage, some of the men of the family were no exception to the rule. Despite the strict domestic morality of their father, Charles John Moulton-Barrett and his brother Septimus followed the custom of their forefathers. In the spring of 1856 Charles John was in Jamaica, and dwelling alternately at Cinnamon Hill and Retreat Penn. Later Septimus was to have the management of Cinnamon Hill, and his brother lived at Retreat.

A year and four months after the opening of Edward Moulton Barrett's will in August, 1855, to disinherit Alfred, following Alfred's marriage to his cousin Lizzie, and four months before his father's death, there was born to Charles John by a woman of color, whose name was Elizabeth Barrett, a child. This daughter was Eva. In February, 1860, Arabella was born. The growing antagonism towards marriage on the part of Charles John's father, as well as the giant fossil imprint of custom of the country, had played their part!

It was in the year following Eva's birth that her father erected near the rustic estate chapel a monument to his father's memory. This monument is about eight feet high with a Cross at the top. The Inscription reads:

To The Memory
EDWARD MOULTON BARRETT
Proprietor of these Estates
who died in London
A.D. April 17, 1857
R. I. P.

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At Cinnamon Hill and Retreat Penn Charles John's two children had their childhood. For many years their home life was as happy as their homes were beautiful. Until they were taken to France to be educated, these children lived chiefly at Retreat. They were almost always within sound of their father's quiet voice and hesitant speech. About them they had kind dark faces, the sweet mountain air, freedom, the hills. At Retreat or Cinnamon Hill they played with other dark-skinned boys and girls, and learned their lessons. But few in Jamaica would ever have questioned their advantage as Moulton-Barretts. On that Island of the Gods they began accumulating those memories which made their father the center of an unforgetting love. The nursery governess for these children was Anne Margaret Young, a well educated brown woman of good class. Of their mother little is known, now, except the persistent family name of Elizabeth Barrett borne by black and white alike, by slaves and by the free.

When one of these children was five years old and the other two, they were given conditional baptism on the estate in a little rustic chapel which Charles John had donated to Father Woollett and the Roman Catholic Church.¹² "Conditional baptism" was given in Jamaica by the Roman Catholic Church for two reasons: when a Protestant was being converted to Roman Catholicism, or when, possibly, there had been baptism before but no record was found. Among the Records kept by the Fathers of Winchester Park are these entries:

On the 14th of October 1862 at Retreat I gave Conditional Baptism to Charles John Moulton Barrett.

J. Sydney Woollett.

On the 14th of October 1862 at Retreat I gave Conditional Baptism to Eva born January 1857 daughter of Charles John Moulton Barrett and Elizabeth Barrett (not married).

J. Sydney Woollett.

On the 14th of October 1862 at Retreat I gave Conditional Baptism to Arabella born February 1860 daughter of Charles John Moulton Barrett and Elizabeth Barrett.

J. Sydney Woollett.¹³

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Trouble came soon enough to this little group of a powerful family seeking the sanction and the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. The year after, the children's governess demanded to be made an "honest" woman. Charles John agreed to marry her. The following marriage license was obtained from Governor Eyre:

Stamp on License 13/-6d.

Jamaica SS:

To any Lawful Minister of the Island.

These are to License and permit you to join together in the Holy State of Matrimony Charles John Moulton Barrett of the Parish of S'Ann Esquire and Anne Margaret Young of the same place Spinster according to the Canons of the Church of England and form prescribed in the book of Common Prayer and the laws of that part of Great Britain called England, or otherwise, according to the laws of this Island in that case made and provided you knowing no lawful cause or impediment to the contrary.

Given under my hand at St. Jago de la Vega the 23rd day of October Annoqui Domini One thousand eight hundred and sixty three.

E. Eyre.

Passed the Secretary's Office,

W. J. Stewart Sec.

Four days later Father Woollett set his signature to this record of the marriage:

On the 27th of October 1863 at The Retreat S'Anns (By License) I joined in holy Wedlock according to the rites of the Catholic Church Charles John Moulton Barrett and Anne Margaret Young. The Witnesses were Septimus Barrett and Edward Samuels.

J. Sydney Woollett.¹⁴

But Mrs. Barrett was not pregnant. Indignant, Charles John built for her a detached annex to Cinnamon Hill house where this brown wife lived apart. Slightly screened by alligator pear trees, and now attached to the main house, this Annex can be seen today. As long as Anne Margaret Young lived an annuity of £100, which was a charge upon Retreat, was paid to her.¹⁵

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. . . This was merely the beginning of the trouble which came to Charles John, seemingly because he acted with honor quixotic in the eyes of the members of his family resident in Jamaica and of his fellow planters in marrying a brown woman.

III

Probably it was at that time the Jamaican Barretts first hurled at Stormie the epithet "family fool" heard sixty-seven years later at Albion, even as I was to hear Septimus called the "family thief." The term "family thief" applied to Septimus, even as "family fool" was to Stormie, is at the worst only a half truth. The era was a thief to all. Only those who knew how to guard themselves—as Charles John and Septimus did not—survived and prospered. The quixotism of Charles John finds one good illustration in a letter Browning wrote Isa Blagden in 1863:

I have a mind to tell you something that happened the other day in illustration of what I said was the Barrett character: a stupid family lawyer told Henry Barrett that an estate in England now belonging to Charles John B. *ought* to have been divided between him and a cousin, in their grandfather's time—adding that of course it was not to be mentioned: H. at once wrote to tell C. J.—who by return post wrote to the cousin—bidding him take the half, and all arrears of profit. The cousin replied that he knew better the state of the case, that the right had been settled long ago, and there was not a pretence of a claim on his part: so far good—but C. J. really meant to make an immense sacrifice and would gladly have done so.¹⁶

In a sense a handful of years which followed 1857 were final in their disaster to the family of the Barrett. Septimus seems to have taken over the management of the properties both in Trelawny and in St. James where he was Custos Rotulorum. He was, too, Member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica. Apparently his purse was as open as his heart was warm. A man of unusual stature, as many men of the Barrett family

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were, living fully and luxuriously, Septimus had become immense in size. Unmarried and following the custom of the country, he had the usual "housekeeper" arrangements by which there was at least one daughter, Mary Caroline, born in 1864, probably at Cinnamon Hill.¹⁷ The old days when an Edward Barrett was careful to economize, including both the darning and the patching of his clothes, despite an income of £60,000 a year, were over. Septimus, residing at Cinnamon Hill and elsewhere, attempted the extravagances of a past when cattle and slaves were the subjects and rum and sugar were king and queen. Prodigal hospitality on the estates, long absences in Kingston where he was upon the business of the Assembly, plunged the properties deeper and deeper into debt.

The steps from an "advance" of capital to a mortgage are often imperceptible. Because of Septimus' extravagance, coolness arose between Charles John and Septimus, so that until the early death of Septimus, Charles John went very little to Cinnamon Hill. In a short time, there seemed to be dissipated all the family had won over some two hundred years. Charles John's hand-to-hand struggle to keep back the tide of economic dissolution was in vain. What the Chancery suit in 1801 over cattle and slaves had begun, and changes in the economic and social conditions of Jamaica had added to, the extravagances of Septimus had completed. The struggle which Storm made finds some illustration in the Barrett Deed Book and especially in a signed note which he appended to the sales. These first sales of small parcels of land were from land on the outskirts of their estates still princely in extent. Seventeen years later Charles John Moulton-Barrett signed his name to this statement which, the estate circumstances having become what they were, is not wholly free from an element of self-defense:

The above sales were effected by my Attornies & the proceeds expended by them on the estates.

C Moulton-Barrett

The Retreat 1882

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Forced by conditions out of his seclusion, Charles John had become attorney for the estates. It was not long before advertisements for the sale of Cinnamon Hill, with immediate possession, appeared in the newspapers:

The Colonial Standard
April 24, 1877.

For Sale

With Immediate Possession

Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall Sugar Estate.

Situate in the Parish of St. James. Midway between the Towns of Falmouth and Montego Bay, and comprising 1453 Acres or thereabouts. viz:—

In Canes	200
Guinea Grass	600
Common and Pimento	200
Wood and Ruinate	453
	<hr/>
	1453

There is a powerful horizontal cane-mill by Mirelees and Taft driven by a fine iron water wheel the latter being worked by a never failing stream of Water which after leaving the mill is utilized for irrigation purposes. The Property abounds in Cocoanut and other Fruit Trees besides Pimento, Mahogany etc. etc. The public wharf called Little River which has lately been put in good order forms part of the freehold, and there is a Post Office at the Wharf. The stock consists of 136 horned stock and 35 Mules. The Great House is one of the largest and most comfortable Residences in the Island beautifully situated, there is also a commodious Residence at Cornwall, commanding most extensive sea and land views. The family Cemetery covering half an acre will be excluded from the sale and the right of way to it reserved the Purchaser to pay all expenses of cultivation and management from the 1st. August next

For price and further particulars apply to Leicester C. Shirley or H. M. Purchas, Clark's Town Post Office.

A year later, in 1878, George Robertson, the owner of Rose Hall, bought Cinnamon Hill. He had to do so, as it had the command of the water which drove the mills of the Rose

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Hall Sugar Works as well as those of Cinnamon Hill Sugar Works. Had he not done so, it would have been necessary for Rose Hall to wait the pleasure of Cinnamon Hill for the turning on of the water. . . . So passed out of family possession the historic estate of the Barretts. Six years from the time of the sale of Cinnamon Hill Charles John had only Retreat, Cambridge and Oxford left. The soul of honor, he was financially ruined in his attempt to clear the family name by paying off the debts of Septimus. Losing one sugar estate after another, he was finally sold out of Oxford and Cambridge, and, at last, Retreat Penn.¹⁸



Retreat Penn, St. Ann's



Looking off onto Blue Mountain Peak, Jamaica

Courtesy of Lady Swettenham

CHAPTER L

“ONE WORD MORE WITH E. B. B.”

FROM the letters published in 1935 it is plain that Mrs. Browning was unable to give up her dependence upon opium. On the 2nd of October, 1846, she wrote Henrietta that Mr. Jago had sent her “the prescription for the draughts.”¹ In December Arabel heard from her that

As to all that story about the morphine . . . —it was a passing inconvenience, just proving that I could not do without the medicine.²

On the 8th of February Browning wrote Arabel:

Ba . . . is steadily diminishing the doses of morphine, quite as much as is prudent.

The month following Arabel heard from her sister that Robert was “very anxious” for her “to be free of the morphine. . . .” Then Mrs. Browning added:

I gradually diminish to seventeen days for twenty-two doses which I used to take in eight days.

Two weeks later, worried lest in her first pregnancy the morphia had been in part the cause of her miscarriage, she confided to Henrietta that she had of late been subject to pains which Wilson deplored as “not right” if her suspicions as to Mrs. Browning’s “condition” were correct. Wilson “had great fears about the influence of the morphine &c.” Besought both by Browning and Wilson and, as she wrote, frightened out of

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her wits "by the suggestion about the morphine," she finally agreed to consult Dr. Jago about an imaginary case under similar conditions.³ In a postscript in this letter she said: "The morphine did *no* harm at all." We are left to infer that Dr. Cook said it did no harm. That may have been the sincere opinion of the medical science of that day. In Mrs. Browning's own thoughts the morphia did "harm," for in the history surrounding Pen's birth, her third pregnancy, it is a fact that she did leave off the morphia. Robert Browning in a letter to Henrietta and Arabel telling of the birth of the little one who was to be his only child, said:

That resolution of leaving off the morphine, for instance—where is one among a thousand "strongmen" that would have thrown himself on the mercy of an angel, as she did on mine, quite another kind of being!

But in the attacks of weakness which came later E.B.B. did return to the use of morphia. Psychically—not physically—escape was impossible for her. The opium dependence had become part of a neurosis. Her morphine was not just medicine in the chemical or physical sense. She had hypostasized it. Morphia—her Amreeta draught—had the "form" of a being, an entity.

Both Elizabeth Barrett's family wealth and her social position had protected her. It was always possible for her to have a physician or physicians—usually two—in attendance at 50, Wimpole Street. And she did. Anyone in a less fortunate family financially could not have done so, and the drug addiction would not only not have been so well directed, it would also have been more exposed to the shafts of public and uninformed criticism. Ten years after their marriage the death of John Kenyon in 1856 brought with it the legacies Kenyon left to both his cousin and to Robert Browning, the added and continued protection of a comfortable financial independence. Her social position, too, was a kindly interpreter of what otherwise and under other conditions might well have been misinterpreted. There was a

“ONE WORD MORE WITH E.B.B.”

third—and the most important—factor at work in the safeguarding of reputation: her character and personality, which had become of singular strength and beauty.

So true is it that she was so protected that merely to read Mrs. Howe's poem *One Word More With E.B.B.* is to feel that a rude blow has been struck. Yet the attitude which Mrs. Howe took towards Mrs. Browning's use of opium seems to have been the usual interpretation of such dependence, not as physical and nervous disease but as mental aberration or moral turpitude. The poem, both petty and significant, suggests that Mrs. Browning's dependence was common knowledge. It seems that Julia Ward Howe had sent a volume of her early poems, *Passion Flowers*, to the Brownings by a friend, who loaned it to another friend before delivering it to its rightful destination, thus occasioning a long delay in acknowledgment. This delay Mrs. Howe mistook for indifference or neglect.⁴ In her next book of verse, *Words for the Hour*, travestyng Browning's title Mrs. Howe wrote, among others, the following stanzas under the title:

ONE WORD MORE WITH E.B.B.

I could implore great gifts of Peace
To ransom grief-embittered hearts,
That self might sink, that Wrath might cease,
And Plenty speed the genial Arts.

There are who thread unmeasured heights
With spirits for their body-guard,
Who vex with ill-directed flight,
And sentence, mystical and hard.

I shrink before the nameless draught
That helps to such unearthly things,
And if a drug could lift so high,
I would not trust its treacherous wings;

Lest, lapsing from them, I should fall,
A weight more dead than stock or stone,—
The warning fate of those who fly
With pinions other than their own.⁵

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Unmistakable the thrust in these stanzas!

In Browning's love for his wife anything which touched her unkindly threw him into a state of indignation. In the Browning-Blagden letters there is one letter from Robert Browning to Isa Blagden which takes up these verses and their attack on E.B.B.:

I called a few days ago on Mrs. Crawford in order to show her how much I despised her sister Mrs. Howe who has written a couple of poems to Ba & me beginning "I have heard you do not praise me, Barrett-Browning, high inspired! Nor you, Robert!" and ending with saying Ba's poetry all comes out of her use of a "nameless drug," & plenty of similar abuse, because we didn't praise her! Mrs. Story seemed to think we must be writhing under such awful blows, but I find out people soon enough & know just what they will do one day to us, if they have the chance. Mrs. C. looked black and disconsolate enough, poor thing.⁶

Alice Meynell considered Robert Browning's work "detective."⁷ "I find out people" would seem an illustration of her statement. Another "poem" there was, too, not free from ill-nature: *A Word With the Brownings*. But that was not all. Five years after E.B.B.'s death Mrs. Howe permitted more verses, *Kenyon's Legacy*, criticizing the Brownings, to be published in her *LATER LYRICS*.⁸

II

Both in its history of opiumism and its seeming escape from or cure of cancer and opiumism through mesmerism, the profound influence of the life of Harriet Martineau on the life of Elizabeth Barrett has never been evaluated. Although they were not to meet, she and Elizabeth Barrett had become intimate correspondents before 1840. And even before that Harriet Martineau and Robert Browning had been friends. In his *Reminiscences* Thomas Carlyle, under the aspect of frankness, has given a rather ill-natured and vivid account of Harriet Martineau in the heyday of her fame, with references to her illness

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and her partial record of that illness in *Life in the Sick-room*. Yet it was Carlyle who, later, in his *Reminiscences* wrote of her that she was “a soul clean as river sand.”⁹ And clean and clear as river sand was her whole attitude towards the opium dependence into which she herself came during the years she was at Tynemouth under the care of her brother-in-law, Dr. Greenhow.

In her understanding of the problems involved in opiumism, Harriet Martineau was in advance of her times.¹⁰ Her illness, treatment, the means of cure, and her recovery constitute a long and amazing story.¹¹ How deeply involved Harriet Martineau had become in opium dependence nothing reveals more clearly than the words she wrote in her *Life in the Sick-room*:

I have myself observed, with inexpressible shame, that with the newspaper in my hand, no details of the peril of empires, or of the starving miseries of thousands of my countrymen, could keep my eye from the watch before me, or detain my attention one second beyond the time when I might have my opiate. For two years, too, I wished and intended to dispense with my opiate for once, to try how much there was to bear and how I should bear it: but I never did it, strong as was the shame of always yielding: and I have now long given up all thoughts of it.

For three years her dependence upon opium was increasing, while there seemed to be under Dr. Greenhow's treatment no decrease in her disease. Among her friends was Basil Montagu and his wife, both of them converts to mesmerism. They wrote her urging her to try mesmerism. About the same time her brother-in-law told her that Spencer Hall was lecturing in Newcastle upon mesmerism, that he himself had gone to the lecture, and that he had been impressed by “the honesty and fairness of the lecturer.” In six months she was seemingly in robust health again, taking long walks, and again vigorously engaged with her work.

What might be called the composite influence of Harriet Martineau on Elizabeth Barrett was a determining influence for almost twenty years of Mrs. Browning's life. In the West End

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years Elizabeth Barrett had worshipped literary fame. That fame Harriet Martineau possessed as no other woman of her day, and she was a fellow-invalid. Added to this was the fact that she was ill in Tynemouth, part of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne which had been familiar to Elizabeth Barrett over many years of her childhood. Finally Harriet Martineau was dependent upon opium. From both opium dependence and disease Elizabeth Barrett saw Harriet Martineau released in six months by the power of mesmerism,—what is more, released, seemingly, into perfect health over many years.

III

It was inevitable not only that Elizabeth Barrett should make a connection between opiumism, and mesmerism, and spiritualism, but also through the influence of Harriet Martineau's experience, that there should be deeply imbedded in her thought and hope the faith that she, too, would find release from opium dependence by the power of mesmerism. Whatever she did and for whatever she hoped Mrs. Browning believed not only that the Barretts were cursed but also that she herself was dominated by "the fatal influences of *my star*." ¹² It would be strange if she had not included among the hopes now centering around mesmerism and spiritualism some escape from that "star." Curiously enough Paracelsus was supposed to be the founder of "this magnetic philosophy." ¹³

When Elizabeth Barrett was forty years old, she had lived in a nest of fears,—fears that friends would wish to come to see her, fears when she did see them, fears of what might happen, fears about going out. Now in husband, child, outward moving life, and many friends, she knew that she had gained—although it was not complete freedom from the family domination and the domination of opium—more than she had lost. Nevertheless, her father's death brought "sudden desolation" from which she was never to recover. In proportion to the love for Robert Browning which she had won in conflict with her love for her

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father, was she destined to collapse at the time of her father's death. It was this collapse which in 1857 had set in, and which made any final escape from dependence on morphine impossible. A few weeks after the letter to Mrs. Martin, Robert Browning was writing to Harriet Hosmer that, since news of Edward Moulton-Barrett's death had reached them a month before, Ba had not gone out and had seen no one but Isa Blagden. But, he adds, “she shall, if I carry her, and before the week is out.” And gradually Mrs. Browning was “carried” out into the everyday world again.

But there was another world by means of which she tried to the end to help herself back to hope and physical and nervous freedom: that of spiritualism. There she sought for compensation, for unbroken companionship, for health. Whatever the validity, or want of that common standard in any scientific experiment, there can be no doubt of the sincerity of many who took part in spiritualistic experiments. Among those men and women were J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Harriet Martineau, Professor and Mrs. Augustus DeMorgan, J. Fenimore Cooper, and Mrs. Browning. She who had so successfully refused to engage in the brickbats of religious controversy, was drawn into the very center of the controversy over spiritualism. Mrs. Browning wrote to a Mr. Merrifield:

The class of phenomena in question appear to me to be too numerous not to be recognized as facts. I believe them to occur often under circumstances which exclude the possibility of imposture. That there is sometimes imposture is natural and necessary—for wherever there is a truth, there will be a counterfeit of the truth. . . .¹⁴

E.B.B.'s independence in the position which she took on these problems becomes the more evident the more it is remembered that both her father and her husband were opposed to any acceptance of the phenomena of spiritualism.¹⁵ Those who believe in spiritualism do so because they have need of its therapy. The depth of the yearning and the need which for

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Elizabeth Barrett centered about spiritualism stand out in some sentences in a letter written Harriet Beecher Stowe two months before Mrs. Browning died:

My husband calls me "peculiar" in some things,—peculiarly *lache*, perhaps. I can't articulate some names, or speak of certain afflictions;—no, not to *him*,—not after all these years! It's a sort of *dumbness* of the soul. Blessed are those who can speak, I say. But don't you see from this how I must want "spiritualism" above most persons? ¹⁶

For Mrs. Browning spiritualism was tantamount to faith. With the years this "faith" met with increasing opposition from Robert Browning, who saw not only in opiumism but also in mesmeric and spiritualistic experience menace to his wife.¹⁷

In a letter to his brother-in-law George, in which Browning asserted "Ba and I know each other," he went on to acknowledge that they sometimes disagreed about politics or people's characters, and as for "spirit rapping" they differed "*toto coelo* or rather, *in ferno*."¹⁸ How complete the opposition Mrs. Browning had to meet from her husband becomes clear in multiple in his statements, but nowhere more completely and finally clear than in these sentences in a letter by Robert Browning to Miss de Gaudrion:

Mr. Browning has, however, abundant experience that the best and rarest of natures may begin by the proper mistrust of the more ordinary results of reasoning, when employed in such investigations as these, go on to an abnegation of the regular tests of truth, rationality, in favour of these particular experiments, and end in a voluntary prostration of the whole intelligence. Once arrived at this point, no trick is too gross,—absurdities are referred to "low spirits": falsehoods to "personating spirits":—and the one terrible apparent spirit, the Father of Lies, has it all his own way.¹⁹

Unmistakably clear is Browning's reference to his wife's letter to Mr. Merrifield in the "low spirits" and "personating spirits." But *Sludge the Medium* is Robert Browning's bitterest comment upon the mesmerism of his day.

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IV

Elizabeth Barrett expressed herself greatly because she thought and felt greatly. This greatness of thought placed her far in advance of her own times when she wrote in the following terms in the Preface to *Poems Before Congress* of an internationalism of which visionary internationalists are still dreaming:

I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England; having courage in the face of his countrymen, to assert of some suggested policy,—“This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination: but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people farther off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity: therefore, away with it! It is not for you or for me.” When a British minister dares to speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within, from loud civic mouths, shall come to her from without, as all worthy praise must, from the alliances she has fostered and the populations she has saved.

In her day her coiffure was not in fashion. Nor was the strength of that which lay beneath the coiffure—a woman’s power to think—in fashion. She was too daring, too independent. Something of this independence she took from her father, who did not ride around in carriages because it was the fashion and who was by no manner of means—even conditioned as he was by his sugar interests—the “crusted Tory” he has been called.

Mrs. Browning’s poetry is frequently and emphatically the poetry of public interest. Among her poems of public interest are *The Cry of the Children*, *The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim’s Point*, and *A Curse for a Nation* from *Poems before Congress*. What Elizabeth Barrett Browning accomplished socially in love and justice by such a poem as *The Cry of the Children*—written before she left her home—has never been estimated,—perhaps cannot be estimated. *The Runaway Slave* and *A Curse for a Nation* contain problems deeply personal in her family

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life. In a letter to Mrs. Jameson Mrs. Browning made it plain that she believed that women had the right to speak on such problems as slavery:

Not read Mrs. Stowe's book! But you *must*. Her book is quite a sign of the times, and has otherwise and intrinsically considerable power. For myself, I rejoice in the success, both as a woman and a human being. Oh, and is it possible that you think a woman has no business with questions like the question of slavery? Then she had better use a pen no more. She had better subside into slavery and concubinage herself, I think, as in the times of old, shut herself up with the Penelopes in the "women's apartment," and take no rank among thinkers and speakers. Observe, I am an abolitionist, not to the fanatical degree, because I hold that compensation should be given by the North to the South, as in England. The States should unite in buying off this national disgrace.²⁰

Elizabeth Barrett made no attempt to evade the burden which her ancestry placed upon her. In a letter to Ruskin she said:

In regard to the slaves, no, no, no; I belong to a family of West Indian slaveholders, and if I believed in curses, I should be afraid. I can at least thank God that I am not an American. How you look serenely at slavery, I cannot understand, and I distrust your power to explain.

Not a little of the interest in American slavery was due to the influence of her own family history. The vehemence of her attack on American slavery suggests something compensatory for her helplessness as the granddaughter and daughter of men who had owned thousands of slaves, and her knowledge that the bread in her mouth and the privilege of her day were the result of "American" or Colonial slave labor. Considering the West Indian backgrounds of the Barretts, the puzzling fact is not that E.B.B. wrote these poems on slavery but that E.B.B. did not earlier begin to write about slavery from a more personal point of view.

Her "thin slice of a wicked book," POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS, containing the *Curse for a Nation*, aroused a storm, for the curse from the depth of her womanhood had proved to

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be very salt and bitter and good. Ruskin had said that Mrs. Browning had “no business to curse any country but her own.”²¹ But the majority of the English public simply assumed that she *was* cursing her own country. One stranger, however, Edmund Ollier, the publisher, understood and wrote her.²² Her brother Charles John, too, oddly enough understood and shared her point of view about slavery, as others of her brothers and sisters did not. Storm’s sympathy is reflected by the letter which, two months after she wrote Edmund Ollier, E.B.B. wrote to Charles John in Jamaica:

Arabel tells me that you praise my last book—which is very extraordinary for an Englishman—Oh Storm—If you were to see, if you were to read, if you were to know, how I have been abused in England. The Saturday Review gave me three columns of Sunday Billingsgate—& on all sides the abuse has come in like the waves at springtide. All which proves to my mind that I was right and not wrong, that the English public has been wrong & not right—When people are so keen in taking offence, they have generally unquiet consciences. . . . Chapman, the junior publisher, has come out to Florence upon business,—(in fact, to call Lever to order, who persists in keeping three carriages at his (Chapman’s) expence, while his books sell by no means excellently) and tells us that the “Poems before Congress” have done me no sort of real harm, in spite of all the impertinence, & that there has been a universal acknowledgment of the “*pluck*” of the writer—“*Impudence*, you mean,” said I—But he says no—it is not so bad—Also he says there’s to be a second edition soon—and a *fifth* of Aurora Leigh.²³

CHAPTER LI

APPLES BY THE DEAD SEA

ELIZABETH BARRETT'S public interests were of the same measure as her poetry and prose. Generations of office-holding West Indians with political power had shaped her mentally as well as physically. Even the exaggeration of interest in Italy's welfare which both marked and shook the last years of her life is explicable from more points of view than one. The very year of her birth was momentous in French and Italian history. Up to 1814 and the fall of Napoleon, her life must have been surrounded with political discussion and the rumor and the facts of war. Even at the age of six she wrote her mother:

tell dear Papa the Russians has beat the french klld 18,000 men and taken 14,000 prisners.¹

During Elizabeth Barrett's middle years the Italian national spirit was emerging out of the welter of change and the shock of conflict. . . . And Italian nationalism was in the last few years of her life her most passionate concern. She wrote Isa:

I dreamed lately that I followed a mystic woman down a long suite of palatial rooms. She was in white, with a white mask, on her head the likeness of a crown. I knew she was Italy, but I couldn't see through the mask. All through my illness political dreams have repeated themselves, inscrutable articles of peace and eternal provisional governments. Walking on the mountains of the moon, hand in hand with a Dream more beautiful than them all, then falling suddenly on the hard earth-ground on one's head,

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no wonder that one should suffer. Oh, Isa, the tears are even now in my eyes to think of it! ²

Finally for almost fifteen years, except for a few brief visits to England and France, Italy was her home. In her love for Italy Mrs. Browning had not adopted another country. What she had done, and continued to do, was to make it plain that in any narrow sense she was not an English patriot:

In fact, patriotism in the narrow sense is a virtue which will wear out, sooner or later, everywhere. Jew and Greek must drop their antagonisms; and if Christianity is ever to develop it will not respect frontiers.

In all the disillusionment which came to her, neither her idealism nor her love for Italy was lessened. Her idealism was based too deeply in the great heart and the great mind to be discarded because of any personal suffering. She said of herself that she began by seeing the beautiful in people and then came disillusion; that it was not caprice or unsteadiness which made this so but merely her fate.

Mrs. Browning was to lose her faith in Pius IX. She was to think of Mazzini as a "man of unscrupulous theory"; to see that the "honest hero" Garibaldi was "weakest and most malleable of men." She grew into complete contempt for Lord Cowley, finding his threats "morally hideous." The "double play" of Lord Palmerston became plain to her. Some comfort she found in the integrity of Massimo d'Azeglio, prime minister of Piedmont, with his "noble chivalrous head," who had done the Brownings the honor to come to see them. In Camille Cavour, too, the great soul who had "meditated and made Italy," she found comfort, saying that if she was ambitious of anything it would be to be wronged where Cavour was wronged. She would have given one hundred Garibaldis for one Cavour. One of the last names on her lips was that of Cavour's successor: Ricasoli. . . . Not a few statements have been made about Elizabeth Barrett's loss of balance in her admiration for Louis Napoleon. Even so close an observer as Henry James wrote

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William Wetmore Story of her "feverish obsession" and of her "convictions as a malady and a doom." ³ These obsessions may have been part of a family involvement and in that sense a malady, but they were also the direct result of the interests and trends of many generations of the family of the Barrett in Jamaica and elsewhere.

In Mrs. Browning's album is set down this inscription in Robert Browning's handwriting:

(This was E.B.B.'s "own" album; all the photographs in it were chosen and placed where they now are by herself: the names are in her pencil writing.—R.B. May 31, 1878) ⁴

As, to the last day of her life, she followed her devotion to Italy, in this album appears the record of that passion: the faces of those who were often in her thoughts: d'Azeglio and Cavour, Garibaldi, Pius IX, and Antonelli, Cowley, Lord Palmerston, Pantaleoni, Lamoriciere, Farini, Ricasoli, and many another, remembered or forgotten today. Little knowing the part he was to play, among the pictures in her album she set that of Tommaseo the poet. Today his inscription to her memory on a marble slab on the walls of Casa Guidi attests not only the love which Italy felt for her but also Italy's faith in her understanding:

Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose woman's heart combined the wisdom of a wise man with the genius of a poet, and whose poems form a golden ring which joins Italy to England. The town of Florence, ever grateful to her, has placed this epitaph to her memory.

II

Elizabeth Barrett Browning inherited from the family that energy which even when she was more than once a woman mortally ill with tuberculosis made it possible for her to recover and go on with life for awhile longer. So many times she has

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made record of her astounding vitality. In 1855 on February 24, in writing from Florence to her friend Mrs. Jameson, she said:

You know I'm a lineal descendant of the White Cat, and have seven lives accordingly. Also I have a trick of falling from six-storey windows upon my feet, in the manner of the traditions of my race. Not only I die hard, but I can hardly die.⁵

The "seven lives" were the lives presented to her by her forbears from Normandy, Cornwall, the West Indies, men and women toiling steadily and with judgment over many centuries. That disease-stricken littered Jamaican shore of 1655 and 1656 the Barretts had survived. From many generations of those Barretts had come her father, her name Elizabeth, her physique—stature, teeth, physiognomy—, her temperament, her mentality, her sense of humor, her emotional endowment, and her husband whose inheritance mentally and physically was, also, conspicuously Creole. Elizabeth Barrett said "in the manner of the traditions" of her race. So confident was she herself of the indestructible quality of this Barrett vitality that when she was within less than twenty-four hours of her death, she said to Robert Browning that the doctors did not know her case and that she would get well.

As Elizabeth Barrett grew older she had gained in the power of seeing herself, for she directed upon her own life something of the penetration and judicial fairness everywhere evident in her poems. She wrote:

I have lived only inwardly or with *sorrow* for a strong emotion. Before this seclusion of my illness, I was secluded still, and there are few of the youngest women in the world who have not seen more, heard more, known more, of society, than I, who am scarcely to be called young now . . . when my illness came . . . I turned to thinking with some bitterness . . . that I had seen no Human nature, that my brothers and sisters of the earth were *names* to me, that I had beheld no great mountain or river, nothing in fact . . . how willingly I would as a poet exchange some of this lumbering,

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ponderous, helpless knowledge of books, for some experiences of life and man. . . .⁶

True! But she did not go on to claim for herself what others may claim for her: the knowledge and the vision which she had gained because of this seclusion. . . . And, more important to her, even as the depth of her love for Robert Browning increased, she had come to recognize the bondage of the passionate devotion for her family as an inseparable part of her.

In 1838 E.B.B. had written of the withered grass of a Heart trampled on by its own beloved. She was to write in a little preface to the last book she published in her lifetime:

if patriotism be a virtue indeed, it cannot mean an exclusive devotion to our country's interests,—for that is only another form of devotion to personal interests, family interests, or provincial interests, all of which, if not driven past themselves, are vulgar and immoral objects.⁷

She had challenged the family interest and gone out and on to a larger life. And she had been made an exile from her home, and at that not by her father only. She begged her sisters and her brothers to come to her. She wanted these brothers and sisters, and above all her father, so much more than any pleading words—even hers—could reveal. As she wrote: they need not have lost her if they had cared to come and find her! No one of them ever went to her in the Italy which had become her home. For them she had crossed the Channel as many times as strength and funds permitted. The brothers took journeys to Jamaica, to Wales, to various countries in Europe, but never to Italy. There is no record that they ever paid their sister a visit at Casa Guidi. Henrietta, it may be, would have gone, had she had the means. Arabel was immersed in her rescue work and did not visit her sister except in Paris. All this E.B.B. saw clearly, and it ate deeper and deeper into her strength. She saw that she herself—as far as they were concerned—had taken flight out of their lives. She wrote Sarianna Browning:

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All the days of the three times of meeting in fourteen years, can only be multiplied together into *three weeks*; and this after a life of close union.⁸

In her early love for Robert Browning she had said in a letter: but I never regret knowledge . . . I mean I never would *unknow* anything . . . even were it the taste of the apples by the Dead sea.⁹

The years of her life were completing themselves and she "went out" or abroad, whether in Florence or Rome or Paris or London, less and less. More and more did the little chair Sam, her uncle, had given her, and in which she sat, become the center of interest for a multitude of friends. The year 1860 had set in badly for the Brownings with the death on the 17th of March of Anna Jameson, the Mona Nina of the early years of their marriage. There is a slight suggestion that Mrs. Browning because of the *Curse for a Nation* had become "bitter to the palate" of Mrs. Jameson's soul, and that she had been pleading to be forgiven for an unpatriotic act which she had not committed. . . .

Elizabeth Barrett had begun to be conscious of a "peculiar frailty of being." In May she wrote Isa:

Then I have been working a little at some Italian lyrics. Three more are gone lately to the "Independent," and another is ready to go. All this, with helping Pen to prepare for the Abbe, has filled my hands, and they are soon tired, my Isa, nowadays. When the sun goes down, I am down.¹⁰

Startling her she heard, too, the "footsteps" of her "own being" more and more loudly, marching upon her; the steps of those she loved marching with them, thronging towards her, trampling upon the little of life that was left for her. Her love-dependent nature was suffering intensely. The year before she had written to Henrietta:

I dearly love you, pray for you, think of you. None of the old days go past without a throb of pain in love. There are things too dear to talk of sometimes—I remember always.¹¹

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Not less but more intense had become the throbbing pain she felt for her father,—an incurable grief of which she must have been thinking, as well as of Bro, when she wrote Mrs. Jameson:

The griefs that are incurable are those which have our own sins festering in them. . . .¹²

Like her father, she could not look at death. When she looked deathward she looked “over death, and upwards,” or she could not look at all. Yet she believed death to be a mere incident in life and that “no *part of us* will ever lie in a grave.”

Then came the illness with cancer of her sister Henrietta, months of pain which E.B.B. could visualize all too well, not only through her love but also because of her experience—since she had seen and heard John Kenyon whispering in his pain “My God! My God!” She hoped, but of hope there was none, and of strength she had little left. The black veil of death was between her and anything she could do. Henrietta had always seemed so strong that Mrs. Browning had never “feared that way.” Her first impulse was to rush to England; but she was overruled in that. Now, all that she felt she could do for others was to keep quiet and not make trouble and live on “God’s daily bread from day to day.” She had had a crumb of the bread through Storm, who on hearing of Henrietta’s illness had left Jamaica for England and who wrote saying he thought that Henrietta suffered a little less pain. And then came the end for Henrietta in August. In the autumn Elizabeth Barrett wrote a friend:

I have suffered very much, and feel tired and beaten. Now, it’s all being lived down; thrown behind or pushed before, as such things must be if we *are* to live: not forgetting, not feeling any tie slackened, loving unchangeably, and believing how mere a *line* this is to overstep between the living and the dead.

Two days after Christmas Robert Browning wrote Isa of E.B.B.’s weak condition, saying that letters from England “continue to open the wound as fast as it films over.”¹³

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III

Browning had written "she will get over this grief in some respects." But she did not. With Henrietta's death she had reached the end cumulatively of all the grief she could bear. And the close of June, not six months following Browning's statement to Isa, she became definitely ill. It was a sore throat and a cough had set in. On the second night Browning left her with Annunziata her maid and knocked up Dr. Wilson. Dr. Wilson after examination gave some relief, but said that it would take a long time for her to get back. He suspected an abscess. Knowing part of this, E.B.B. said to R.B.:

It is the old story—they don't know my case—I have been tapped and sounded so, and condemned so repeatedly. . . . This is only one of my old attacks. I know all about it and I shall get better.¹⁴

On Thursday Browning let Isa come in to kiss her goodnight. That night Mrs. Browning drank milk and slept better. Friday the Brownings had some talk about taking another villa when she was well enough to go to it,—a change of air was her chance to get well. Browning noticed then a tendency to light-headedness. She had strange thoughts about the windows being hung with Hungarian colors. This "wandering" he

attributed to the morphine, which by order of Dr. Wilson she was obliged to take in larger quantities than those she was accustomed to.¹⁵

E.B.B. smiled to Isa that evening as she took a glass of milk, saying that she was troubled with "politics and nonsense."

Browning's back was turned while he was pouring out some medicine when she whispered to Isa: "Did you say Ricasoli and his politics were identical with those of Cavour, only they took different views of the best way of carrying them out?"

Isa left convinced that Mrs. Browning was better. Then Doctor Wilson came. Browning sat by his wife throughout the

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night, Pen in the next room asleep. She coughed little but dozed constantly. If her husband spoke, she looked, knew him, smiled. Her dozing troubled him, and he bade Annunziata get some hot water and make his wife sit up to put her hands in another basin.

She said, "Well, you do make an exaggerated case of it!"

Browning asked whether she knew him. "My Robert," she replied, kissing him.

He brought some jelly, asking her to take it for his sake and she did. He then brought another saucerful and poured it into a glass which she drank.

She put her arms around him saying repeatedly "God bless you" and kissing him with such "vehemence" that when he laid her down she continued to kiss the air with her lips.

He said, "Are you comfortable?"

"Beautiful," she answered.

She motioned to have her hands sponged, some of the jelly annoying her. This was done and she began to sleep again,—*"the last,"* Browning saw. He felt she should be raised and took her in his arms. The struggle to cough began,—unavailingly. He saw her brows knit and she died in his arms.

* * * *

On Monday evening, the first of July, outside the walls of Florence, three days after her death at dawn Saturday morning, the English burying ground opened its gates. English, Americans, Italians, clad in mourning and with sorrowing faces, followed the bier of Elizabeth Barrett Browning through the tall cypress trees and up the hill. Those around the bier standing near Robert Browning, looking down, saw a double grave. Looking up they saw the sun setting behind the distant mountains.

Fifteen years before Elizabeth Barrett had written Robert Browning: "I shall grow old with you and die with you."¹⁶ In a sense "yes." In that same year, too, she had asked Browning this question:

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When the ideal breaks off, when the light is gone, . . . will you love me then for the love which I shall bear you then as now, . . . the only real thing?

Many years after her death, this question Browning answered again in the words of Dante, writing them in her little Greek Testament:

Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamoured.

IV

In 1846 Elizabeth Barrett had written Robert Browning about their marriage announcement:

You might put in the newspapers . . . of Wimpole Street and Jamaica, or . . . and Cinnamon Hill, Jamaica. That is right and I thought of it at first—only stopped . . . seeming to wish to have as little about poor Papa as possible.

It is true that Jamaica was a land on which she had never set foot. Yet it was the land out of which her life had come and which had given to her body, mind and temperament. Looking up the long corridor of the years at the small fragile figure, it is seen that all those generations of the family of the Barrett in Jamaica had been leading up to her. It was merely that for her in this long history of an illustrious family, the moment of death had come. Time had slipped past her and gone on.

IV

Nine years after her death, turning in from the King's Highway, horses, heavily weighted, began the long pull up the slope of Cinnamon Hill. In Falmouth on the evening of the seventeenth of March, 1870, death with less warning than to his sister had come to Septimus Barrett. The weight of his immense body cased in a coffin proving too great for the horses,

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the negro women swarmed about the carriage, took out the horses, and harnessed themselves in. Upwards, upwards, on that way with cries, with grunts, weeping, they were drawing their load,—immense symbol of the death of Barrett power. . . .

In his attempts to meet the debts of Septimus, Charles John was sold out of Retreat. Stripped of all his properties, he and his children took up a life of retirement at Clifton, near Falmouth. Upon the table in his room lay Barrett Deed Book E, one of the last and most precious of his possessions, recording as it does many of the important events in the lives of the family of the Barrett from 1730 on down to modern times: their wills, their deeds, their indentures, the names of those with whom they were associated, the extent of their properties, and other significant facts. For him and for the devoted younger daughter Arabel who was always with him this ancient tome was a book of romance, full of the dreams of a past great in Jamaica and great in the lives of the Barretts.

With them, too, they had the original gold and crystal Cinnamon Hill seal, which for over four generations and for more than a hundred years had passed from Barrett hand to Barrett hand. Precious mementoes from Hope End they had also: Sam the uncle's copies of Elizabeth's *Essay on Mind* and *Prometheus*; an 1820 pastoral poem to Storm from "Ba"; letters and poems to their father on his birthday May 28, 1826; letters to Septimus on his birthday; letters to Octavius, including the roguish dwarf ode from "Ba"; letters to their Mother on her birthday the year before she died; more letters to Edward Moulton-Barrett in that same year; and photographs and a letter which Elizabeth had sent Storm many years later from Italy. They cherished even a tablecloth from the Hope End dining room, its flaming shells symbol of the brightness of another day of which nothing remained to them now except such reminders.

The power of the Moulton-Barretts was over. Still Charles John, under conditions remote from those the Barretts had known, lived on simply, peacefully, loving and beloved, the

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soul of honor, the years bringing him great old age. At last on the twenty-first of January, 1905, Charles John, born in the midst of a thunder-storm among the Malvern Hills of Hope End, was dead in the midst of the mountains of Jamaica. On the January day of his burial his children took up the journey from Clifton to Retreat along roads rich with straw-colored sugar cane topped with feathers and flags of lilac bloom. When the grave was reached, more than two hundred mourners stood about it. Of these mourners the *Gleaner* wrote:

They had long known the man who was now sleeping his last sleep; had known and had loved him. And perhaps the memory of some of the oldest of them went back to the days when his people were a power in the land, and when the name of Barrett was one to conjure with. . . . We think we see in that funeral procession of Charles Moulton Barrett a tribute of which every ancestor of his would have been proud. It was spontaneous, it was deep, it was genuine, it came from the heart. It was no homage to wealth, for the deceased gentleman had long since lost his estates. It was no respect paid to power, for Mr. Barrett had never been a public man. It was love and gratitude and a feeling of loyalty and reverence manifesting themselves beautifully.¹⁷

Two years after his death came the earthquake of 1907. Although the sea did not open to engulf the land, as it had engulfed Port Royal in 1692, the earthquake of 1907 razed a multitude of buildings, and took hundreds of lives. In the destruction, the historic tower of the Parish Church of Kingston went down, crashing with other buildings upon the tombs of the Churchyard. There had lain quietly enough for some one hundred and sixty years the bones of Edward and Lucia Tittle. Ironically, the brief success of the Tittles had sprung out of the great disaster at Port Royal, even as now the earthquake obliterated their memorial stones.¹⁸ But the Deed Book, the letter from his sister Elizabeth to her beloved Stormie, the papers, the books, the crystal seal, and even the table cloth, of the Barretts survived where stone had been broken upon stone.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

Abbreviations used in Notes and References

A.P.C.....	Acts of the Privy Council
B.D.B. E	Barrett Deed Book E
C.C.S.P.....	Calendar of Colonial State Papers
H.U.P.....	Hitherto Unpublished Poems
I.O.J.	Institute of Jamaica
I.R.O.J.....	Island Record Office, Jamaica
J.A.J.....	Journals of the Assembly of Jamaica
J.C.B.....	John Carter Brown Library
J.M.C.....	Jeannette Marks Collection
M.P.F.P.....	Missionary Papers at Fulham Palace
P.C.C.....	Prerogative Court of Canterbury
S.P.G.....	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel

Chapter I

HERSEY BARRETT, PIONEER

1. Robert Venables: "The Narrative of General Venables." Edited by C. H. Firth, London, 1900. P. 136.

2. Many of the sturdiest and ablest of these colonists from the Northside county of Cornwall, Jamaica, and other parts of the Island had come from Cornwall, England, among them the Barretts. Those Norman Barretts had settled in Cornwall, finding their first home in Pencoit or Penquite of the Parish of St. Sampson where they intermarried with the Pencoits.

Fortescue Hitchins: "The History of Cornwall, From the Earliest Records and Traditions, To the Present Time. Compiled by Fortescue Hitchins and edited by Mr. Samuel Drew Austell." 2 v. Helston, 1824. V. I, p. 455; v. II, pp. 435, 596.

Richard Carew: "Survey of Cornwall." London, 1811. P. 180.

R. Polwhele: "The History of Cornwall." 7 v. London, 1803-1808. V. II, p. 44.

Raphael Holinshed: "Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland." London, 1807-1808. V. II, p. 5.

John Stow: "The Annales of England." London, 1601. P. 140.

Daniel and Samuel Lysons: "Magna Britannia." V. III, containing Cornwall. London, 1814. P. cxxii.

Davies Gilbert: "The Parochial History of Cornwall." 4 v. London, 1838. V. II, pp. 88-90.

"The Itinerary of John Leland," in or about the Years 1535-1543, Parts I to III. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. London, 1907. P. 323.

[Joseph Polsue]: "A Complete Parochial History of the County of Cornwall." 4 v. London, 1867-1872. V. II, p. 97.

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William Dukes: "Memoirs of the First Settlement of the Island of Barbados," etc. London, 1743. P. 33.

C. S. Gilbert: "An Historical Survey of the County of Cornwall." 2 v. London, v. I, 1817, v. II, 1820. V. II, p. 177.

John Maclean: "The Parochial and Family History of the Deanery of Trigg Minor, in the County of Cornwall." 3 v. London, Bodmin, 1873. V. I, p. 283, V. II, p. 492.

Before the Barretts settled in Jamaica, some branches of the family had been colonists elsewhere in the West Indies: among other islands, in St. Kitts, Barbados and Montserrat. The earliest record I have found for the Barretts of Barbados is this monumental inscription under date of 1655. It gives a name familiar and traditional in the families of the Jamaica Barretts:

("Parish of St. Michael . . . St. Michael's Cathedral Church") 7. "Susan Barrett, Daughter of Richard and Martha Barrett, ob. 9th April, 1665.—Also—John Pennel, Sonne of Thomas & Susan Pennel—ob. July, 1665." (Lawrence-Archer: "Monumental Inscriptions of the British West Indies." London, 1875. P. 359.) (V. also "Calendar of Colonial State Papers," edited by W. Noel Sainsbury. London, 1880-1889. V. V, no. 1761, p. 573; v. VII, no. 595, also nos. 554, 568, 569, 594, 619, 620, 626-628, 791, 838, 855; v. XI, no. 1883, p. 694; v. XII, no. 209, p. 48; v. XIII, no. 23, p. 7; v. XV, no. 65, p. 27. V. also "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial Series." Hereford Times, Ltd. Hereford, 1910. V. I, no. 995, pp. 606-607; no. 1099, pp. 675-676; no. 1240, p. 799; and "Caribbeana," being Miscellaneous Papers Relating to the History, Genealogy, Topography, and Antiquities of the British West Indies, edited by Vere Langford Oliver. London, 1910. V. IV, List of Wills recorded in Barbados down to 1800. Pp. 54, 55, 56, 57, 61, 114, 115.) An interesting, if slight, confirmation of the theory of Barrett emigration from Barbados lies in a name. Paul Barrett the son of John, both of Jamaica, had two sons, Dutton and Thomas. (J.M.C.) In 1683 Dutton was Governor of Barbados.

Vincent T. Harlow: "A History of Barbados." Oxford, 1926. P. 112.

V. also "Historical Manuscripts Commission: Appendix to Seventh Report," London, 1879. P. 573a.

3. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 63 Folio 157.

4. "Venables," *op. cit.*, Appendix D, pp. 136-137.

"The English Conquest of Jamaica 1655-1656." Camden Miscellany, London, 1924. V. XIII, p. 12; also pp. 3-4.

5. *Ib.*, p. 8.

6. "Venables," *op. cit.*, p. 140, also Appendix E, p. 154.

7. "The English Conquest of Jamaica," *op. cit.*, p. 16.

8. "Venables," *op. cit.*, p. 142.

9. "The English Conquest of Jamaica," *op. cit.*, p. 5.

10. Captain Hickeringill: "Jamaica Viewed With All Ports," etc. London, 1661, 1705. Pp. 23 & 34.

11. D. Brymner: "The Jamaica Maroons." In "Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada." Second series, v. I. Montreal, 1895. *Passim*.

R. C. Dallas: "The History of the Maroons." London, 1803. *Passim*.

Bryan Edwards: "The History, Civil and Commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies." Philadelphia, 1806. *Passim*.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

12. "Clarke Papers." Edited for Royal Historical Society by C. H. Firth. London, 1889. V. III, pp. 86-87.

13. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. I, no. 517, p. 310; v. I, no. 638, p. 387.

"Interesting Tracts, Relating to the Island of Jamaica, Consisting of Curious State Papers, Councils of War, Letters, Petitions, Narrations, &c., &c. Which Throw Great Light on the History of That Island, from Its Conquest, Down to the Year 1702." St. Jago de la Vega, 1800. P. 198.

14. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. IX, no. 1214, p. 512. Jan. and Feb., 1671.

15. [Charles Leslie]: "A New and Exact Account of Jamaica." Edinburgh, 1739. Pp. 15-16.

16. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. IX, no. 800, p. 343.

17. Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 182.

18. Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 145.

19. Captain Hickeringill, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-20.

V. also "A Briefe Journall on a Succinct and True Relation of the Most Remarkable Passages Observed in That Voyage Undertaken by Captaine William Jackson to the Westerne Indies or Continent of America. Anno Domini 1642." Camden Miscellany, v. XIII. Camden Third Series, v. XXXIV. London, 1924. P. 18.

20. Though none of the land "notes" to the Barretts are now on file in the Record Office, the form in which they received them is of interest. (George Wilson Bridges: "The Annals of Jamaica." 2 v. London, 1828. V. I, p. 425.) Also, there are three records of grants of land to the Barretts in Sir Thomas Modyford's "Survey of the Island of Jamaica" in 1670 which are not to be found recorded in the Record Office at Spanish Town. But for Sir Thomas Modyford's list not much can be said, either from the point of view of accuracy or of completeness. The following Search for Patents to the Barretts from 1662 to 1827 in the Island Record Office of Jamaica which I have made is a source of authoritative information.

Patents Liber Folio

1	1	115	Patent dated 26th October 1663 of footland in Saint Catherine from Charles the Second to Hercie Barrett.
1	2	80	Patent dated 6th September 1665 of 110 acres of land in Clarendon from Charles the Second to Richard Barrett.
1	2	115	Patent dated 2nd January 1665 of footland in Saint Catherine from Charles the Second to Herse Barrett part of one house and yard in Saint Jago de la Vega.
1	2	188	Patent dated 18th January 1666 of 32½ acres of land in Saint Catherine named Two Mile Wood from Charles the Second to Hersy Barrett.
1	3	51	Patent dated 6th March 1668 of footland in Saint Catherine from Charles the Second to Hercy Barrett.
1	3	172	Patent dated 8th June 1669 of 20 acres of land in Saint Andrew from Charles the Second to Nicholas and John F. Barrett.
1	3	179	Patent dated 18th June 1669 of 300 acres of land in Saint John from Charles the Second to Herse Barrett.
1	4	40	Patent dated 25th March 1670 of 180 acres of land in Saint Ann from Charles the Second to Hersey Barrett.

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Patents	Liber	Folio	
I	5	17	Patent dated 10th January 1673 of 300 acres of land in Vere from Charles the Second to Richard Barrett.
I	6	276	Patent dated 30th October 1674 of 210 acres land in Saint Georges from Charles the Second to William Barrett.
I	6	283	Patent dated 20th April 1674 of 55 acres of land in Saint Dorothy from Charles the Second to Henry Barrett.
I	9	195	Patent dated 13th August 1683 of 225 acres of land in Vere from Charles the Second to Richard Barrett.
I	11	61	Patent dated 14th February 1687 of Footland in Saint Catherine from James the Second to Hersey Barrett.
I	12	174	Patent dated 12th March 1693 of Footland in Saint Catherine from William and Mary to Hercy Barrett.
I	14	77	Patent dated 12th August 1704 of Footland in Saint Catherine from Ann to Samuel Barrett.
I	18	57	Patent dated 19th February 1723 of 300 acres of land in Clarendon from George to Nicholas Barrett.
I	18	57	Patent dated 19th February 1723 of 300 acres of land in Clarendon from George to Thomas Barrett.
I	18	142	Patent dated 1st October 1726 of 300 acres of land in Saint James from George to Samuel Barrett.
I	21	109	Patent dated 9th June 1740 of 300 acres of land in Saint James from George the Second to Samuel Barrett.
I	21	142	Patent dated 18th August 1740 of 300 acres of land in Saint James from George the Second to Wisdom Barrett.
I	23	143	Patent dated 8th January 1744 of 300 acres of land in Saint James from George the Second to Richard Barrett.
I	24	48	Patent dated 24th February 1745 of 80 acres of land in Saint James from George the Second to Samuel Barrett.
I	25	4	Patent dated 7th September 1749 of 40 acres of land in Saint James from George the Second to Samuel Barrett.
I	25	118	Patent dated 9th November 1751 of 300 acres of land in Santa Cruz Mountains in Saint Elizabeth from George the Second to Thomas Barrett.
I	29	16	Patent dated 22nd June 1761 of 944 acres of land in Saint James from George the Third to Richard Barrett.
I	29	168	Patent dated 16th October 1761 of 250 acres of land in Portland from George the Third to Peter and Paplay George Barrett.
I	32	162	Patent dated 11th December 1771 of 208 acres of land in Trelawny from George the Third to Edward Barrett.
I	33	111	Patent dated 8th November 1774 100 acres of land in Vere from George the Third to Thomas Hercy Barrett.
I	35	19	Patent dated 20th May 1781 300 acres of land in Trelawny from George the Third to Samuel Barrett.
I	35	23	Patent dated 7th May 1781 300 acres of land in Trelawny from George the Third to Samuel Barrett.
I	35	223	Patent dated 20th May 1781 300 acres of land in Trelawny from George the Third to Samuel Barrett.
I	35	233	Patent dated 20th May 1781 of 300 acres of land in Trelawny from George the Third to Edward Barrett.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

Patents	Liber	Folio	
2	39	108	Patent dated 10th October 1837 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Richard Barrett.
2	39	108	Patent dated 10th October 1837 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	109	Patent dated 10th October 1837 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	109	Patent dated 10th October 1837 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	110	Patent dated 10th October 1837 of 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	111	Patent dated 10th October 1837 of 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	111	Patent dated 10th October 1837 of 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	112	Patent dated 10th October 1837 of 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	112	Patent dated 10th October 1837 of 300 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.
2	39	113	Patent dated 10th October 1837 of 215 acres of land in Saint Ann from Victoria to Honourable Richard Barrett.

21. It is a theory, tenable unless it can be disproved, that because of the records which do exist as well as the general picture which tells its own story, there came to Jamaica about the time Hersey Barrett, Pioneer, came, several brothers and cousins bearing the characteristic family names of John, Nicholas (Niclaes), Richard, Samuel and Thomas.

For source information *V.* the following early maps: (a) "Jamaicae Descriptio Auctior et Emendatior." About 1671. Original in the J.C.B. (b) "A New Mapp of the Island of Jamaica, according to a late Survey thear of P. Lea." About 1690. Original in the J.C.B. (c) "Novissima Accuratissima Jamaicae." 1671. Original J.C.B. (d) "A New Mapp of Jamaica." James Moxon. 1677. Original J.C.B. (e) "Tabula Jamaicae." Edward Slaney, 1678. Original J.C.B.

V. also the following: Richard Barrett, I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 2 Folio 80; Richard Barrett, I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 5 Folio 17; Hersey Barrett, I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 6 Folio 283; Richard Barrett, I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 9 Folio 195; Thomas Hearsey Barritt, I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 53 Folio 111.

22. Bridges, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 398-399.

Note correction of "Mili" to "Mile" in Bridges' *Corrigenda*. In a 1670 Jamaican map the corner northwest in which Mile Gully is, is set down as "Un-named." In 1775 (Craskell and Simpson) Mile Gully is the end of the road and upon the southwest border of Clarendon and northwest of Vere.

23. "Jamaica Almanacks." Date of Givings-In, 1810.

24. John Ogilby: "America." London, 1671. In this book is the statement that "Indigo is producible in great abundance, if there were hands sufficient employed about it."

25. Edward Long: "The History of Jamaica," etc. 3 v. London, 1774. V. I, Map of Jamaica.

John Ogilby, *op. cit.*

26. "The Present State of Jamaica. With the Life of the Great Columbus," etc. London, 1683. P. 14.

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27. "The Truest and Largest Account of the Great Earthquake in Jamaica," written by a Reverend Divine. London, 1693.
28. Long, *op. cit.*, v. I, App. p. 195.

Chapter II

OLD ROAD

1. Edward Long, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 346.
2. Jamaica, after the English occupation, was divided eventually into three counties: Cornwall, Middlesex, and Surrey. Cornwall is the county of the Northside, and at the close of the eighteenth century contained five parishes, three towns and six villages. The five parishes were Hanover, Westmoreland, St. James, St. Elizabeth and Trelawny. The towns were Savannah-la-Mar, Montego Bay, and Falmouth. This was in the eighteenth century, when divisions were made and established which did not obtain at the close of the rougher pioneering experience of the seventeenth century.
3. C.C.S.P. *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 270, September 23, 1670, pp. 98-104; v. VII, no. 7, pp. 3-5; v. VII, no. 933, September 26, 1672, p. 409.
"Historical Manuscripts Commission," *op. cit.*, p. 575, b. no. 983.
4. I.R.O.J. Patents 1 Liber 4 Folio 40. Under date of the 25th of March, 1670, Hersey Barrett, Senior, secured a patent to 180 acres of land in St. Ann. The deed shows that this grant was bounded north on waste woodland and himself, east on John Stubbs, southerly on the road to Gibraltar and west on waste woodland. This is to say that already he owned land in St. Ann near the Rio Bueno. Probably the first St. Ann land was "assigned" to Hersey Barrett in the form of one of the Edward D'Oyley land notes.
5. I.R.O.J. Copy Register Volume I Folio 89.
6. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 642, October 21, 1671, pp. 266-268.
So devastating from the point of view of records and buildings have been the extraordinary natural disasters in Jamaica that, where they exist at all, there are only a few records to piece together or to compare.
Wm. Barrett had 510 acres of land surveyed in St. Mary on the 14th June 1672. (Extract from "An Old Plan." Surveyor General's Office. Mr. Cundall gave these plans house room at the I.O.J.)
7. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. V, no. 552, p. 158.
8. *Ib.*, v. XXI, no. 362, p. 213.
9. *Ib.*, v. VII, no. 487, April 8, 1671, pp. 194-195.
10. *Ib.*, v. VII, no. 580, July 2, 1671; *Ib.*, p. 238.
11. Hans Sloane: "A Voyage to the Islands Madera, Barbados, Nieves, S. Christophers and Jamaica," etc. 2 v. London, 1707. V. I, p. XCVIII.
C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 138, pp. 50-51; v. VII, no. 645, pp. 268-269; v. VII, no. 1425, p. 635.
12. Sir Henry Morgan made a deposition to which he swore on the second of December, 1671, that he was aged 36 and that about the first of May he had helped one Captain John Erasmus to a horse at the house of Richard Guy, to go to Withywood, "he having an order from Sir Thomas Modyford to go to the Caimanos in pursiot of Cyiles Delacade, to bring him with his ship and company to Jamaica." (C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 307.) A statement

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rich in interest, for it established the age of one who was important piratically and politically,—if any such distinction is necessary!

13. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 773, March 2, 1672, p. 335.
14. I.R.O.J. Copy Register Volume I Folio 90.
15. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. IX, no. 757, p. 314.
16. I.R.O.J. Copy Register, v. I, Folios, 8, 12, 16, 20, 23, 38, 41, 45.
For full "Barrett Baptism Records," v. I.R.O.J. or J.M.C.
17. I.R.O.J. Copy Register Volume I Folio 155.

Chapter III

MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

1. Venables, *op. cit.*, pp. 141-142. From the Rawlinson MS. D. 1208, f. 62, Bodleian Library.
2. Francis Hanson: "Account of the Island and Government of Jamaica Written in the Year 1682" and prefixed to the first printed collection of the laws, etc. St. Jago de la Vega, 1793. Preface, pp. 1-2, and *passim*.
3. "Documents Illustrative of the History of the Slave Trade to America," edited by Elizabeth Donnan. 3 v. Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1930. V. I, 1441-1700, p. 199.
4. Hanson, *op. cit.*, Preface, *passim*.
5. Sloane, *op. cit.*, pp. LVIII-LIX.
6. Richard Blome: "A Description of the Island of Jamaica and other isles and territories in America, to which the English are related. . . . Taken from the Notes of Sir Thomas Linch, Governor of Jamaica," etc. London, 1672.
7. Frank Cundall: "Historic Jamaica." London, 1915. Pp. 55-57.
8. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 1269, p. 576.
Robert Phillimore: "The Ecclesiastical Law of the Church of England." 2 v. 2nd edition. London, 1895. Ch. III, pp. 1465, 1467.
[Leslie], *op. cit.*, pp. 164-165, 171.
"Acts of the Assembly Passed in the Island of Barbados, From 1648 to 1718." London, 1721. Pp. 4-5.
Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 345.
9. "A Collection of State Papers of John Thurloe, Esq.": By Thomas Birch. London, Thomas Woodward, 1742. V. VII, p. 499.
10. James Dacres Devlin: "Helps to Hereford History, Civil and Legendary: In an Account of the Ancient Cordwainers' Company of the City," etc. London, 1848. P. 25.
11. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. VII, no. 848, p. 366. Also, [Leslie], *op. cit.*, pp. 40-42.
12. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. V, no. 407, January, 1663, p. 120.
13. *Ib.*, v. VII, no. 1062, p. 477.
14. *Ib.*, v. IX, no. 427, February 2, 1675, pp. 170-171.
15. *Ib.*, v. IX, no. 799, January 28, 1676, pp. 341-342.
16. *Ib.*, v. X, no. 1583, p. 629. (1680).

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

17. It is probable that Ann Delaune was the second wife of Thomas Barrett, for in a codicil to his will he refers to his daughter "Mary Carnell." In Ann Barrett's will there is no reference to a daughter by the name of Mary.

18. Frank Cundall: "Bicentenary of St. Peter's Church Port Royal." Kingston, 1926.

19. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 2 Folio 138.

20. "Her Majesty's State Paper Office," London, England. P.R.O. Ref.: C.O. 1, v. 29, no. 38.

In the Council Minutes MSS. on file in the Colonial Secretary's Office, Jamaica, v. II, p. 288, 1677/8 is an entry under Thomas Barrett present in a Council meeting held at Port Royal.

21. "Names of the Principal Planters and Settlers in Jamaica," 1683. Privately printed by Sir Thomas Phillipps at Middle Hill, England, c. 1860. Dates in Mr. Cundall's handwriting.

Hanson, *op. cit.*, v. Preface.

In the Council Minutes of Jamaica, v. II, p. 288, in the impost accounts are references to Thomas Barrett and William Barrett. The items of Council Minutes referred to in this book are in transcription in the J.M.C.

22. Donnan, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 403, 202, 228-230.

Chapter IV

DUST ON THE CARVING

1. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 14, Add. Ms. 21 931. British Museum.

2. Somerset House. 3 Milles.

3. The following references give an authentic and somewhat detailed account of Lord Vaughan's first experiences in Jamaica when he took up the Governorship: C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. IX, no. 485, p. 193; v. IX, no. 471, pp. 185-186; v. IX, no. 735, pp. 311-312; v. IX, no. 863, pp. 368-369; v. IX, no. 912, p. 389; v. IX, no. 673, p. 280, September 20, 1675.

4. Thomas Trapham: "A Discourse of the State of Health in the Island of Jamaica." London, 1679. Pp. 71-73.

5. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 3 Folio 24.

C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. IX, no. 117, p. 57.

6. *Ib.*, v. XI, no. 35, p. 286.

7. *Ib.*, v. XI, no. 1176, p. 464.

8. Council Minutes, v. III, p. 49; v. IV, pp. 127, 170, 186, 254.

9. Council Minutes, J.M.C.

10. After the Earl of Carlisle took up the governorship there was an attempt to force upon Jamaica the legislation prescribed by Great Britain for Ireland. (C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. X, no. 1425, p. 565; v. XI, no. 118, p. 57; v. XII, no. 1, 858, p. 578. Also, Edward Long, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 4.)

11. Sloane, *op. cit.*, p. XXXI.

12. *Ib.*

13. "Journals of the Assembly of Jamaica." Jamaica, 1840. V. III, p. 418. Dr. Fulke Rose is referred to in a MS list by Dr. Barham as one of the

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first settlers. *V.* List of Principal Planters, *op. cit.*, pp. 7, 9. *V.* also the original parchment will of John Fulke Rose in the J.M.C.

14. Frank Cundall: "The Palisadoes." In *The Daily Gleaner*, November 7, 1931.

15. Sloane, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. XCIX.

The Bolus of Diascord was a large pill made of the Electuaire Diascordium (French Codex, corresponding to our Pharmacopeia). A bolus ran to about fifteen grains of the electuary or confection composing the bolus, and fifteen grains of the electuary contained approximately 0.006 grams (about 1/10 of a grain) of opium extract.

16. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 7 Folio 81.

17. "A Trip to Jamaica With a True Character of the People and Island by the Author of A Sot's Paradise" [by "Ned" Ward]. 4th edition. London, 1699. P. 16.

18. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. XII, no. 1838, p. 572.

19. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. XIII, no. 1579, p. 471.

20. List of Lands Leased or Sold by Henry Ward. J.M.C.

The Palisadoes connected the town of Port Royal with the mainland. Up to 1867, when the parish of Port Royal became part of St. Andrews, the old Port Royal parish extended into the mountains. In both of these parishes Henry Ward owned land.

21. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. XIII, no. 2145, p. 616. *V.* also, Council Minutes, v. IV, p. 270.

Chapter V

THE GREAT DISASTER

1. *V.* Council Minutes, Colonial Secretary's Office.

2. "Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle," London. V. XX, pp. 212-215.

3. "A Letter to a Friend From Jamaca (Sic), Spanish Town, the 19th of June, 1692." British Museum. Also *Daily Gleaner*, December 31, 1902.

4. "Gentleman's Magazine," *op. cit.*, v. XX, pp. 212-215.

5. "A True and Perfect Relation of That Most Sad and Terrible Earthquake, at Port-Royal in Jamaica." R. Smith, London. One sheet. Broadside with illustration.

6. *Ib.*, also "The Truest and Largest Account," *op. cit.*

7. William Smith, "A Natural History of Nevis." Cambridge, 1745. Pp. 62-63.

8. "Philosophical Transactions and Collections." London, 1749. V. II, p. 42.

9. "The Truest and Largest Account," *op. cit.*

10. "Gentleman's Magazine," *op. cit.*, v. XX, pp. 212-215.

11. "Philosophical Transactions," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 412.

12. *Ib.*, p. 413.

13. *Ib.*, p. 415.

14. "The Truest and Largest Account," *op. cit.*

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15. "West India MSS." Hunt Collection, Boston Public Library, v. I, p. 14.
16. *Falmouth Post*, October 7, 1859.
17. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 347.
18. Cundall, "Historic Jamaica," *op. cit.*, p. 53.
19. "The Truest and Largest Account," *op. cit.*
20. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. XII, no. 2278, pp. 651-652.

Chapter VI

"THE WIDDOW BARRETT"

1. Major Thomas Fisher and Elizabeth, his wife, had a daughter, Elizabeth, and three sons, Thomas, George and Benjamin.
 2. Council Minutes, *op. cit.*, v. IVb, p. 88.
 3. Bridges, "Annals," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 310-323.
 4. "The Truest and Largest Account," *op. cit.*
 5. Council Minutes, *op. cit.*, 15 Dec. 1692—18 Dec. 1695, v. IVb, p. 122.
 6. John Fisher and Margery (?) his wife had two daughters, Anne Fingas (Anne Barrett?) and Barrett Fisher and three sons Robert, Thomas and George. (I.R.O.J. Patents Liber 3 Folio 7, Liber 4 Folio 143, Liber 6 Folio 282, Liber 11 Folio 135, Wills Liber 12 Folio 119, Liber 9 Folio 125.)
 7. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 9 Folio 79.
 8. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 418.
 9. I.R.O.J. Wills Liber 6 Folio 24, Liber 13 Folio 8, Liber 16 Folio 198.
 10. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 5.
 11. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 5 Folio 143.
 12. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. VI, p. 52.
 13. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 27 Folio 211.
 14. Francis March was Francis Marsh. In 1714 in Jamaica he was the agent for Great Britain.
 15. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. XXIII, no. 1423, p. 715.
 16. "Groans of *Jamaica*, Express'd in a Letter From a Gentleman Residing There, To His Friend in *London*." London, 1714. Pp. 13-14.
 17. English Merchant: "Some Modern Observations Upon Jamaica," etc. London, 1727. P. 19.
 18. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 77.
- If with the tax gatherers Thomas Barritt the Elder had met defeat, he lived to have a judgment made in his favour. It was concerning a parcel of land of some 212 ½ acres which the Governor and Council had affirmed in November, 1724. This case was continued from 1724, through various stages, to 1731, and throws the weight of further fact revealing Thomas Barritt as a man of affairs and of property. (A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. III, pp. 156-157.)
- List of Wills, J.M.C.
"Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 343.
Ms. 127, I.O.J., also J.M.C.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

19. I.R.O.J. Wills Liber 19 Folio 225.
V. also Council Minutes for 1724-1727, p. 62.
20. Interest, too, attaches to the name of Wheeler, as the husband of Elizabeth Barritt, the second daughter of Hearcey Junior.
21. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 17 Folio 52.
22. Joseph Shore and John Stewart: "In Old St. James (Jamaica), A Book of Parish Chronicles." Kingston, Jamaica, 1911. Pp. 85-86.
John Roby: "Monuments of the Cathedral-Church and Parish of St. Catherine." Montego Bay, 1831. P. 39.
Captain James Henry Lawrence-Archer: "A Few Extracts from the Parish Registers and Other Public Records in the Islands of Jamaica and Barbadoes with Copies of All the Monuments and Tombstones in the Latter Island 1643 to 1750 and Upwards." 1858.
Roby gives the records on these slabs incorrectly. Lawrence-Archer copying Roby had the misfortune to perpetuate still further Roby's inaccuracies, regrettable for them both since both were devoted scholars in Jamaicensis.
Mary Fox remains an elusive figure. On the 16th of March, 1701, there is a record for the marriage of Hercy Barrett and Mary F——. If this was Mary Fox, then she was the second wife of Hersey Junior. (J.M.C. List of Wills, I.R.O.J. Wills Liber 6, Folio 47, Wills Liber 8, Folio 193, Wills Liber 16, Folio 14.)
23. For added information about Thomas Barrett V. Surveyor General's Office, "Dockets St. Catherine." (Ms.)
24. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, pp. 347-348.
25. *Ib.*, pp. 343-344.
26. Frank Cundall and Joseph L. Pietersz. "Jamaica Under the Spaniards." (Abstracted from the Archives of Seville.) Kingston, 1919. P. 16.

Chapter VII

ROBERT BROWNING, CREOLE

1. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 347.
2. C.C.S.P., *op. cit.*, v. XLIX, no. 87. Oct. 23, 1682.
3. I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 18 Folio 57, Patents 1 Liber 18 Folio 57, Liber Wills 21 Folio 133.
4. Cundall, "Historic Jamaica," *op. cit.*, p. 201.
5. Council Minutes, *op. cit.*, v. 5a, p. 218.
6. I.R.O.J. Copy Register Volume 1 Folio 40.
7. I.R.O.J. Copy Register Volume 1 Folio 190.
8. Cundall, "Historic Jamaica," *op. cit.*, pp. 197-208.
9. Council Minutes, *op. cit.*, v. 5b.
10. An English Merchant, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-20.
11. Cundall, "Historic Jamaica," *op. cit.*, p. 159.
12. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 343.
13. *Daily Gleaner*, November 14, 1902. "Early Jamaican Chronicles."
A letter by Frank Cundall containing a letter from Dr. Izett Anderson.

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14. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 260-262.

15. M.P.F.P., Box 'Jamaica', no. 26.

Also, Gerald Fothergill: "Emigrant Ministers to America." London, 1904. P. 45.

Following is a list of the Fulham Palace papers of importance to "The Family of the Barrett":

MISSIONARY PAPERS AT FULHAM PALACE

A. List of Letters

Box—'S.P.G. Missionaries, America & West Indies.'
Nothing for May, Anderson or Tittle.

Box—'Jamaica.'

	No.	7.	Letter Wm. May.	1725.
		17.	" On the death of Mr. Commissary May who (together with his wife) was killed by the fall of his house in the late dreadful Storm, 28 Aug. 1722. Long dissertation.	
		23.	Answers to Queries. Wm. May one of the Signatories. ? date.	
		25.	Letter. Wm. May.	1720.
		26.	" " "	1720.
		27.	" " "	1723.
		36.	Answers to queries 2m. May. ? date.	
		44.	Letter. Wm. May.	1725.
		46.	" " "	1724.
		47.	" " "	1724. (Duplicate)
		56.	" " "	1740.
		60.	" " "	1737.
Duplicates	}	66.	" " "	1736.
		68.	" " "	"
		69.	" " "	1740.
		70.	" " "	1739.
		71.	" " "	
		77.	" " "	1738.
		78.	" " "	1741.
		79.	" " "	1743.
		80.	" " "	1740. (Duplicate of 56.)
		81.	" " "	1741.
Identical	}	86.	Answers to Queries Wm May.	
		100.	" " " " "	
Not sent		104.	Description of persons in Jamaica.	
		105.	Answers to Queries. (Duplicate of 36)	
		110.	Letter Wm. May.	
		111.	" " "	
		112.	" " " 1748.	

Bundle 'Jamaica H.'

Letter Wm. May. 1748.

" " " 1751.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

No letters among 'Jamaica' for Anderson or Tittle.

Box. 'Leeward Islands.'

No.	1. Copy of John Anderson's Will.	
	3. Letter, John Anderson	15 July 1720.
	31. Copy of Minutes S.P.G.	27 Jan. 1736.
	50. Letter, John Anderson	17 July 1719.
	51. " " "	22 Apl. 1721.
	52. " " "	25 Sep. 1725.
	90. " John Tittle	7 June 1730.
	91. " John Anderson	14 May 1724.
	92. " " "	4 Oct. 1735.
	93. " " "	14 Jan. 1728/9.
	94. " " "	26 Nov. 1728.
	95. " " "	1 Dec. 1728.
	96. " " "	15 Aug. 1726.
	97. " " "	4 Oct. 1726.
	98. " " "	18 Mar. 1727/8.
	99. " " "	28 Apl. 1729.
	100. " " "	2 Apl. 1730.
	102. " John Tittle	30 Apl. 1741.
	103. " " "	10 Apl. 1730.
	127. " " "	3 Oct. 1739.
	128. " " "	July 1742.
	129. Paris <i>re</i> Tittle	
	130. " " "	
	154. Letter, John Tittle	16 July 1741.
	155. " " "	15 July 1741. (Bill)
	157. Rect. to John Tittle from Ferd. J. Paris	May 1741.
	159. Copy letter from F. J. Paris	
	150. Letter, John Tittle	3 Oct. 1741.

16. M.P.F.P., Box, 'Jamaica'; no. 25.
17. *Ib.*, nos. 86 and 100.
18. *Ib.*
19. *Ib.*, nos. 7 and 26, 36.
Sadler Phillips: "The Early English Colonies." Milwaukee, 1908.
20. M.P.F.P., Box 'Jamaica,' nos. 17, 36, and 46.
21. I.R.O.J., "Search for All Documents to Tittle from 1661 to 1767."

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bet Libro Folio

I	34	110	Tittle Edward & ux from Truxton W ^m . Conveyance dated 18 th . August 1702 of 18 acres of land in S ^t . Andrew
	39	112	Tittle Edward from Stephenson John Conveyance dated 23 rd . May 1706 of 530 Acres of land, S ^t . Andrew

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Alpha-

bet	Libro	Folio	
1	39	119	Tittle Edward from Price David Conveyance dated 30 th . April 1706 of 530 Acres of land S ^t . Andrew
2	42	152	Tittle Edward from Rowe John & ux Conveyance dated 22 nd . April 1708. Land in Kingston
	53	199	Tittle Edward from Wellank Thomas Conveyance dated 5 th Febr 1711. Slave & 2 acres of land in Liguana S ^t . Andrew
	54	220	Tittle Edward from Virtue George Conveyance of Slaves dated 16 th . April 1713
	55	60	Tittle Edward from Stoddart Richard Conveyance dated 10 th . April 1718 Land in Port Royal
	58	190	Tittle Edward from Hartshorne Rachel Conveyance dated 15 th . Septr 1719. Land in Port Royal
	60	45	Tittle Edward from Passley James & ux Conveyance dated 20 th . July 1710 of 1000 acres of land S ^t . George
	61	127	Tittle Edward from Passley James & ux Conveyance dated 10 th . March 1707 of 500 Acres of land S ^t . George
	66	164	Tittle Mary from Astell Daniel Conveyance dated 4 th . Septr 1721 of 40 Acres of land S ^t . Andrew
	66	166	Tittle Edward from Sinclair Patrick Conveyance dated 19 th . Septr. 1721 of 39 square feet of land Port Royal
	72	55	Tittle John from Tittle Edward ux Conveyance dated 18 th . March 1724 of land in Kingston
3	85	13	Tittle Edward from Timberlake James & al Conveyance dated 20 th . February 1730 of 120 acres of land in S ^t . Andrew
	88	51	Tittle Edward from Barber Henry & al Conveyance dated 24 th Janry. 1731 of land in Kingston
	89	123	Tittle Lucy from Diston Giles Conveyance dated 12 th . Decr 1732 of 530 Acres of land S ^t . Andrew
	94	56	Tittle Ann from Tittle Edward & ux Conveyance of negro Slaves dated 14 th . Janry 1734
	101	50	Tittle John from Tittle Edward & ux Conveyance dated 8 th . Febr 1737 of land in Port Royal
	115	56	Tittle Edward from Tittle Lucy Conveyance of Slaves dated 20 th . January 1742
4	135	85	Tittle Edward from Beavis Geo: & ux Conveyance of Slaves dated 27 th . April 1749
	159	219	Tittle Edward from Stephens John Conveyance dated 6 th . July 1753. Three Lots of Land in Kingston numbered 1074, 1075 and 1076.
5	163	184	Tittle Edward from Wheatle Sarah Conveyance dated 19 th . July 1753 of land in Kingston
	203	54	Tittle Edward from Hillier Grace Conveyance dated 5 th . April 1759 of land in Kingston
	205	19	Tittle Edward from Tittle Elizabeth Conveyance dated 8 th . Decr 1763 of land in Kingston
	207	37	Tittle Edward from McLeod John Conveyance dated 27 th . Novr 1749 of land in Harbour Street Kingston

NOTES AND REFERENCES

22. I.R.O.J. Deeds Libro 66 Folios 164, 166; Deeds Libro 101, Folio 50; Deeds Libro 115; Folio 56.
23. I.R.O.J. Copy Register, v. I, folio 13.

Chapter VIII

THE HOUSE OF TITTLE

1. M.P.F.P., Box 'Leeward Islands,' no. 103.
2. Fothergill, *op. cit.*, p. 59.
3. M.P.F.P., Box 'Leeward Islands,' no. 103.
4. *Ib.*, no. 50 and no. 3.
5. *Ib.*, no. 51.
6. *Ib.*, no. 98.
7. *Ib.*, nos. 97 and 96.
8. *Ib.*, no. 52.
9. *Ib.*, nos. 97 and 96.
10. *Ib.*, no. 100.
11. *Ib.*, no. 90.
12. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. III, 1720-1745, p. 508.
In a census taken in St. Christopher, Jan. 11, 1707-8, of white men, women and children George Strachane was 30 years old. ("Caribbeana," v. III, p. 135).
13. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. III, 1720-1745, p. 136.
14. Transcripts of Parish Registers, St. Peters, St. Christopher, January 1734.
The Rev^d M^r Joⁿ Anderson and Ann Nash m^d 1st
15. M.P.F.P., Box 'Leeward Islands,' no. 100.
16. *Ib.*, no. 92.
17. S.P.G. House, Journal 7, p. 104. Copies of the S.P.G. House Tittle papers are in the J.M.C. See also Journal 7, p. 221; Journal 8, p. 125.
C. 54.5575. Chancery Close Rolls, Record Office, 10 cpo. II part 20 nos. 1 and 2.
18. S.P.G. House, Journal, 22 March, 1736-7.
19. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 259.
20. Sam^l. Baker: "A New and Exact Map of the Island of St. Christopher in America." London, 1753. Printed for Carington Bowles, No. 69, St. Paul's ChurchYard, and Rob^t. Wilkinson, No. 58 Cornhill.
V. also

Skeleton reference to St. Christopher documents "concerning"
Tittle to the year 1759.

B. 1391	Broucher, Henry to Tittle Edward	Book F. No: 1
C. 1368	Coleman, William & Another to Tittle, John	Book F. No: 1
F. 1511	Forest, Jas. — to — Tittle, John	Book F. No: 1
S. 1369	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel — to — Coleman, Wm. & Tittle, John	Book F. No: 1

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T. 1051	Tittle, John — to — Matthew, Williams	Book F. No: 1
T. 1471	Tittle, John — to — Pym, Charles	Book F. No: 1
T. 4435	Tittle, Edward & Uxor — to — Tittle, John	Book P. No: 1
T. 4436	Ditto — to — Ditto	Book P. No: 1
T. 5094	Tittle & Uxor — to — Wharton	Book S. No: 1
T. 5095	Ditto — to — Ditto	Book S. No: 1
All above volumes F, P, & S, where traced are in such a condition from age that it is impossible to make copies of any of above documents.		
T. 6006	Tittle, John — to — Payne, Ralph	Book Y. No: 1
Document not traced as several pages of this book "crumbled" away through age.		
T. 2223	Tittle, John — to — Gordon, James (Copy made 8 folios)	Book I. No: 1
T. 3267	Tittle, John — to — Estridge, William (Copy made 10 folios)	Book K. No: 1
T. 5696	Tittle, John — to — Gordon, James (Copy made 8 folios)	Book X. No: 1
T. 6129	Tittle, John — to — Wells, William (Copy made 15 folios)	Book Y. No: 1
T. 6130	Ditto & wife — to — Ditto (Copy made 37 folios)	Book Y. No: 1
T. 6244	Tittle, his will (Copy made 13 folios)	Book Y. No: 1

21. "The West India Sketch Book." London, 1834. *Passim*.

22. M.P.F.P., Box, 'Leeward Islands,' no. 127.

23. *Ib.*, Box, 'Jamaica,' no. 60.

24. *Ib.*, no. 78.

25. *Ib.*, no. 79.

26. *Ib.*, "Jamaica" Bundle H.

27. I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 101 Folio 50.

28. I.R.O.J., Liber Wills 21 Folio 135.

29. I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 115 Folio 56.

30. I.R.O.J., Wills Liber 23 Folio 167.

31. I.R.O.J., Copy Register Volume I Folio 179.

32. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. VI, p. 23.

Archives, I.O.J., and the Colonial Secretary's Office.

33. I.R.O.J., Wills Liber 25 Folio 49.

Chapter IX

JOHN TITTLE CONCLUDES

1. M.P.F.P., Box 'Leeward Islands,' no. 129, no. 159.

2. The Abbé Raynal: "A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies." 8 v. London, 1783. V. VI, pp. 305-6. Book XIV.

3. M.P.F.P., Box 'Leeward Islands,' no. 154.

4. *Ib.*, no. 150.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

5. As it happens this letter written about June, 1743, is the last of the available letters from John Tittle in the files of Fulham Palace. It is possible, even if not probable, that some Tittle letters may be found at the S.P.G. Three searches have so far failed to reveal any. But their Muniment Rooms are being set in order. Until the last paper is catalogued it is impossible to draw conclusions. Certainly some Tittle letters must have gone to the S.P.G.,—perhaps to Dr. Humphreys, who may or may not have kept the files there.

6. M.P.F.P., Box 'Leeward Islands,' no. 102.

7. St. Mary's Church is about five miles from the town of Basseterre, where presumably the Parish Church of St. Peter's was located.

8. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. III, 1720-1745, pp. 805-806.

9. *Ib.*, v. IV, p. 605.

10. *Ib.*, p. 806.

11. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 259.

12. *Ib.*, pp. 355-359.

13. Raynal, *op. cit.*, v. III, Book VI, p. 241.

14. Bridges, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 58-59.

Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 234-236.

W. J. Gardner: "A History of Jamaica." New York, 1909. P. 125.

Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 146.

15. I.R.O.J., Copy Register Volume I, Folio 204.

16. Lawrence-Archer, *op. cit.*, p. 147.

17. Probably John Baker.

18. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, pp. 351, 495, 521.

19. I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 135 Folio 85.

20. V. Kingston Tax Lists, Jamaica or copies in the J.M.C.

21. The probate was dated 1764 and it was sealed and delivered by John McLeod and Edward Tittle. (I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 207 Folio 37.)

22. I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 159 Folio 219.

23. I.O.J., C.O., 142, 31.

24. Council Minutes. The form of John Kenyon's appointment to the Council is recorded in the Council Minutes under the year 1761. For copy *v.* J.M.C.

25. I.R.O.J., Register Volume I, Folio 356.

26. "My interest in the enquiry has been, 1, to find out the facts as to the Jew theory, and 2, to see how the Creole dark-blood cross with the dull West-Saxon produced the clever, versatile, Robert IV, while the German-Scotch cross gave us the poet; but we must never forget the individual genius of ROBERT BROWNING. As a radical and democrat, I of course rejoice that the descendant of a Dorsetshire footman has been buried with solemn pomp in Westminster Abbey (31 December, 1889) and that I preside over the Society which I helpt to found in his honour (July 1881). I hope too that the poet's American admirers, in their dealings with the negroes, will not forget the possibility—to me the certainty—that Browning's grandmother had dark blood in her." (F. J. Furnivall: "Robert Browning's Ancestors." Browning Society Publications, v. III, LVIII. P. 36.)

27. I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 203 Folio 54.

28. I.R.O.J., Deeds Libro 205 Folio 19.

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

Chapter X

SAM BARRETT, NORTHSIDE

1. (Charles Leslie): "A New History of Jamaica, from the Earliest Accounts, to the Taking of Porto Bello by Vice-Admiral Vernon." London, 1740. *Passim*, and especially Letter II, p. 305.

2. Sloane, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. LXV-LXVIII.

3. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 67. Also, "Search of Wisdom Patents," in J.M.C.

4. W. A. Fuertado: "Fuertado's Manuscript Biographical Notes." Copies of some of these notes are in J.M.C.

It was not until 1770-1774 that records of Baptism, marriage and burial were kept in the Parish of St. James. Noel B. Livingston: "Sketch Pedigrees of Some of the Early Settlers in Jamaica." Kingston, 1909. Pp. 7-8. Baptisms, 1770. Marriages, 1772. Burials, 1774.

5. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 67. *V.* also, Barrett Tables.

6. I.R.O.J., Patents 1 Liber 21, Folio 109; Liber 20 Folio 142; Liber 23 Folio 143; Liber 24 Folio 48; Liber 25, Folio 4.

7. R. Bickell: "The West Indies as They Are." London, 1825. Pp. 52-53.

8. John Roby: "The History of the Parish of St. James in Jamaica to the Year 1740." Kingston, Jamaica, 1849. P. 134.

"Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 104.

Chapter XI

EDWARD BARRETT, THE BUILDER

1. "List of Landholders in the Island of Jamaica in 1754." Ms. Archives, I.O.J.

2. I.R.O.J., Liber Wills 35 Folio 78.

3. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. IV, p. 165.
Lawrence-Archer, *op. cit.*, p. 94.

4. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. V, pp. 37, 52.

James Hakewill, "A Picturesque Tour of the Island of Jamaica, from Drawings Made in the Years 1820 and 1821." London, 1825. No. 18.

5. "The Gentleman's Magazine," *op. cit.*, v. XXXIV, p. 349.

6. The Craskell and Simpson map shows both a water mill and a windmill at "Barretts." (Thomas Craskell and James Simpson: "Map of the County of Cornwall, in the Island of Jamaica, etc., in the Years 1756, -57, -58, -59, -60 & 61; & from a great number of Actual Surveys performed by the Publishers. Tho^s. Craskell Engineer and Ja^s. Simpson Surveyor. Da^l. Fournier Direxit Londini 1763.")

7. C.O. 177. 5. p. 51. (Montserrat.) "Die Mercurii 16 Octobris 1745."

8. British Museum, Add. Mss. 32975, fos. 430; also, 400, 416.

How extensive the havoc was among other planters is shown by the following statistics. In the twenty years ending in 1791, 177 sugar plantations had been sold, 55 had been abandoned, and 92 were in the hands of creditors.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

9. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 271-272.
10. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 281-282 for organization of household service.
11. Maria, Lady Nugent, "A Journal of a Voyage to, and Residence in, the Island of Jamaica, from 1801 to 1805, and of subsequent events in England from 1805 to 1811." 2 v. London, 1889. V. I, pp. 305-307.
12. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 273.
13. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 273-274.
14. "Fuertado's Manuscript," *op. cit.*
15. Hakewill, *op. cit.*
16. Nugent, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 135.
17. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. IV, pp. 110-111, 398-400.
18. *Ib.*, p. 739.
- Shore and Stewart, *op. cit.*, pp. 60-61.
19. B.D.B., E, p. 339.

This Jamaican Estate book was for half a century in the possession of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's brother, Charles John Moulton-Barrett. Since his death in 1905 it has been in the keeping of his daughter, Arabel Moulton-Barrett of Jamaica. It was purchased by me in 1936.

Within the dates 1730-1865 the Deed Book contains records of the Barrett life in Jamaica; copies of indentures, wills, estate lists, and other publicly recorded documents for the Barretts and related families.

20. "The Diary of the Revd. William Jones." London, 1929. P. 52.
21. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. VI, p. 121.
- Roby, St. James, *op. cit.*, p. 130.
22. Lawrence-Archer, *op. cit.*, p. 5.
23. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. VI, p. 123.

Chapter XII

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

1. Nugent, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 170. The "copper" was the vat in which the sugar was boiled.

2. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 545-547, footnote.

Under the primitive sanitary conditions which obtained during the residence of Maria, Lady Nugent in the Island, it is interesting to observe in the case of one not only so beautiful in character but also so sound in nature, the slow, inevitable progress she made towards the use of laudanum. But before its use could become a habit, she and her husband reached the difficult decision that as General Nugent could not leave his work as Governor, she with the children must return alone to England. Nugent, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 52, 118, etc.

3. Jones, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

4. Thomas Dancer, M.D.: "The Medical Assistant, or Jamaica Practice of Physic." St. Jago de la Vega: Printed by John Lunan, 1809. Pp. 339-367. In this book the opium remedies are almost innumerable.

5. Patrick Browne, M.D.: "The Civil and Natural History of Jamaica." London, 1789. Pp. 22-23.

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

6. Nugent, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 235-236.
"A Short Journey in the West Indies." 2 v. London, 1790. V. II, pp. 24-52.
7. *Ib.*, v. II, pp. 24-52.
James Stewart: "A View of the Past and Present State of the Island of Jamaica," Edinburgh, 1823. Pp. 212-213.
8. Also, "A Short Journey in the West Indies, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 24-52, *passim*.
9. James M. Phillippo: "Jamaica, Its Past and Present State." London, 1834. P. 124 n.
10. Jones, *op. cit.*, pp. 62-63.
11. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 327.
12. Stewart, 1823, *op. cit.*, pp. 173-174.
13. Nugent, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 188.
14. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. VI, p. 664b and *passim*.
15. *Ib.*, v. VII, p. 36b.
16. *Ib.*, v. VII, p. 36a.
17. Jones, *op. cit.*, p. 51.
18. A.P.C., *op. cit.*, v. V, p. 479.
19. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 21 Folio 133.
20. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 30 Folio 84.
21. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 49 Folio 50.

Chapter XIII

CUTWIND

1. "Gentleman's Magazine," *op. cit.*, v. L, p. 251.
2. Peter Campbell: "A Memoir of the Right Honourable James [Scarlett] First Lord Abinger." 1877. P. 25.
3. "Gentleman's Magazine," *op. cit.*, v. L, Supplement, p. 620.
4. *Ib.*, pp. 620-21.
5. Thomas Dancer: "Catalogue of Plants Exotic and Indigenous, in the Botanical Garden, Jamaica, MDCCXCII." Published by Order of the House. Pp. 16-18.
6. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. VII, p. 249b.
"Gentleman's Magazine," *op. cit.*, v. LI, pp. 536-537.
7. "Alumni Oxoniensis" (1715-1886). V. I, p. 65.
Barrett, George Goodin, s. Edward, of Isle of Jamaica, arm. Oriel Coll.,
Matric. 28 Dec., 1780, aged 19.
Barrett, Samuel, s. Edward, of Isle of Jamaica, arm. Hertford Coll.,
Matric. 1 Dec., 1781; aged 16.
Also, "Catalogue of Men Born in Jamaica Who Matriculated at Oxford. 1689-1885. Extracted from "Alumni Oxoniensis" by William Cowper, M.A." Pp. 102-104.
8. I.R.O.J. Vol. I Folio 224.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

9. I.R.O.J. Vol. I Folio 290.

10. "Proceedings of the Hon. House of Assembly of Jamaica on the Sugar and Slave Trade in a Session which began the 23rd of October, 1792." Published by Order of the House. St. Jago de la Vega. Printed by Alexander Aikman, Printer to the Honourable the Assembly, MDCCXCII.

Mr. Barrett appointed on a committee of 15 to enquire into and report on the state of the sugar trade and the effect of the act passed during last session of congress to request allowance of the drawback and payment of bounty on the exportation of sugar and to permit importation of sugar and coffee into Bahama and Bermuda Islands in foreign ships—(2) to enquire into consequences of abolition of the slave-trade; and (3) to state the strength and expense of the army in Jamaica.

APPENDIX, No. XII

An account of the number of Sugar Estates, in Jamaica, in 1772 and 1791, taken from the returns of the different parishes, by order of the Assembly.

Estates in the hands of proprietors.	Estates sold for payment of debts since 1772.	In the hands of mortgagees, trustees, or receivers. <i>St. Ann's.</i>	Estates thrown up.	Estates Settling.
	Rio-Hoe			
Paradise		<i>Vere.</i>		
	Cambridge	<i>Trelawny.</i>		Oxford
		<i>St. James's.</i>		
Cinnamon-Hill				Cornwall

11. B.D.B. E, pp. 134, 140, 435.
Council Minutes, *op. cit.*, 1762.

12. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 25 Folio 49.

13. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett." 2 v. New York and London, 1899. V. II, pp. 209-210.

14. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. VII, pp. 618b, 622a & b, 624, 625b, 644b, 645a, *re* Martyn Williams.

Chapter XIV

BARRETT TOWN

1. Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, Dedication Page.

2. B.D.B. E, p. 249.

3. Fuertado "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 1. Also, Fuertado: "Official and Other Personages of Jamaica." Kingston, 1896.

J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. VII, pp. 604-605.

"The Laws of Jamaica." St. Jago de la Vega, 1795. Pp. 71, 72, 73.

4. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. IX, pp. 206b, 168b, 208a-209b.

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

5. B.D.B. E, p. 159.

6. B.D.B. E, p. 324.

7.

APPENDIX, No. IV.

SLAVES SOLD BY BARRETT & PARKINSON.

Date of sale	Names of ships	and masters	No. of slaves	Average currency			Average sterling			
				l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	
1789										
Oct. 16.	Mary	Hugh Lancelott	231	61	8	2½	43	11	10¾	
Dec. 14.	Vulture	James Browne	444	67	5	5¾	48	1	0½	
	22.	Richard Hodgson	251	64	14	6¾	46	3	6¼	
1790										
Jan. 18.	Jane	James Bachope	371	65	12	1¼	46	17	4	
April 20.	Jemmy	John Parkinson	131	68	8	4¾	45	5	11¾	
July 24.	Hammond	Alexander Finlay	153	66	12	6½	47	11	9¾	
Nov. 4.	Little Joe	John Knies	230	66	18	3	47	15	10¾	
	22.	Richard Jones	144	63	14	2	45	10	0½	
1791										
Jan. 5.	Ann	John Holliwell	239	60	9	8	43	4	0½	
	8.	Mary	Charles Hornby	141	60	16	9¼	43	9	1½
	11.	King Pepple	T. Briscoe	439	66	1	7	47	3	11¼
Feb. 14.	Mary	W. Harding	399	65	19	10	47	2	9	
	24.	Eliza	James Browne	512	66	3	8½	47	5	6
April 26.	Gregson	W. Corran	313	69	9	1½	49	12	2¼	
May 10.	Mary-Ann	R. Hodgson	234	59	17	4	42	15	2¾	
	14.	Earl of Effingham	— Moulton	105	63	8	4	45	5	11½
	31.	Vulture	S. Clough	436	66	16	4½	47	14	6½
June 7.	Joseph	— Withering	227	62	14	5½	44	16	0¼	
July 8.	Jane	James Bachope	370	63	19	0	45	13	7	
Sept. 5.	Archer	Z. Carlisle	71	63	1	6	45	1	0	
	12.	Mary-Ann	T. Busshell	162	61	8	5	43	17	5¼
Oct. 5.	Brothers	R. Finlay	207	65	16	6¼	47	0	4½	
		In the same Ship	2				70	5	0	
Dec. 5.	Fly	G. Creed	237	69	16	4	49	17	4	

Sold by Barrett and Parkinson, from ———

Oct. 16, 1789, to Dec. 15, 1791, 6049 Slaves

Averaged sterling 47*l.* 2*s.* 6½*d.* or 65*l.* 19*s.* 6½*d.* currency. (24 Sales)

APPENDIX, No. V.

Sales of Slaves by Barrett & Parkinson.

		sterl.			
		l.	s.	d.	
1792.					
July 11.	311 Negroes, imported in the Ann, averaged each	59	11	3¾	
Oct. 10.	348 ditto, imported in the Langrishe, averaged				
	each	57	11	9	
	19. 227 ditto, imported in the Fly, averaged each	59	11	10½	

8. B.D.B. E, pp. 369 and 350.

9. *Ib.*, pp. 331, 163, 173, 405.

10. I.R.O.J. Deeds Liber 414 Folio 141.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

11. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. IX, p. 224a & b.
12. *Ib.*, v. IX, p. 320a.
13. William Rob: "A Statistical Account of the Parish of Trelawney." Jamaica Almanack, 1840. *Passim*.
14. B.D.B. E, p. 438.
15. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. IX, pp. 320a & b, 321b.
16. Fuertado "Manuscript," *op. cit.*; V. also *Falmouth Map*.
17. Rob, "A Statistical Account," *op. cit.*
18. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. VII, p. 309a.
19. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. V, pp. 291-292. Also Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 172.
20. I.R.O.J. F.A. 10 Libro 436 Folio 19: Barrett G.G. & al to Barrett Edward Bond for £20,000 re Lease of Chambers Pen Dated 1st June 1789.
I.R.O.J. F.A. 10 Libro 436 Folio 19: Barrett Edward & ux to Barrett Geo. G. & al Lease of Chambers Pen now Oxford Trelawney 787 acres. Dated 1st June 1789.
21. Edmund F. Moore: "Reports of Cases Heard and Determined by the Judicial Committee and the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council." V. I, 1836-1837. London, (no date given). P. 5.
22. B.D.B. E, p. 19 (?) The script is so damaged among these pages that it is difficult to decipher the page number.
23. B.D.B. E, p. 120.
24. In the Barrett Deed Book are many records for the Scarletts, hereditary friends of the Barretts. Among these records is the will of Robert Scarlett's father James Scarlett, whose children were legion, and who was the grandfather of Lord Abinger. In his will James Scarlett takes as much interest in providing for four mulatto girls as he did for other members of his family. (B.D.B. E, pp. 130, 170, 250, 449.)
25. *Ib.*, p. 381.
26. *Ib.*, p. 161.
27. *Ib.*, pp. 299 and 298.
28. *Ib.*, p. 132.
29. I.R.O.J., Liber Wills 63 Folio 157.
30. B.D.B. E, pp. 151, 410.
Fuertado "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 9. Also, I.R.O.J. Marriages in St. James Register Volume I Folio 236.
31. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, v. IX, p. 337a & b.
32. I.R.O.J. Register Volume 2 Folio 284.
33. Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, 1836-1837. P. 418.
34. Somerset House. 719 Teignmouth.

Chapter XV

POOR LITTLE RICH ONES

1. Leslie, *op. cit.*, pp. 35-37, v. II, pp. 247, 328-330, 335, 255, 258.
2. B.D.B. E, p. 79.

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

3. *Ib.*, p. 94.
4. "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson," ed. by Thomas Sadler. 2 v. Boston, 1871. V. II, p. 464.
5. Mrs. Andrew Crosse: "John Kenyon and His Friends." In *Temple Bar*, v. 88, 1890, pp. 488-489.
6. W. Hall Griffin: "The Life of Robert Browning. With Notices of His Writings, His Family, & His Friends." Completed and edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. New York, 1910. Pp. 2-3.
7. Leslie Stephen: "The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen Bart., K.C.S.I. A Judge of the High Court of Justice." By His Brother. London, 1895. Pp. 15-17.
8. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 474.
9. Mrs. Sutherland Orr: "Life and Letters of Robert Browning." Revision by Frederic G. Kenyon. Boston and New York, 1908. Pp. 213-14.
10. In 1897 in the Complete Edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems (Macmillan), Robert Browning wrote: "it may be mentioned that, on the early death of his father, he was brought from Jamaica to England when a very young child, as a ward of the late Chief Baron, Lord Abinger."

James Scarlett left Jamaica the 1st of June, 1785, for England with his uncle. He was fifteen years old. It seems unlikely that they would have permitted a fifteen-year-old boy, even if accompanied by his uncle, to carry off a three-day-old infant.

Chapter XVI

BURNING THE TOAST

1. "Kidd's New Plan of the City of Kingston, Jamaica." Lithographed for and Published by A. DeCordova & Nephew, Kingston, ab: 1840. Lithograph of H. Laurence, New York.
2. B.D.B. E, p. 420, and will in J.M.C.
3. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. VI, pp. 121, 124.
Roby, "St. James," *op. cit.*, p. 130 n.
V. also J.M.C.
4. B.D.B. E, pp. 65, 138, 401, 436, 439.
5. The legend that Edward Barrett Moulton was brought from Jamaica "by one of his aunts, probably a Mrs. Lawrence," may be *accurate* as a statement or significant of her home as a center and the responsibility this great aunt, Margery Lawrence, took. ("Elizabeth Barrett Browning Hitherto Unpublished Poems and Stories With an Inedited Autobiography." 2 v. Bibliophile Society, Boston, 1914. Introduction by H. Buxton Forman. P. xiv.)
6. By the summer of 1795, when probably John Hoppner painted the portrait of Edward Barrett, the artist's contacts with the West Indies had been well established. (William McKay and W. Roberts: "John Hoppner, R.A." London, New York and Toronto, 1914. Pp. 307, 257, 104, 330.)
7. D. E. Williams: "The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence." London, 1831. 2 v. V. II, pp. 125-128.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

8. "The Harrow Calendar, The School Lists, . . . With a History of Harrow School". Harrow-on-the-Hill, 1853." Pp. xx, lxi.

J. Fischer Williams: "Harrow." London, 1901. P. 108 and *passim*.

George Butler: "Harrow. A Selection of Lists of the School." Peterborough, 1849. Pp. 7, 8, 14-15, 35, 42, 73, 74, 156, 161.

"Records and Letters of the Family of the Longs of Longville, Jamaica and Hampton Lodge, Surrey." Edited by Robert Mobray Howard. London, 1925. Pp. 141, 177.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope: "What I Remember." New York, 1888. Pp. 54-55.

9. "Admissions (1801-1850) to Trinity College, Cambridge." London, 1911.

10. Sidney Daryl: "Harrow Recollections." London, 1867. Pp. 6-7.

11. "The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, p. viii.

Chapter XVII

CRISIS

1. Brochure by the Duveen Brothers, p. 2.

2. Dallas, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 319, 349-350, 352-353.

Plat including Shaw Castle in midst of lands which belonged to Wisdoms originally. (B.D.B. E, p. 302.)

3. Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 364-380.

Dallas, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 328-331.

"The Proceedings of the Governor and Assembly of Jamaica." London, 1796. Pp. 4-7.

4. B.D.B. E, p. 384.

5. Dallas, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 341.

6. Bryan Edwards, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 375-376 n.

7. Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 5.

8. Thomas Dancer: "Catalogue of Plants," *op. cit.*, Tract A 16.

Thomas Dancer: "The Medical Assistant," *op. cit.*

9. B.D.B. E, p. 272.

10. Also, "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. V, p. 292 for date of death.

11. "Caribbeana," *op. cit.*, v. IV, p. 209, from *The Columbian Magazine or Monthly Miscellany*, Kingston. V. also Fuertado's "Manuscript," *op. cit.*; and Shore and Stewart, *op. cit.*, p. 62.

12. Shore and Stewart, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

13. Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 420.

14. Not once in his will, which contains about eleven thousand words, did Edward Barrett refer to those "reputed sons" of his son Samuel and Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Waite Williams as "grandsons," and that despite the fact that the workmanship on his will covered at least four years and that these boys were to become increasingly important in his eyes.

15. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 343-344.

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16. A year from his death in 1794, Henry's widow Barbara married Dr. Charles Smith at Falmouth. On the 20th of October, 1811, the little Eliza married the Honorable Sterling, Esq., of Keppendale, Sterlingshire, and of Content, St. James.

17. Archives, I.O.J., MS. 32, and B.D.B. E, pp. 453 ff.

18. I.R.O.J. F.A. 10 Libro 440 Folio 93; F.A. 10 Libro 441 Folio 235; F.A. 10 Libro 444 Folio 171; F.A. 10 Libro 443 Folio 167; F.A. 10 Libro 464 Folio 225; F.A. 10 Libro 464 Folio 243; F.A. 10 Libro 474 Folio 78; F.A. 10 Libro 474 Folio 43.

B.D.B. E, pp. 314, 387, 402, 447.

Chapter XVIII

ATTORNEY

1. Phillippo, *op. cit.*, p. 389.
2. Eliza Meteyard: "The Life of Josiah Wedgwood, From His Private Correspondence and Family Papers." 2 v. London, 1866. V. II, p. 656.
3. B.D.B. E, p. 481.

4.

EDVARDO BARRETT
VIRO INNOCENTI SIMPLICI INTEGERRIMO
SVSCEPTIS CONSILIIS GRAVI ET CONSTANTI
NATVRA VSVQVE ACVTO
SALE FACETIISQVE AMICIS IVCVNDISSIMO
QVI TRIVM FILIORVM SVPERSTES
DECESSIT XVI CAL DECEMB
ANNO SACRO MDCCXCVIII
AET SVAE LXIV
IVDITHA BARRETT
CONIVGI BENE MERENTI
H.M. PONENDVM CVRAVIT

To Edward Barrett,
A man upright, sincere, most honorable,
In the plans which he undertook judicious and steadfast,
By nature and by practice a keen thinker,
In his wit and humor a delight to his friends,
Who, surviving three sons,
Departed this life November 16,
1798
Aged 64
Judith Barrett
For her husband who well deserved it
Had this monument set up.

5. Perhaps because the majority of Judith Goodin's family were dead, in Edward Barrett's will there is no reference to any member of the Goodin family. *V.* also College of Arms, Francis Townshend Pedigrees. Volume 6, folio 215. *V.* also British Museum, Add. Ms. 31,228. Folios 17 and 18—Tabular Pedigrees, and J.M.C.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

6. From War Office, Public Record Office, London, "return" by Captain Michael White Lee:

In the West Indies, at the Island of St. Vincent, from December, 1794, to 1st July 1796. Twice at the storming of Dorsetshire Hill, in the Island; at the storming of the Vigie in the same under Major General Leighton; there wounded.

1st July, 1796. [Captain]. Went to St. Lucia with the late Sir John Moore and constantly skirmishing in the Woods of that country with the Brigands; drafted and returned to England in 1797. In the year 1799 went to Holland with Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was at the battle of the Helder on the 27th August; battle of * "Kackdown" on the 10th Sept., at the surprise of Hoorn on the 19th Do; at the battle of Bergen on the 2nd October; at the battles of Wyk and Wyk-aan-Zee on the 6th and 7th of the same month; went to Jamaica in 1801 and returned to Europe in October 1803; 6 months' leave. Purchased the Majority of the 1st West India Regiment on the 21st April, 1804, and went out to the West Indies in February 1805; returned on leave from His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in January 1807, and exchanged to the Sicilian Regt., and joined them in Sicily in July following. My affairs requiring my presence in England, "General Oakes was pleased to grant me leave to come to England in Dec., 1808, and in January, 1809, His Royal Highness the Duke of York was pleased to allow me to exchange to the 96th Regt."

* This probably refers to Krabbendam (J. W. Fortescue's "History of the British Army," New York, 1899-1930) V. IV, pt. 2, p. 663.

7. Thomas Clarkson: "The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade by the English Parliament." 2 v. London, 1808. V. I, pp. 298-299.

8. "The Bristol Cathedral Register 1669-1837." Transcribed and Edited by C. Roy Hudleston. Bristol, 1933. P. 43.

The following inscription is to be found in the North Choir Aisle of the Cathedral:

Grissell Lee
Wife of John Lee Esq:
of the * * Clifton
was born May 24, 17?
departed this life July?
1777

The lettering on this flat tombstone is so worn that the inscription on the marble slab is almost obliterated. The Burial Register gives the date as 8th of July, 1777. On the flat tombstone of Grissell Lee in the North Choir Aisle of the Cathedral is evidence that a brass plate, which has vanished completely, was once laid upon it. Was it for Judith Lee, buried in the vault below, Michael White Lee had set it there? Now nothing remains to show that a plate was ever there except the stud mark.

Chapter XIX

COALS AND CANDLES

1. Emily J. Climensson: "Elizabeth Montagu the Queen of the Blue Stockings From 1720 to 1761." 2 v. New York, 1906. V. II, pp. 137-138.

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2. *Ib.*
3. Thomas Oliver: "A Plan of the Town and County of Newcastle." Newcastle, 1831. P. 16.
4. One of the legatees with John Graham-Clarke in Thomas Mowld's Will (1779) is "Thomas Clarke of Molescroft in the County of York Gentleman." (P.C.C. 1780, 271 Collins.) It was because of a provision in this Will of Thomas Mowld that John Graham-Clarke, then John Graham, petitioned for a Royal License permitting him to add the surname of Clarke to Graham.
5. "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-on-Tyne," v. IX (Jan. 1899-Dec. 1900). Extracts from a paper read by Robert Robinson: "The Old Assembly Room, Newcastle-upon-Tyne," Newcastle, October 25, 1899.
6. Thomas Mowld P.C.C. 1780, 271 Collins. He left an annuity of £100 to Mrs. Mary Graham, widow of Beverley, County York. Was this John Graham's mother?
7. "The First Newcastle Directory 1778," Reprinted in Facsimile with an Introduction by J. R. Boyle, F.S.A. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1889. P. 10.
8. E. Mackenzie: "A Descriptive and Historical Account of the Town and County of Newcastle Upon Tyne, Including the Borough of Gateshead." 2 v. Newcastle, 1827. V. II, p. 649.
9. John Brand, "The History and Antiquities of the Town and County of the Town of Newcastle Upon Tyne." 2 v. London, 1789. *Passim*.
10. "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries," *op. cit.*
11. Lord John Campbell: "Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England From the Earliest Times Till the Reign of King George IV. In Ten Volumes." V. 9 & 10. London, 1857. V. IX, p. 126.
12. John Robinson: "Mrs. Barrett Browning's Parentage." In *The Athenaeum*, No. 3486, Aug. 18, 1894, p. 223.
"Marriage.—At Islington, London, Mr. John Graham, of this town, to Miss Altham, daughter of Roger Altham, Esq., of Islington."—*Newcastle Journal*, Saturday, June 17th, 1780.
"Births.—Monday, the lady of John Graham, Esq., of a daughter, at his house in Pilgrim Street."—*Newcastle Journal*, Saturday, May 5, 1781.
13. Richard Welford: "A History of the Parish of Gosforth," in the County of Northumberland. Newcastle-upon-Tyne (1876). V. pp. 40, 82-84, 89, and *passim*.
14. "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries," *op. cit.*, *passim*.
15. Welford, *op. cit.*, p. 40.
16. William Edward Surtees: "A Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon; Comprising, With Additional Matter, Some Corrections of Mr. Twiss's Work on the Chancellor." London, 1846. P. 145.
17. "The Life of William Wilberforce." By his sons Robert Isaac Wilberforce, M.A., and Samuel Wilberforce, M.A. 5 v. V. I. London, 1838. Pp. 464-465.
18. William C. Townsend: "The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the Last and of the Present Century." 2 v. London, 1846. V. II, pp. 296-298.
19. Charles Geeson: "A Short History of Kelloe Church and District (a Durham Pit Parish)." 8 illustrations. Subscriber's Edition. *Passim*. This

NOTES AND REFERENCES

book was loaned to me by John Wood, Esq., of Coxhoe Hall, from Mr. Wood's private library.

Robert Surtees: "The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham." 3 v. Sunderland, v. III, pp. 154-155. Also, *passim*. The statement is made in Garnett and Gosse's English Literature, London, 1903, v. IV, pp. 213-214 that E.B.B. was "born at Coxhoe Hall, the residence of her father's brother, Samuel Moulton" (sic).

Bishop Hatfield's "Survey." Durham, 1857. P. 152.

20. College of Arms. Copy in J.M.C.

21. A check on the accuracy of my seemingly incredible statement can be had by paging through the following volumes: "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. 2 v. New York and London, 1898; "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*; "Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Letters to Her Sister": 1846-1859. Edited by Leonard Huxley. London, 1929.

Chapter XX

A POET IS BORN

1. In 1801 at Trinity College, Cambridge, a cryptic and probably inaccurate entry was made in Latin. One line runs: "Edvardus Barrett Moulton filius Caroli Barrett de Jamaica." (H.U.P., *op. cit.*, introduction by H. Buxton Forman, pp. xv-xvi.) A blunder, the preceding records show, and nothing more! In the printed book of "Admissions (1801-1850) to Trinity College, Cambridge," this error is repeated in the following English form: "Barrett, Edward Barrett Moulton, son of Charles Barrett of Jamaica. School, Harrow (Dr. Drury). Age 18. Fellow Commoner, October 15, 1801. Tutor, Mr. Jones." When this record was made at Trinity in 1801, it was the grandson of this family, a prince in fortune, a lad sixteen years old, not eighteen, who was entered at Trinity. (W. W. Rouse Ball: "Trinity College, Cambridge." London, 1906. P. 1.)

2. William Beloe: "The Sexagenarian." 2 v. 2nd Edition. London, 1818. V. I, p. 227.

3. Clarkson, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 456, 408.

4. George Pryme: "Autobiographical Recollections." Edited by his Daughter. Cambridge and London, 1870. P. 38.

Also,

Trinity College,
Cambridge

November 10, 1933.

Thomas Jones came from Berriew, Montgomeryshire, Wales. His school was at Shrewsbury. He was elected scholar of this college in 1777; B.A. in 1779. Obtained first Smith's prize. He was elected Fellow in 1781 and M.A. in 1782. He was Junior Dean 1787-1789 and Tutor from 1787-1807.

(signed) Norman A. de Bruyne.

5. Thomas Jones: "A Sermon Upon Duelling Preached Before the University of Cambridge." Cambridge, 1792.

6. *Ib.*, pp. 5-6.

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7. *Ib.*, p. 13.

8. In the group entering Trinity College in 1803 was Anthony Wilkinson, the son of Thomas Wilkinson of Coxhoe, Durham. Two years later Anthony's younger brother Thomas Clennell Wilkinson matriculated. These brothers had Thomas Jones as tutor. ("Admissions to Trinity College," *op. cit.*, v. IV, pp. 19-20.) The father of these lads either owned or was to own Coxhoe Hall which Samuel Moulton-Barrett and his mother Elizabeth Moulton had leased.

9. John Kenyon: "Poems for the Most Part Occasional." London, 1838. Pp. 49-50.

10. Christopher Wordsworth: "Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century." Cambridge, 1874. Pp. 201-203.

11. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, p. 36.

12. "Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, Prefatory Note by R.B., p. viii.

13. *Ib.*, p. vii.

14. "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." V. cxxii, July-December, 1877. Edinburgh and London, p. 94.

15. I. F. R. Hedley Vicar of Gosforth Parish Church in the County of Northumberland do hereby certify that this is a true copy of Entry on Page 34 in the Register Book of Marriages 1795-1810 of the said Church.

Witness my Hand this 12th day of October, 1933.

F. R. Hedley
Vicar

For material about Kenton, *v.* Madeleine Hope Dodds: "A History of Northumberland." V. xiii. Newcastle-upon-Tyne and London, 1930. Pp. 355-357.

16. "Papers deposited with the Barrett-Browning Memorial Institute, Ledbury, England."

Tracing of an inscription scratched on the glass of a window in Kelloe Church:

Charming M^{rs} Barrett
Coxhoe beauty! ! !
Pead Ned

The word "Pead" or "Peed" means "one-eyed."

[Presented by John Robinson Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne, February 13, 1896.]

"Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne", *op. cit.*, volume VII, no. 16, 1895, p. 143; also v. IV, p. 34.

17. T. J. Wise: "A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." London, 1918. P. 72.

18. William Longstaff died on the 6th of December, 1806, aged seventy-three, and was buried at Kelloe. (Geeson, *op. cit.*, p. 24.)

19. Transcript of Baptism Register of the Parish of Kelloe made 11th February, 1896, by W. R. Burnet, Vicar. Deposited with Barrett-Browning Memorial Institute, Ledbury.

Baptism solemnized in the Parish of Kelloe in the county of Durham in the year 1808:

NOTES AND REFERENCES

<i>Name</i>	<i>Birth</i>	<i>Baptism</i>	<i>Child</i>	<i>Names of Parents</i>
Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett	March 6th 1806	Febr ^r 10th 1808	1st child	Daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, Esq. of Coxhow Hall, Native of St. James's Jamaica by his wife Mary, late Clarke, Native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett	June 26th 1807	Febr ^r 10th 1808	2nd child	Son of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett Esq. of Coxhoe Hall, Native of St. James's Jamaica by his wife Mary, late Clarke, Native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne

The above is a true copy of the Baptism Register of the Parish aforesaid extracted this eleventh day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six by me

W. R. Burnet
Vicar

20. Robert Surtees, *op. cit.*, v. III, p. 151.
21. Kenyon, "Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 190.
22. *The Critic*, New York, September 23, 1882, v. II, "Mrs. Browning's Hair."
23. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, "Glimpses into My Own Life and Literary Character Written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the Year 1820 When Fourteen Years Old," p. 6.

Chapter XXI

THE BUSINESS OF HOPE END

I.

"Edward Moulton-Barrett

Ledbury Letters and Estate Papers"

1. Admeasurement of Hope End Estate by the late G. Clark of Evesham Surveyor in 1791. Valuation made in 1862.
2. April 3, 1813—To E. M. Barrett from W. Osbourne Burton. "I am directed by Messrs. Wm. Smith & Co., to apply to you for paymt., of £611.12.4. due from you to them, which sum I understand ought to have been paid some months ago. . . ."
3. Oct. 7, 1813—To Rickards & Nankins. "The enclosed £100 Bank Post Bill I wish you to get cashed for me, £50 of which I promised to appropriate to Mr. Willet who says I am to receive. . . ."
4. 1814—E. M. Barrett Esq. Agt. The Inhabitants of Ledbury Drt Notice of intention to move for Issues. (Dated March, 1814)
5. April 18, 1814—To Mr. S. Rickards. "The Day has turned out so bad that being a Rheumatick Subject I dare not venture to Ledbury. . . ."

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT

6. June 2nd, 1814—To Mr. Rickards. "Unexpectedly I have been detained here another Day, and should you hear anything to right about Morty Hall pray let know. . . ."
 7. July 9, 1814—To Mr. Rickards. "With this you will receive Lane's letter to me respecting my admission to the Gorwall Lands. . . ."
 8. July 9, 1814—To Mr. Lane from S. R. "Mr. Barrett of Hope End who is now at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has transmitted your letter to me and I have his authority. . . ."
 9. November 7, 1814—To Mr. Rickards. "I must request you will obtain from the Buyers of the Oxen the amount they owe me. . . ."
 10. December 9, 1814—Manor of Gorwall & Overbury, Admiss of E. M. Barrett Esq^r. on Land of Sir Henry Tempest Bart.
 11. December 10, 1814—Copy of Agreement betwixt Mr. Barrett & Dr. Cove and the Bishop of Hereford. Ledbury Inclosure.
 12. 1814—To Mr. Rickards. "I shall be obliged to you to send by the Bearer E. Smith my Tin Box containing the Maps old and new of Hope-End as I am in want of them. . . ."
 13. 1814—To Mr. Rickards. "The Bearer John Brown has applied to me for an appointment to one of the vacant Hundreds as Bailiff. . . ."
 14. 1814—To Mr. Rickards. "Enclosed I send you copies of the Indictments against the Parishes of Ledbury and Colwall which Mr. Preece supplied me with the other day."
 15. March 22, 1815—"To night I have written to Mr. Edwards stating that I consider Mr. Toby, being now in the Kingdom the proper Officer to serve the duty of Sheriff. . . ."
 16. 1815—To Mr. Rickards. "Will you look into the corners of your office for a Tin box containing maps of Hope End, and will you be good enough. . . ."
 17. May 22, 1817—To Mr. Rickards. "Understanding from Mr. Barrett that the application made by my Man S. Lewis to the Majistrates not to impose on me, another Pauper from the Parish of Ledbury. . . ."
 18. August 21, 1819—To Mr. Rickards. "I shall be very much obliged to you to call on the two Fawkes. . . ."
 19. No date—To Mr. Rickards. "The bearer of this is Mr. Forting whose Business with me you are aware of; My object in sending him to you is for him to satisfy you upon the competency of his Receipt."
2. Royal License granted to Edward Moulton-Barrett to use the Arms of Moulton. College of Arms, London. In J.M.C.
 3. Mary who died on the 16th was not, according to the burial register, interred until the 21st. (Memorial Inscription, Ledbury Church of St. Michael and All Angels.)
 4. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 234.
 5. I.R.O.J. Deeds Liber 612 Folio 74. Parkinson Leonard & al to Martin Williams & al Conveyance.
George Martin James Clerk to W^m. Robinson of Charter House Square in the City of London Solicitor maketh oath & Saith . . . that the names or signatures "Thoas Peters" thereto set or subscribed is of the proper handwriting of the said Thomas Peters.
 6. I.R.O.J. Deeds Liber 612 Folio 74; Deeds Liber Folio 207. *V.* also Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 424-426.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

7. "The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, *Aurora Leigh*, *passim*, pp. 359-366.

8. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.* v. I, pp. 403-404.

9. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, Introduction by H. Buxton Forman, v. I, pp. XXXIII-XXXIV.

10.

"Hope End Juvenilia in J.M.C."

1. 7 letters to Edward Moulton-Barrett on his birthday from his children, including a poem from Elizabeth, May 28, 1826.

2. 9 letters to Septimus on his birthday from his brothers and sisters, February 11, 1827, including a poem from Elizabeth.

3. 9 letters to Octavius on his birthday from his brothers and sisters, April 11, 1827, including a poem from Elizabeth.

4. 9 letters from her children to Mrs. Mary Moulton-Barrett on her birthday May 1, 1827, including a poem from Elizabeth.

5. 11 letters to Edward Moulton-Barrett from his children on his birthday, May 28, 1827, including a poem from Elizabeth.

11. *Ib.*

12. *Ib.*

Chapter XXII

"HONOURABLE VERDIGRIS"

1. D. L. Ogilvie: "The History of the Falmouth Courthouse." Jamaica, 1930.

2. Rob: Trelawny, *op. cit.*, *passim*. Also, Frank Cundall: "A History of Printing in Jamaica from 1717 to 1834." Kingston, 1935. Pp. 62-63.

3. J. H. Clapham: "An Economic History of Modern Britain, 1932." P. 318.

4. Ogilvie, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

5. Robert Moulton had married Martha, a daughter of the Campbells of Jamaica and widow of John Hodges, a relation of the Barretts. An estate named Retirement outside of Falmouth was occupied and owned by Robert Moulton.

6. Map of Falmouth. Archives, I.O.J.

Also, Map, *Barrett Samuel Moulton Barrett to John Mitchell And All Churchwardens, Trelawny. 23 April 1811 Lib: 607 fol: 218. Surveyed in April 1811 by Jno: Schaw Sur.:*

7. During the months of May, June and July, 1811, nine land sales took place in the name of Samuel Barrett Moulton-Barrett. (I.R.O.J. F.A. 13 Libro 607 Folio 203. F.A. 13 Libro 607 Folio 208. F.A. 13 Libro 614 Folio 138. F.A. 13 Libro 609 Folio 58. F.A. 14 Libro 641 Folio 195. F.A. 13 Libro 616 Folio 181. F.A. 13 Libro 618 Folio 16. F.A. 13 Libro 625 Folio 5. F.A. 14 Libro 648 Folio 196.) During the year 1810 only one had been made. From 1812 to 1817 there were six conveyances. The total proceeds from these sales was £6,972.

The Vestry Orders for the purchase of land for and building of the Court

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House had been issued on the 1st of August, 1809, bearing interest from that date, and were payable at the latest on the 1st of August, 1811. (Ogilvie, *op. cit.*) The concentration of sales in that year in the months of May, June and July, may or may not have been a coincidence.

8. I.R.O.J., F.A. 13 Libro 588 Folio 214. F.A. 13 Libro 612 Folio 74. F.A. 15 Libro 671 Folio 114. F.A. 14 Libro 646 Folio 168. Deeds Liber 612 Folio 74; Deeds Liber 631 Folio 207. Also, Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 425-426.

9. Michael Scott: "Tom Cringle's Log." London, Toronto, New York, 1928. P. 513.

10. Fuertado's "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 12.

11. Roby, "St. James," *op. cit.*, p. 129, footnote.

12. One year after the birth of his child, he conveyed on the 2nd of March, 1813, his Grandfather's Martin Williams's estate of Seven Rivers, also Old Hope, Anchovy Bottom, Mt. Thirza, and Sugar Work, to Mr. Parkinson. (I.R.O.J. F.A. 14 Libro 647 Folio 89.) Two years later in 1815, he conveyed to J. W. Gordon, St. James land called Rose Hill, in extent 100 acres, for £4,200. (I.R.O.J. F.A. Libro 655 Folio 158.) Barrett Hall adjoined Dr. Henry Gibbs's estate. It has been Dr. Gibbs's eldest son, Henry Thornhill Gibbs, (I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 88 Folio 160) who at the close of Edward Barrett's life had been an important figure in Edward Barrett's will and in carrying out the terms of the will.

13. This child was baptized in the Parish of St. James on the 4th of January, 1815, by "Hy. Jenkins Rector." (Copy Register Vol. 2 Folio 49.)

14. I.R.O.J., Deeds Liber 610 Folio 134. Also, A Plan of Barrett Hall Estate and Greenwood pen in the parish of Saint James the property of Sam^l G. Barrett. Copied from a plat—Signed W. C. Morris by J. Manderson Jany 1847. Archives, I.O.J.

15. *Postscript to Cornwall Chronicle*, February 17, 1816. P. 3.

16. Fuertado's "Manuscript," *op. cit.*

17. In 1811 Wakefield was owned by a man whose name was Tucker. From 1812 to 1814 no "Givings-In" have been recorded. The first entry under which is found the name of Charles Moulton as owner of Wakefield is 1815. ("Jamaica Almanack," Givings-In, 1811-1826.)

18. I.R.O.J. Liber Wills 97 Folio 12.

19. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 343-344.

20. Robert Russa Moton: "What the Negro Thinks." New York, 1929. Pp. 204-205.

21. Uvedale Price: "An Essay on the Picturesque." London, 1796. Pp. 175-176.

22. Climenson, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 104-105.

23. "Literary Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet." Ed. W. Coxe. 3 v. London, 1811. V. I, pp. 236-237; pp. 160-174; v. II, pp. 169-182. Also R. Huchon: "Mrs. Montagu and Her Friends." London, 1907. Pp. 270-273.

24. "Extracts of the Journals and Correspondence of Miss [Mary] Berry." Ed. Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 v. London, 1865. V. III, pp. 8-9.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

25. "Memorials of Coleorton." Ed. William Knight, 2 v. Edinburgh, 1887. V. II, pp. 133-135.
26. *Ib.*, v. II, pp. 230-231.
27. William Knight: "The Life of Wordsworth." Edinburgh, 1889. V. III, p. 130.
"Miss Berry's Journals," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 528. *V.* also v. I, pp. 186, 204-205; v. II, pp. 67-69. And E. H. Barker, "Literary Anecdotes and Contemporary Reminiscences, of Professor Porson and Others;" etc. 2 v. London, 1852. "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers." London, 1856. Pp. 112-115.
28. S. Felton: "On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening with Biographical Notices." 2nd ed. London, 1830. P. 194 n.
29. "The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, pp. 68-69.
30. C. J. Robinson: "A History of the Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire." London and Hereford, 1878. Pp. 139, 154-157; 71-72; also, Barker, "Anecdotes," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 4-5.
In the third generation of the Moulton-Barretts one of the boys bore the name of Harry Peyton.
Also, for references to these mansions and their families at present *v.* "Kelly's Directory of Herefordshire and Shropshire." London, 1909.
31. "The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham," Written by Himself. 3 v. 1871. V. III, pp. 317-318. "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi." Edited by "Boz." London, 1860. Pp. 234-235. Pryme, *op. cit.*, pp. 141-142. "The Countess of Blessington." In *The Eclectic Magazine*, v. 35, no. 1. New York, 1855. P. 33.
32. P.C.C. 1818 Register Creswell fo. 107. *V.* also Frances Burnett and Thomas Hercy Barritt Papers. Archives, I.O.J. Mss. 118, 119, 120, 121, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129. Copies in J.M.C.
33. The present has forms of slave labor not unlike those met in the Barrett backgrounds.
34. Bryan Edwards: "A Speech Delivered at a Free Conference . . . Concerning the Slave Trade." Kingston, Jamaica. 1789. P. 7.

Chapter XXIII

THEIR ENGLISH NORTHSIDE

1. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 13-14.
2. J.M.C. Hope End Juvenilia.
3. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 10-11.
4. J.M.C. Hope End Juvenilia.
5. Dictionary of National Biography, article on Elizabeth Barrett Browning by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.
6. I.O.J. Ms. 32. Copy in J.M.C.
7. "Domesday Book." And Thomas Dunham Whitaker: "An History of Richmondshire, In the North Riding of the County of York," etc. 2 v. London, 1823. V. I, p. 353.

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8. The following is an excerpt from a letter written to the author by the Rev. A. W. M. Close of Darlington, Yorkshire, under date of 3 April, 1934:

Old people in my boyhood used to remember M^r. Samuel Barrett Moulton Barrett in residence at Carleton. . . . He planted the Estate with beautiful trees—amongst these being an Oak Avenue half a mile long. The finest I ever saw in my life. It was cut down when the Estate, which had years ago come into the Duke of Northumberland's property was sold since the Great War. The place is now derelict, as the Hall was pulled down some few years previously.

9. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 45.
10. *Ib.*, pp. 169-170.
11. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 88.
12. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 16-17.
13. *Ib.*, p. 7.

Chapter XXIV

PARTICULAR LICENSE

1. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 436.
2. It has been since 1905 the property of the Religious of the Sacred Heart and is part of the foundation of St. Mary's Training College. *V.* also, Dodds, "Northumberland," *op. cit.*, pp. 293-294.
3. Mackenzie, *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 592.
4. About Avison, Robert Browning was to write in *Parleyings with Certain People Important in their Time* something over a hundred years after the death of Avison.
5. Paul Brown: "Glimpses of Old Time Fenham." The suburb that was Never to Be. From the *Newcastle Journal*, Wednesday, June 7, 1933.
6. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 13-14.
7. For letter about Graham Clarke stones *v.* J.M.C.
8. "Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning Addressed to Richard Hengist Horne." Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. 2 v. London, 1877. V, II, p. 83.

Chapter XXV

NOW AND THEN

1. Thomas Clarkson: "A Portraiture of Quakerism." Indianapolis, 1870. P. x. And, David Barclay: "An Account of the Emancipation of the Slaves of Unity Valley Pen in Jamaica." London, 1801. P. 18.
2. B.D.B. E, p. 168.
3. Gardner, *op. cit.*, pp. 262-263.
4. Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell: "Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa," etc., 1829-1858. London, 1863. P. 45.

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5. John Clarke: "Memorial of Baptist Missionaries in Jamaica, including a sketch of the Labours of Early Religious Instructors in Jamaica." London, 1869. P. 65.

6. *Kingston Chronicle*, Saturday, May 3, 1823, v. xix, no. 6570.

7. William Brown: "History of the Propagation of Christianity Among the Heathen Since the Reformation." 3 v. Edinburgh, 1854. V. II, pp. 436-437.

8. "Parliamentary Accounts and Papers, One Volume: Relating to Slaves in the West Indies." V. XXV, Session 3 Feb. to 6 July 1825, No. 13. P. 52.

9. *Ib.*, pp. 57, 59.

Also, "The Slave Colonies of Great Britain: or A picture of Negro Slavery drawn By the Colonists themselves; Being an Abstract of the Various Papers Recently laid before Parliament on that Subject." 2nd Edition. Corrected. London, 1826. P. 51.

10. J.A.J., *op. cit.*, 1822.

11. *The Daily Gleaner*, Jamaica, "Address on Roads," July 26, 1933.

12. Peter Duncan, "A Narrative of the Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica; With Occasional Remarks on the State of Society in that Colony." London, 1849. P. 210.

13. Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 431.

Chapter XXVI

EXCELLENT LADY

1. Sir Bernard Burke, "History of the Landed Gentry for 1852." London, 1852. 2 v. V. II, p. 631, a & b.

2. Moore, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 415-438, *passim*.

3. J.M.C. Hope End Juvenilia.

4. *Ib.*

5.

GEORGE IV.

1820 Hon. Thomas Dundas

S. B. Moulton Barrett, Esq.

1826 Hon. Thomas Dundas,

S. B. Moulton Barrett, Esq.

1828 (Vice Barrett) f

f Mr. Barrett resigned in February, 1828.

Note: Borough of Richmond

("Parliamentary Representation of Yorkshire." From the Earliest Representative Parliament on Record, in the Reign of King Edward I, To the Dissolution of the Twenty-second Parliament in the Reign of Queen Victoria, Compiled by Godfrey Richard Park. Hull, 1886. P. 176.)

6. George Blyth: "Reminiscences of Missionary Life." Edinburgh, 1851. Pp. 130-131 and *passim*.

Warrand Carlile: "Thirty-eight Years' Mission Life in Jamaica." London, 1884. P. 187.

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7. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 16.
8. Cynric R. Williams: "A Tour Through the Island of Jamaica," from the Western to the Eastern End, in the Year 1823. 2nd Edition. London, 1827. P. 340.
9. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 29.
10. *Ib.*, p. 27.
11. *Ib.*, p. 31.
12. *Ib.*, pp. 32-33.
13. *Ib.*, p. 35.
14. Clarke, "Baptist Missionaries," *op. cit.*, pp. 59-60; Duncan, "Wesleyan Mission to Jamaica," *op. cit.*, p. 224; Peter Samuel, "The Wesleyan-Methodist Missions, in Jamaica and Honduras Delineated: Containing a Description of the Principal Stations. Together with a Consecutive Account of the Rise and Progress of the Work of God at Each." London, 1850. P. 201.
15. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 45 and 37.
16. Archives, I.O.J.: "A Plan of Retreat Pen situated in the Parish of St. Ann and Island of Jamaica The Property of Samuel M. Barrett Esq^re Surveyed in 1830 by Morris and Cunningham Surveyors." Copy in J.M.C.
17. Henry Richard: "Memoirs of Joseph Sturge." London, 1864. P. 153.
18. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 83.
19. Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey: "The West Indies in 1837." London, 1838. Pp. 209-211.
20. Clarke, "Baptist Missionaries," *op. cit.*, pp. 119-120.
Also, John Clark, W. Dendy, and J. M. Philipppo: "The Voice of Jubilee." London, 1865. Pp. 234-238. John Howard Hinton: "Memoir of William Knibb." London, 1847. Pp. 103-104.
21. *Jamaica Almanack*, 1831.
22. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 47.

Chapter XXVII

"EVER BELOVED"

1. J.M.C. Hope End Juvenilia.
2. J.M.C.
3. Sotheby, 1937 Catalogue, The Papers of Lt.-Col. H. P. Moulton-Barrett. P. 2.
4. J.M.C.
5. *Ib.*
6. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 87-93.
7. *Ib.*
8. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, D.N.B.," *op. cit.*
9. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 6-7.
10. *Ib.*

NOTES AND REFERENCES

11. At Albion General Moulton-Barrett showed us a daguerreotype of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's mother: Mary Graham-Clarke. It was a sketch of Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett done by her mother "during her great illness." These and other words were written in Robert Browning's handwriting. The sketch was full of feeling, full of gift. It was double-framed in glass, and on the other side was a shadowy trial sketch. This portrait brought out strongly the oval characteristics of the Moulton-Barrett features.

12. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 482.

13. Somerset House 529 Tebbs.

14. St. Mary le Bone Register.

Chapter XXVIII

"STRONG LETTER"

1. Sturge and Harvey, *op. cit.*, p. 209.

2. Benjamin M'Mahon: "Jamaica Plantership." London, 1839. Pp. 143-149, 107-108, 178.

3. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-40, 120, 42-43, 44-45, 48-49.

4. "Autobiography of Henry Taylor." 2 v. London, 1885. V. I, p. 122.

5. "Facts and Documents Connected with the Late Insurrection in Jamaica." London, 1832. P. 24.

6. Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 272.

7. Duncan, *op. cit.*, p. 224.

Chapter XXIX

TORCH

1. Henry Bleby: "Death Struggles of Slavery." London, 1868. 3rd ed. Pp. 3-4.

2. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 52, 53.

3. Bleby, "Death Struggles," *op. cit.*, p. 7.

4. "Jamaica, As It Was, As It Is, And As It May Be." By a Retired Military Officer. [Bernard Martin.] London, Edinburgh, 1835. Pp. 178, 238.

5. This estate belonged to Barrett Lee and Colonel Michael White Lee and was managed by the Honorable William Miller.

6. According to the "Jamaica Almanack, 1830-31," Givings-In, Sir John Gordon owned Carlton. According to "Jamaica, As It Was," *op. cit.*, J. Graham is set down as the proprietor. V. p. 280.

7. "Facts and Documents," *op. cit.*, pp. 36-37.

8. M'Mahon, *op. cit.*, p. 88.

9. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

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Chapter XXX

THE HANDS OF BACCHUS

1. M'Mahon, *op. cit.*, pp. 96, 97.
2. J. H. Buchner: "The Moravians in Jamaica." London, 1854. Pp. 84-121.
3. Mary Roby: "John Roby, Author and Philanthropist" [by his daughter]. *Journal of the Institute of Jamaica*, v. II, no. 2, pp. 91-101.
John Roby was a man of singular simplicity and courage, highly educated, studious, kindly, and a devout churchman.
4. Hinton, *op. cit.*, p. 122.
Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 60.
5. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 61.
6. *Ib.*, p. 62.
7. John Clarke, *op. cit.*, pp. 133-134.
8. Bleby, "Death Struggles," *op. cit.*, pp. 30-31.
9. Duncan, *op. cit.*, p. 271.
Samuel, *op. cit.*, p. 97.

Chapter XXXI

CURSED SAINTS

1. "Facts and Documents," *op. cit.*, p. 32.
2. Bleby, "Death Struggles," *op. cit.*, pp. 223-225.
3. Samuel, *op. cit.*, pp. 180-181.
4. "Insurrection in Jamaica." *The Eclectic Review*, 3rd s., v. VII, 1832. Art. IV, *The Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Jan. & Feb., 1832, pp. 251-252. London.
5. Bleby, "Death Struggles," *op. cit.*, pp. 192-209.
Rev. F. A. Cox, "History of the Baptist Missionary Society of England, from 1792 to 1842." 2 v. Boston, 1843. V. II, part III, p. 213.
6. Bleby, "Death Struggles," *op. cit.*, pp. 211-212, 215.
7. *Ib.*, pp. 283-287.
John Clarke, *op. cit.*, p. 130.
Duncan, *op. cit.*, p. 349.
8. Mrs. John James Smith: "William Knibb: Missionary in Jamaica. A Memoir." With an Introduction by Rev. J. G. Greenough. London, 1896. P. 31.
9. "Jamaica, As It Was," *op. cit.*, p. 274.
10. Hinton, *op. cit.*, p. 127.
11. John Clarke, *op. cit.*, p. 146.
12. Hinton, *op. cit.*, pp. 133-134.
"Facts and Documents," *op. cit.*, p. 35.
13. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 70-74.
14. *Ib.*, pp. 87-88.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

Chapter XXXII

OUR POOR SELVES

1. "Facts and Documents," *op. cit.*, pp. 38-39. Also, J.M.C.
2. "Autobiography of Henry Taylor," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 122.
3. Charles C. F. Greville: "A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV and King William IV." 2 v. New York, 1875. V. II, p. 65.
4. Thomas Fowell Buxton: "Memoirs." Philadelphia, 1849. Pp. 247, 253.
5. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Arabel Moulton-Barrett. *The Daily Gleaner*, Jamaica, June 13, 1938.
6. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 11, 12-13, 4, 30-31, 27, 23.
7. Peter Orlando Hutchinson, "A Guide to the Town and Neighborhood of Sidmouth." Sidmouth, 1875. P. 15.
8. T. H. Mogridge: "A Descriptive Sketch of Sidmouth." Sidmouth, 1836. Pp. 47-48.
9. P. Colquhoun: "A Treatise on the Commerce and Police of the River Thames." London, 1800. P. 98.
10. "The Speeches of Mr. Barrett and of Mr. Burge, at a General Meeting of Planters, Merchants, and Others, Interested in the West India Colonies; Assembled at the Thatched-House Tavern, on the 18th May, 1833." London, 1833. "Mr. Barrett's Speech," pp. 1-2, 4-5, 8, 13-14, 40-41. See also Votes of the Honourable House of Assembly of Jamaica, 1833, and *passim*.
11. *The Daily Gleaner*, *op. cit.*, June 13, 1938.

Chapter XXXIII

WEST END

1. Somerset House, 719 Teignmouth.
2. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 29.
3. *Ib.*, v. I, p. 29.
W. I. Addison: "Matriculation Albums of the University of Glasgow, 1726-1858. MDCCCXXXIV." Also, W. I. Addison: "A Roll of the Graduates of the University of Glasgow, 1727-1897." Pp. 30, 400, 87.
4. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 29.
Fuertado, "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 4.
5. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 35.
6. "The Late John Kenyon," by G.S.H. (George S. Hillard) in *The Boston Courier*, March 9, 1857.
7. "Letters of Walter Savage Landor." Edited by Stephen Wheeler. London, 1899. P. 43.
8. Henry Crabb Robinson, *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 304.

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9. "Life, Letters and Journals of George Ticknor." 2 v. Boston, 1877. V. I, p. 456.
10. A. G. K. l'Estrange: "The Life of Mary Russell Mitford." 2 v. New York, 1870. V. II, p. 173.
11. "The Diaries of William Charles Macready." Edited by William Toynbee. 2 v. New York, 1912. V. I, pp. 319, 267.
12. l'Estrange, "Life of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 174, 176.
13. Joseph Fitzgerald Molloy: "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington." London, 1896. 2 v. V. I, pp. 119-120.
14. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 43; *V.* also p. 47.
15. *Ib.*, v. I, pp. 46, 48, 50-51.

Chapter XXXIV

FUS' A AUGUST 1834

1. For Scarlett data *v.* B.D.B. E, p. 449, and *passim*.
2. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 44-45, 48-49, 88-89, 108.
3. *Kingston Chronicle*, Tuesday, April 30, 1833. Fuertado, "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 14.
4. For additional facts about and incidents in the life of Samuel Moulton-Barrett *v.* Will of Samuel Moulton-Barrett, *op. cit.*; Henry Sterne: "A Statement of the Facts submitted to the Right Hon. Lord Glenelg. . . . Seeking Redress for Grievances of a Most Serious Tendency, Committed upon him. . . . With an Exposure of the Present System of Jamaica Apprenticeship." London, 1837. Pp. 235-237; Blyth, *op. cit.*, pp. 78-80.
5. Gardner, *op. cit.*, pp. 295-297, 300-301.
6. R. R. Madden: "A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies," etc. 2 v. London, 1835. P. 6.
7. "Autobiography of Henry Taylor," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 242.
8. "Papers Presented to Parliament, by His Majesty's Command, in Explanation of the Measures Adopted by His Majesty's Government, for Giving Effect to the Act for the Abolition of Slavery Throughout the British Colonies." Part I. Jamaica. 1833-1835. *Ordered, by The House of Commons, to be Printed, 16 April, 1835.* In *Accounts and Papers: Fifteen Volumes. (14) Slavery. Session 19 February—10 September 1835.* Part II, pp. 42-43.
9. M'Mahon, *op. cit.*, pp. 236, 283-286. Also, Sylvester Hovey: "Letters from the West Indies." New York, 1838. P. 196.
10. "Anti-Slavery Reporter," v. V, p. 149.
11. William Brown, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 478-479.
12. Fuertado, "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 4, Barrett E.M.A.J. C.C.P. Trelawny, 1835.
- Kenyon: "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 29. Dec. 19, 1834.
13. *The Daily Gleaner, op. cit.*, June 13, 1938.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

14. Clark, Dendy, and Phillippo, *op. cit.*, pp. 156-157.
15. Extract of a "Letter" from *E. M. Barrett*, Esq. to *Samuel B. M. Barrett*, Esq. Attorney for Oxford and Cambridge Estates, Trelawny, dates 6 Dec. 1834. "Command Papers," *op. cit.*, Part I, p. 69.
16. Extract of a "Letter" from *S. B. M. Barrett*, Esq. Trelawny, dated 16 December 1834. "Command Papers," *op. cit.*, Part I, p. 69.
17. *Ib.*, Part I, pp. 102-103.

Chapter XXXV

BAUBLES

1. Postscript to the *Royal Gazette*, Kingston. August 29 to September 5, 1835.
2. *Royal Gazette*, *op. cit.*, October 10 to October 17, 1835.
Additional Postscript to the *Royal Gazette*. Saturday, October 10 to Saturday, October 17, 1835.
Postscript to the *St. Jago Gazette*. Saturday, September 23 to Saturday, September 30, 1837.
3. *The Daily Gleaner*, *op. cit.*, Saturday, May 12, 1934. Article by Frank Cundall.
4. M'Mahon, *op. cit.*, pp. 302-304.
5. Postscript to the *St. Jago Gazette*, *op. cit.* Also, [Peter Howe, 2nd Marquess of Sligo]: "Jamaica Under the Apprenticeship System. By A Proprietor." London, 1838.
6. Will of Richard Barrett, I.R.O.J., Wills Liber 119 Folio 126; Patents 2 Liber 39 Folios 108 (2), 109 (2), 110, 111 (2), 113; and "Jamaica Almanack" for the years 1823 and 1827.
7. Sturge and Harvey, *op. cit.*, App. F, Section IV, pp. xlviiii-xlix. Also, p. 323.
8. M'Mahon, *op. cit.*, p. 85.
9. Sturge and Harvey, *op. cit.*, pp. 229-230.
10. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 96-101, 114-118.
11. Rob, *op. cit.*; Cox, *op. cit.*, p. 262.
12. Fuertado's "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheets 16 & 17.
13. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 130-131; 232.
14. Letter written by Hope Waddell to his daughters, Eliza Jane and Susan, from Old Calabar, October 1851. Copy in J.M.C.
15. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 122-124.
16. Hinton, *op. cit.*, p. 295.
17. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

Chapter XXXVI

FREEDOM

1. H.U.P., *op. cit.*, pp. 6-8.
2. Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, London. P.C.C., 1838/216.

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3. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 47, 146.
4. Cox, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 267, 269, 270.
5. Hinton, *op. cit.*, p. 295.
6. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 135-136, 149-151.
7. Joseph John Gurney: "A Winter in the West Indies Described in Familiar Letters to Henry Clay of Kentucky." London, 1841.
8. Fuertado's "Manuscript," *op. cit.*, Sheet 12.
9. *Falmouth Post*, *op. cit.*, May 12, 1839.
10. General Moulton-Barrett's sketch of Cinnamon Hill Burying Place, in J.M.C.

Chapter XXXVII

TORQUAY BACKGROUNDS

1. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 56.
2. A. G. K. L'Estrange: "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." New York, 1882. P. 242. Date set down and bracketed by L'Estrange: [1837].
3. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 48.
4. Ticknor, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 145-146.
5. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 57-58, 60.
6. *Ib.*, v. I, pp. 61, 69, 70, 71.
7. *The Medical Circular and General Medical Advertiser*, October 6, 1852. Also, "Proceedings of the Royal Society of London (1857)," v. VII, p. 268. And *Dictionary of National Biography*, Article on Dr. W. F. Chambers.
8. In the second century A.D., Galen had prescribed that it be given for "coughs of all kinds, spitting of blood."
9. J. T. White: "The History of Torquay." Torquay, 1878. Pp. 132, 385.
10. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 175-177.
11. M.I.'s in J.M.C.
12. Trollope, "What I Remember," *op. cit.*, pp. 391-392.
Crosse, "John Kenyon and His Friends," *op. cit.*, p. 487.
13. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 59.
14. "The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson," ed. Charles Eliot Norton. 2 v. Boston, 1899. V. I, p. 281.
15. T. M. Greenhow: "Medical Report of the Case of Miss H—M." London, 1845. P. 9.
16. R. E. Prothero: "The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley." 2 v. London, 1893. V. I, p. 202.
17. L'Estrange, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, p. 255.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

18. For information about the penetrative powers of this unusual girl v. "Journal of Emily Shore." London, 1891. Pp. 278, 286.

Also, "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 398, 406; and, Huxley, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Letters to Her Sister," *op. cit.*, p. 289.

Deeply embedded in the Barrett past does even the name of the *David Lyon* seem to have been from the Colonial days of their Jamaican romance.

19. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 76, 241-242.

20. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 135.

21. L'Estrange, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, p. 264.

22. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 76.

Chapter XXXVIII

"DEATH OF YOUNG B—"

1. Browne, "Civil and Natural History," *op. cit.*, pp. 22-23.

2. Long, *op. cit.*, v. II, book II, chapter VIII, *passim*.

3. I.R.O.J. Wills Liber 120 Folio 16.

4. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 175.

Chapter XXXIX

NIGHT WATCH BY THE SEA

1. L'Estrange, "The Life of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 217.

2. Clark, Dendy, and Phillippo, *op. cit.*, p. 217.

3. *The Monthly Chronicle, A National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art*. V. V, London, 1840. *A Night Watch by the Sea* does not appear in any of the volumes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's published poems.

4. April 19, 1840.

5. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 82.

6. Horne, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 15, 16.

7. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 80.

8. M.I.'s in J.M.C.

9. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 176.

10. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 82.

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Until by good fortune I was able to work out the chronology of this statement, it had been supposed that "conscious to my great affliction" referred to Bro's death. But the date makes that impossible.

11. Arthur Charles Ellis: "An Historical Survey of Torquay." Torquay, 1930. P. 280.

12. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 206.

13. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 329, 330, 435.

14. White, "Torquay," *op. cit.*, pp. 166-167.

Ellis, *op. cit.*, p. 364.

Mary Russell Mitford: "Recollections of a Literary Life." Harper's, 1852. Pp. 170-171.

"Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," second series. Edited by Henry Chorley. 2 v. London, 1872. V. I, p. 282.

15. On that 30th of July Captain Clarke, in the absence of the Rector J. Richey, was buried by the Reverend W. G. Parks Smith in Tor Churchyard.

16. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 177, 175.

17. V. the J.M.C. for a letter from the Rev. Harry J. Petty of Tor Vicarage. Also, John H. Ingram: "Mrs. Browning," *The Athenaeum*, 1888, v. I, Feb. 4, 1888. London, 1888. P. 146.

18. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 87.

19. Huxley, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Letters to Her Sister," *op. cit.*, p. 246.

20. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 344.

21. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 86.

22. Horne, *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 109, 29, 162; II, 95, 82-83.

23. Richard Garnett: "The Life of W. J. Fox." London, 1910. P. 196.

24. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 87.

25. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 177.

26. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 14.

27. Percy Lubbock: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Her Letters." London, 1917. P. 290.

28. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 206.

29. *Ib.*, v. I, pp. 88-89, 89-90.

30. "Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 283.

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Chapter XL

PARACELSUS

1. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 92, 113, 143-144, 202, 105-106, 154, 248.
2. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 339.
3. "Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 184.
4. Horne, *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 145-146.
5. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 197, 166, 179, 189, 202, 242, 250-251.
6. "Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 195.
7. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 195.
8. L'Estrange, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," *op. cit.*, p. 282.
9. Wise, "Bibliography," *op. cit.*, p. 50.
10. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 170, 269.
11. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 156-157.
12. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 69, 71.
13. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 218.
14. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 150, 133, 163, 104.
15. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 1-2.
16. *Ib.*, v. I, p. 42.
17. In the last decade of the fifteenth century Paracelsus was born. His so-called "stone of immortality"—a lump of gum opium which he carried in the pommel of his saddle—not only symbolized the strange power he had over men but also widened opium's ever-increasing popularity. Browning's own notes to "Paracelsus" suggest that in mediaeval Latin documents he may have found comment on the early and uncurbed use of opium to deaden pain and the popularity of such usage, and that he may have discovered for himself the early lack of scientific knowledge with regard to the danger of such usage. *V.* also, D. I. Macht: "The History of Opium." *Journal American Medical Association*, February 6, 1915. Also, 1916, v. 66, pp. 856-860. And C. E. Terry & Mildred Pellens, "The Opium Problem." New York, 1928. *Passim.*

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Chapter XLI

RED HOOD

1. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 80.
2. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 89-90, 143-144, 191, 59-60, 277-278, 282, 182, 189-190, 209, 236, 257; II, 504.
3. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 268.
4. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 173-174, 233, 246-247, 351-352, 68, 69, 72; II, 464.

Chapter XLII

CLIMAX

1. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 202, 367, 330-331; II, 137, 138, 128.
2. It was this locket, the writer believes, which at the time of E.B.B.'s death was given by Robert Browning to Kate Field. With other possessions of Kate Field's this came to Lilian Whiting and is now in the J.M.C.
3. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 449-450, 451-452, 396, 447, 453, 256, 504; II, 99, 46-47, 207, 194-195, 33, 50-51.
4. Jeannette Marks: "Genius and Disaster." New York, second edition, 1926.

Chapter XLIII

MONOMANIA

1. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 419-420, 200-201, 368-369.
2. Anna Murphy Jameson had been the wife of Robert Jameson, a man of good birth and breeding who became the Chancellor of Canada. He was peculiar in temperament and possessed by inexplicable forms of selfishness.
3. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 415, 517-518, 293, 174-175, 529-530, 421, 203, 435, 421, 222, 372; II, 403, 468-469, 487-488, 491, 431-432, 415, 456, 244, 546-547, 339-340, 477, 339, 372, 151, 447.

Chapter XLIV

FLIGHT

1. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 285, 502, 530; II, 382-383, 395, 475, 398-399, 406, 399, 448, 450, 535, 557, 558.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

2. Trollope, *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 480.
3. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 360, II, 553, 238, 439, 539.

Chapter XLV

THREE IN ITALY

1. Garnett, *op. cit.*, p. 277.
2. "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett." Ed. Frederic G. Kenyon. London, 1906. P. 133.
3. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 222-223.
4. H. Buxton Forman: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Her Scarcer Books." London, 1896. P. 27.
5. Rowland Grey: "Browning's Answer." In *The Cornhill Magazine*, London, April 1930, p. 426.
6. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 266.
7. *Ib.*, v. I, p. 310; Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 4.
8. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 302.
9. Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 73.
10. "Twenty-two Unpublished Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning Addressed to Henrietta and Arabella Moulton-Barrett." New York, 1935. P. 2.
11. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 287.
12. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 231.
13. *Ib.*, v. I, pp. 78, 116, 108-109, 31, 310, 302.
14. "Twenty-two Unpublished Letters," *op. cit.*, pp. 39-45.
15. General Moulton-Barrett on New Year's Eve 1930 stated the number of miscarriages as four.
16. Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 80.
17. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 365-367.
18. *Atlantic Monthly*, July-December, 1861. V. VIII, p. 370.
19. "Twenty-two Unpublished Letters," *op. cit.*, pp. 63-66.
20. Augustus C. J. Hare: "The Story of My Life." In 6 volumes. London, 1896. V. I, p. 510.
21. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 402, 396, 421.
22. Huxley, *op. cit.*, pp. 163, 255, 268, 265, 139, 169, 210, 251, 257.
23. Sotheby, 1937 Catalogue, *op. cit.*, p. 42.

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Chapter XLVI

IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN

1. Griffin and Minchin, *op. cit.*, p. 171.
2. In J.M.C.
3. "Poems by the Late Isa Blagden." With a Memoir by Alfred Austin. London, 1873. Pp. xxii-xxiii.
4. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.* v. II, pp. 341, 375, 420, 304, 448.
5. "Last Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning." With a Memorial by Theodore Tilton. New York, 1862. P. 74.
6. "French and Italian Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." 2 v. Boston, 1872. V. II, pp. 9-11, 13. V. also Sophia Hawthorne: "Notes in England and Italy." New York, 1870. And "At Home and Abroad, Bayard Taylor's Travels," 2 s. v. 7, New York, 1881.
7. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 243-244, 290-291.
8. Harriet Hosmer, "Letters and Memories," ed. Cornelia Carr. New York, 1912. Pp. 161-162.
9. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 166.
10. Lilian Whiting, "Kate Field a Record." Boston, 1900. Pp. 69, 96, 104.
11. Carr, "Hosmer," *op. cit.*, p. 48.
12. "Bayard Taylor's Travels," *op. cit.*, pp. 412-414.
13. Mrs. Hawthorne, *op. cit.*, pp. 344-347.
14. "The Magazine of Art." Cassell & Company, Ltd. London, Paris, Melbourne, 1890. P. 180.
15. Carr, "Hosmer," *op. cit.*, p. 48.
16. *The Critic*, *op. cit.*, p. 254.
17. Germaine-Marie Merlette, "La Vie et l'Oeuvre d'Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Paris, 1905. P. 244.
18. Carr, "Hosmer," *op. cit.*, p. 76.
19. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 467, 459-460.
20. Carr, "Hosmer," *op. cit.*, p. 99.
21. "Mary Howitt, An Autobiography." Ed. by her Daughter. 2 v. London, 1887. P. 116.
22. "The Parliamentary Debates," etc. Published Under the Superintendence of T. C. Hansard. 1857, I B, pp. 269-270.

Chapter XLVII

THE RÔLE OF PLANTER

1. Extract from *The Falmouth Post and Jamaica General Advertiser*, Wednesday March 4, 1840. P. 7.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

2. For added information see: I.R.O.J., Liber Wills 128, Folio 207; also, Thomas Carlyle, "A Discourse on Niggers." *Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1849; and, Hinton, *op. cit.*, p. 236.
3. John Candler: "West Indies. Extracts from the Journal of John Candler, Whilst Travelling in Jamaica." Parts I & II. London, 1840. Pp. 33-34.
4. Lord Olivier: "Jamaica the Blessed Island." London, 1936. P. 22.
5. Waddell, *op. cit.*, pp. 170-171.
6. John Bigelow: "Jamaica in 1850: or, The Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony." New York & London, 1851. Pp. 113-114.
7. John William Kaye: "The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe; Late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada; from Unpublished Letters and Journals Preserved by Himself, His Family, and His Friends." 2 v. London, 1854. V. II, p. 428.
8. William Fitz-Er Burchell: "Memoir of Thomas Burchell, Twenty-two Years a Missionary in Jamaica." By his Brother. London, 1849. P. 270. Date: 10 June, 1840.
9. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p. 201.
10. C. J. G. Rampini: "Letters from Jamaica." Edinburgh, 1873. P. 48.
11. Gardner, *op. cit.*, p. 414.
12. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 86.
13. Hinton, *op. cit.*, p. 431.
14. Huxley, *op. cit.*, pp. 42, 38.
15. In the collection of family papers and his sister's books which her brother Storm had in Jamaica was a copy of Elizabeth's "Prometheus Bound" which in 1833 she had given to Sam her uncle. This copy of "Prometheus Bound" which E.B.B. gave Sam carries as his book-plate the "well known griffin seal" with, beneath it in print, "S. M. Barrett." (J.M.C.)

Chapter XLVIII

GIANT FOSSILS

1. Somerset House Reg'd. 1857/350.
2. *The New Statesman*, v. 35, April 12, 1930 to October 4, 1930. London, 1930. P. 644.
3. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 529.

Chapter XLIX

CONDITIONAL BAPTISM

1. Elizabeth Luther Cary: "Browning Poet and Man. A Survey." New York and London, 1899. Pp. 87-88.
2. Huxley, *op. cit.*, pp. 115-116.
3. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 178.

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4. Sotheby, 1937 Catalogue, *op. cit.*, p. 39.
5. Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 89.
6. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 263-264.
7. Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 273.
8. Cary, *op. cit.*, p. 64.
9. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 271.
10. B.D.B. E.
11. Huxley, *op. cit.*, pp. 284, 289, 301, 306.
12. Francis Xavier Delany: "A History of the Catholic Church in Jamaica B.W.I." New York, 1930. P. 113.
13. Records kept by the Fathers of Winchester Park. V. 3, p. 20. Jamaica Baptism and Marriages 1839 to 1865.
14. *Ib.*, Marriages, p. M.
15. V. Joseph Shore's Answers to J.M. Queries, in J.M.C.
16. "Letters of Robert Browning," Collected by Thomas J. Wise. Ed. with an Introduction and Notes by Thurman L. Hood. New Haven, 1933. P. 79.
17. Record of Death, Kingston. No. 2965.
18. *The Gleaner*, January 24, 1905.

Chapter L

"ONE WORD MORE WITH E.B.B."

1. "Twenty-two Unpublished Letters," *op. cit.*, p. 5. Also, Huxley, *op. cit.*, pp. 9-10.
2. Sotheby, 1937 Catalogue, *op. cit.*, pp. 23, 24, 25.
3. "Twenty-two Unpublished Letters," *op. cit.*, pp. 40-41, 65.
4. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 166, 170.
5. V. for complete poem "One Word More with E.B.B.," in Julia Ward Howe: "Words for the Hour." Boston, 1857.
6. "Letters of Robert Browning to Miss Isa Blagden." Arranged for publication by A. Joseph Armstrong. Waco, 1923. P. 12.
7. Grey, "Browning's Answer," *op. cit.*
8. Julia Ward Howe: "Later Lyrics." Boston, 1866. Also, "Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910." Ed. Laura E. Richard and Maud Howe Elliott. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915. V. I, p. 266.
9. "Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle." Ed. C. E. Norton. 2 v. London, 1867. V. I, p. 180.
10. "Harriet Martineau's Autobiography," with memorials by Maria Weston Chapman, 3 v. 1877. V. I, pp. 192-193; 396-398.
11. Three sources—her own "Life in the Sick-room," her "Autobiography," and the "Medical Report" of her brother-in-law and medical attendant,

NOTES AND REFERENCES

Dr. T. M. Greenhow, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, —constitute the important sources for a study of this case. ("Life in the Sick-room, Essays by an Invalid." London, 1844. "Harriet Martineau's Autobiograph," *op. cit.* "Medical Report of the Case of Miss H—M, by T. M. Greenhow, etc. London, 1845.)

12. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 152.
13. Carr, "Hosmer," *op. cit.*, p. 80.
14. *Times* (London), *Literary Supplement*, July 2, 1931.
15. Anne Ritchie, "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning." Harper & Brothers, 1893.
16. "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe Compiled from Her Letters and Journals by Her Son, Charles Edward Stowe." Houghton Mifflin, 1891. Pp. 356-357.
17. "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 438.
18. Sotheby, 1937 Catalogue, *op. cit.*, p. 19.
19. *Times*, (London), *Literary Supplement*. November 28, 1902.
20. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 110-111, 220.
21. "Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton." 2 v. Boston, 1904. V. I, pp. 130-131.
22. A.L. in J.M.C.
23. A.L. in J.M.C. No other letter to Charles John seems to be in existence. This one came to me from his daughter Arabel Moulton-Barrett.

Chapter LI

APPLES BY THE DEAD SEA

1. Sotheby, 1937 Catalogue, *op. cit.*, p. 2.
2. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 321, 359, 308-309.
3. Henry James: "William Wetmore Story and His Friends." From Letters, Diaries and Recollections. Boston, 1903. V. II, pp. 53-55.
4. J.M.C. E.B.B.'s own hands placed the photographs in the album. In eight instances no name was written on the photograph or beneath it. One of these is a picture of Cavour whose death hastened her own. Another is an unusual picture of her husband,—the only picture of him in existence known to have been set in place by Mrs. Browning's hands.
5. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 187-188.
6. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 43.
7. "Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, p. 505.
8. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 437.

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9. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 242.
10. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, p. 391.
11. Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 308.
12. Kenyon, "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 359, 153-154, 176-177, 408.
13. "Letters of Robert Browning to Miss Isa Blagden," *op. cit.*, p. 30.
14. Wise, *op. cit.*, pp. 241-244. Letter from Robert Browning to his sister Sarianna, under date of June 30, 1861.
15. "William Wetmore Story," *op. cit.*, v. II, pp. 61-65.
16. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 388.
17. *The Gleaner*, January 30, 1905. Charles John is the only Barrett buried at Retreat. Until 1935 about his grave were some Croton plants and barbed wire.

18. Nor in St. Kitts had fortune been any kinder to the memory of the Tittles. In 1867 Basseterre had been completely destroyed by fire, sweeping away with it the house which John Tittle let to Mr. Baker.

The name of the family of Tittle is no longer known in St. Kitts. (The name of Tittley, however, is well known but that has no connection with Tittle.) When the vault in St. Kitts was opened to search for Tittle deeds, all documents except those copied had almost crumbled away. Seventeen documents had been available. Only six were in any sense of the word sufficiently preserved so that deciphering and copying were possible. Book P. No. 1 was broken up and destroyed by the damp. Of Book F. No. 1, it was possible to surmise that that was the book, for that was in a far worse state than Book P. An invitation came to call in office hours to see what was left of the volumes. The effects of the climate, the humid state of the vault, had placed beyond any deciphering pages which Robert Browning students might have found of value.

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- Barker, E. H., 677.
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